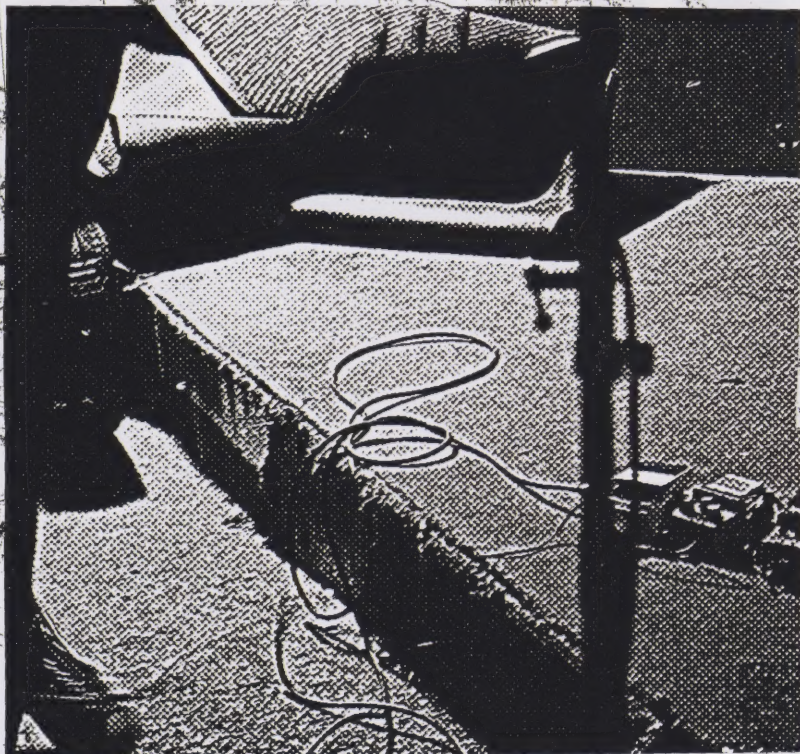


RAZORCAKE

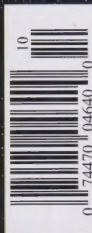
#76 / \$4



CRIMINAL CODE



White Murder, Rational Anthem,
and Punk In Indonesia

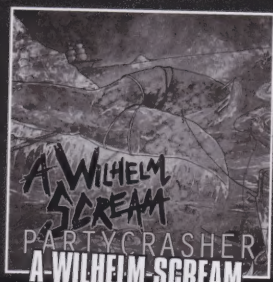


PERHAPS YOU DELIVER THIS JUDGMENT WITH GREATER FEAR THAN I RECEIVE IT

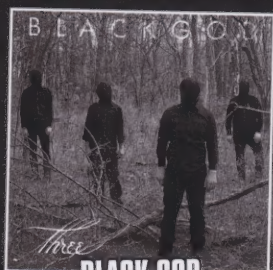
Inisades

NO IDEA

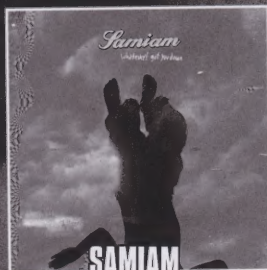
NOIDEARECORDS.COM



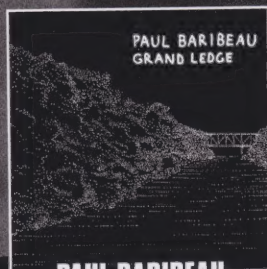
A WILHELM SCREAM
"Party Crasher" LP/CD



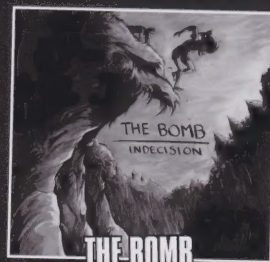
BLACK-GOD
"Three" 7" EP



SAMIAM
"Whatever's Got You Down"
LP (Remixed & Remastered!)



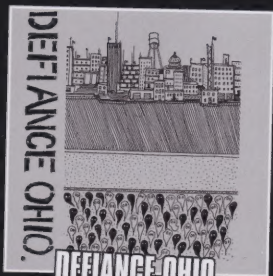
PAUL-BARIBEAU
"Grand Ledge" LP • "s/t" LP



THE BOMB
"Indecision" 2xLP
Remastered + BONUS LP!!



CHRIS WOLLARD
& THE SHIP THIEVES
"Aliens" 7"



DEFIANCE OHIO
"The Calling" 12" EP



CLEVELAND BOUND
"Death Sentence" LP/CD



THE-SWARM
"Parasitic Skies" LP



PAINT-IT-BLACK
"Invisible" 7" EP

Why Should Anyone Want to Help Razorcake?

If you wish to donate through the mail, please rip this page out and send it to:

Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc.
PO Box 42129
Los Angeles, CA 90042

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

EMAIL: _____

DONATION
AMOUNT: _____

Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc., a California not-for-profit corporation, is registered as a charitable organization with the State of California's Secretary of State, and has been granted official tax exempt status (section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code) from the United States IRS. Our tax ID number is 05-0599768.
Your gift is tax deductible to the full extent provided by law.

This is a valid question.

Most magazines don't solicit donations. But most magazines aren't involved in a double-sided battle against both the ghettofication and gentrification of a thriving community. Please don't think of your subscription or donation as a commodity, instead think of it as a membership fee to a cultural preservation society.

For example, people with an interest in maintaining individual rights and liberties pay annual dues to the American Civil Liberties Union; and, in return, the ACLU fights for the public's civil liberties. With Razorcake, your annual dues help us in the fight to promote and defend independent DIY culture: past, present, and future.

Your annual dues help us:

*Create and distribute a bi-monthly fanzine (many of which are available free-of-charge at libraries, community centers, through DIY labels, at independent record stores, etc.)

*Maintain a website which offers access to tens of thousands of reviews, hundreds of podcasts, and much more. For free and with minimal, ethical advertising.

*Plus book publishing, record pressing, and the promotion and organizing of events.

This is public policy for punk. These are resources for your counter-attack to the mental fuckstorm of mainstream culture. This is vigilance against corporate intrusion, elitism, and apathy.

We can't pretend to be or advocate a comprehensive, one-stop know-all resource for all things punk, but we can promise critical, passionate coverage of what we do know.

If you're involved in independent culture—and if you're reading this: you are!—don't sell yourself short. And please, don't sell us short.

Subscriptions are an integral part of Razorcake, not merely for financial necessities, but also for the ability to demonstrate the strength of our community and the pride we take in our culture. Your support is not only appreciated, but respected and as vital as ever. Thank you.

SUBSCRIBE AND HELP KEEP RAZORCAKE IN PRINT

RAZORCAKE

We Do Our Part

www.razorcake.org

Subscription rates for a one year, six-issue subscription:

U.S. – bulk: \$17.00 • U.S. – 1st class, in envelope: \$23.00

Prisoners: \$23.00 • Canada: \$25.00 • Mexico: \$33.00

Anywhere else: \$50.00

(U.S. funds: checks, cash, or money order)

Name _____ Email _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

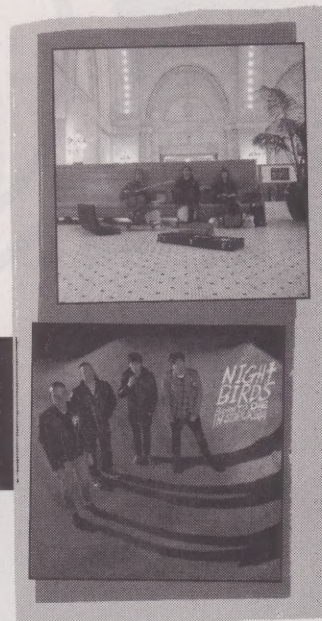
U.S. subscribers (sorry world, int'l postage sucks) will receive either *Big Eyes*, *Almost Famous* (Grave Mistake) or *Night Birds*, *Born to Die in Suburbia* (Grave Mistake).

Although it never hurts to circle one, we can't promise what you'll get.

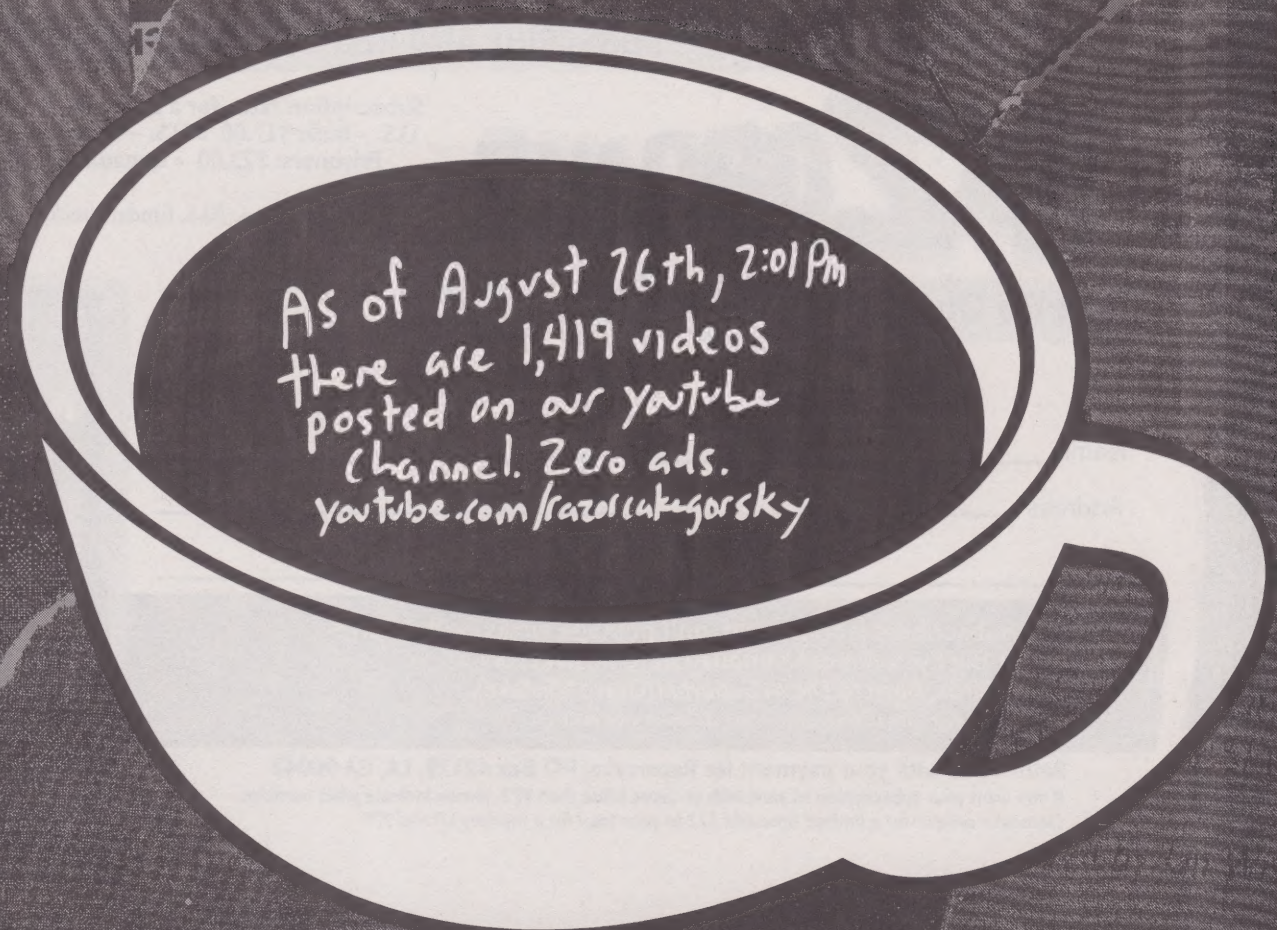
Return this with your payment to: Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042

If you want your subscription to start with an issue other than #77, please indicate what number.

Domestic orders: for a limited time add \$12 to your total for a mystery LP and 7"!



HAZORCAKI



As of August 26th, 2:01 PM
there are 1,419 videos
posted on our youtube
channel. Zero ads.
youtube.com/hazorcakigorsky

Inside This Bubble

Straight rows of identical white crosses looked like fields of skeleton corn as we drove by. A military graveyard in the desert sprawled across acres and acres of unadorned remembrance. Each one of those graves equals irreparable human loss in the name of country. Tanks and armored personnel carriers—some scarred and pockmarked—were parked in grids, like a massive, dusty used car lot. I couldn't help but think that the cost of each of those vehicles could keep the lights on at a community center for a year.

My brother drove my wife and me from Las Cruces and dropped us off in El Paso so we could catch our flight back to L.A. Television screens at the airport blared so loud it took several minutes to find a seat to read a book in without seeing or hearing a stern talking head warning me about a worldwide security alert. I was surrounded by people in flip flops and exercise garb hunched over fast food containers. Airports give glimpses into how monopolies work. You can't bring your own water through security, but they're more than happy to sell you their bottled water for four dollars once inside the terminal. All of the pay phones were ripped out, but the blank-plated island remained. The plane ride was nicely uneventful. Shortly after it landed and passengers were allowed to unbuckle, every person in front of me—except an infant and my wife—stared into a personal screen or talked on their phone.

The occasion for the trip was my brother's retirement from the Army after twenty years of service. I am forever grateful that my brother didn't die during his tours in Bosnia and Iraq. I love my brother with more than our shared blood. We almost died together in a car accident when we were young. A friend of ours died in that crash.

I would give my life for my brother.

Razorcake
PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042
razorcake.org
gorskypress.com
facebook.com/razorcake
twitter.com/razorcakegorsky
youtube.com/RazorcakeGorsky
razorcake.tumblr.com
razorcake-records.bandcamp.com
gorskypress.bandcamp.com
instagram.com/razorcakegorsky

ADVERTISING / CONTRIBUTOR DEADLINE
ISSUE #77
October 1st, 2013
Visit razorcake.org
Click "Ads" for rates and details.
Ad rates start at \$40.

This issue is dedicated to the births of Denali June Drobach, Harper Letha Van Cleave, twins Hollis and Eloise Lay, and the cutie below.

Cover photo by Zachary Kolden
Cover design by Daryl Gussin

"Any writer or journalist who wants to retain their integrity finds themselves thwarted by the general drift of society rather than by active persecution."

—George Orwell,
"The Prevention of Literature"

Yet, my trip out to Las Cruces was underscored by this profound sense of alienation I have with popular culture, mass media, and governmental and private bureaucracies. It's become worse the older I've gotten. I don't fit in and I don't want to participate in a culture transfixed by popularity, vanity, envy, and fabricated polarity. It's a culture that rewards violence with violence.

I live in a bubble that I've helped make. Nobody gets systemically fucked over and nothing dies as a result of our daily labor in this bubble. Sure, it's just a dumb punk rock fanzine to some. It's small and fragile—a 540-square-foot bubble run out of a basement.

There's nothing haphazard about it. All the people who participate in and support Razorcake made this bubble. I've made life-long decisions to keep it rolling without having to compromise ethics to be able to do this "dumb" thing for as long as possible. Often, it's what you don't have to pay for that keeps you afloat. A vasectomy fifteen years ago made it impossible for me to have children. All of Razorcake's finances go through a local credit union, not a bank. I'm Razorcake's custodian. I sweep, clean the toilet, and dump the trash.

The privilege is being able to maintain this bubble, of being a part of a family of blood and another family of action that supports Razorcake's efforts.

Maybe the bubble will get bigger. Maybe it won't.

The challenge before those of us who truly care about DIY culture and independent punk rock is clear as bubbles. We are not alone, but we can disappear. Pop. Just like that. Gone. No remembrances. No retirements. Not even crosses in a graveyard.

What's most important is to continue doing what you deeply care about because you just can't help it.

—Todd Taylor

THANK YOU: Backlit silhouette thanks to Zachary Kolden for the cover photo and ten-feet-away-from-me thanks to Daryl Gussin for the cover design; Swirl cone on granite slab thanks to Brad Beshaw for his illo. in Sean's column; Bad news taffy thanks to Jackie Rusted for her illo. in Jim's column; We're stoked and honored to have Cassie J. Sneider aboard as Razorcake's newest columnist; Dogsuit thanks to Marcos Siref for his illo. in Cassie's column; Stuck on you thanks to Alex Barrett for his illo. in Nerb's column; So that's how you train a Chicken thanks to Jason Armadillo for his illo. in RC's column; Abused Santa Claus, broken reindeer, lawn-wheeler thanks to frowning Bill Pinkel for his illo. in Dale's column; Entire festivals dedicated to Irish punk... in Indonesia. You heard it here first thanks to Kevin Dunn and Amy Adoyzie for the "One Punk's Guide to Travel in Indonesia" article and layout; Seven years of steady employment at Walgreens thanks to Sam North, Bambie Guthrie, Marc Gärtner, and Keith Rosson for the Rational Anthem interview, photos, and layout; Hard artwork, wet music thanks to Collin Strange, Monica Martinez, Mirce Popovic, Félix Reyes, and Matt Average for the Criminal Code interview, photos, introduction, and layout; Your head is where your orgasm is thanks to Noah Wolf and Shanty Cheryl for their photo and interview help with White Murder; Whoah. Did you just feel that? There's a sea change afoot in our reviewer core. We're testing out a raft of new folks. Thanks to the following reviewers who chucked their hats in the ring for #76's rotation of music, zines, books, and videos—in reverse alphabetical order by first name: Ty Stranglehold, Steve Adamyk, Sean Koepenick, Sean Arenas, Ryan Nichols, Rene Navarro, Paul J. Comeau, Noah Wolf, Nicole Macias, MP Johnson, Mike Frame, Michael T. Fournier, Matthew Hart, Matt Seward, Mark Twistworthy, Laura Moreno, The Lord Kveldulfr, Kurt Morris, Juan Espinosa, John Mule, Jimmy Alvarado, Jim Joyce, James Meier, Ian Wise, Gary Hornberger, Dave Williams, Dave Brainwreck, Craven Rock, Colin Flaherty, Chris Peigler, Chad Williams, Camille Reynolds, Bryan Static, Brent Nimz, Billups Allen, Bianca, Art Ettinger, and Adam Mullett; The following folks stepped forward to help us do our part over the past two months. Without their help, we'd be fucked: Candice Tobin, Kari Hamanaka, Matthew Hart, Phill Legault, Chris Baxter, Mary Clare Stevens, Marty Ploy, Andrew Wagner, Rene Navarro, Janeth Galaviz, Mars Bravo, Rishbha Bhagi, Adrian Chi, Megan Pants, Jenn Swann, George Rager, Alex Martinez, Jimmy Alvarado, Noah Wolf, Matt Average, Ever Velasquez, Joe Dana, Christina Zamora, Juan Espinosa, Sean Arenas, Aaron Kovacs, Nicole Macias, Jordan Anne Jacobi, Yvonne Drazan, Julia Smut, Jenn Witte, Dave Eck, Chris Pepus, George Lopez, Donna Ramone, Tim Burkett, Jeff Proctor, Josh Rosa, Toby Tober, Sal Lucci, Johnny Volume, Jennifer Federico, Nighthawk, Marcos Siref, Steve Thueson, Evan Wolff, Eryc Why, Ronnie Sullivan, Marcus Solomon, Bill Pinkel, Kurt Morris, Bob Schriener, Jason Armadillo, Laura Collins, Nation of Amanda, Caitlin Hoffman, and Derek Whipple.



Hello, Genevieve "Knives" August McBride. Sleep now. Ruckus awaits.

DUBSTEP

TREASURE FLEET

Future Ways LP
Cocamotion LP

TOYS THAT KILL

Fambly 42 LP/CD
Control The Sun LP
The Citizen Abortion LP/CD

SCREECHING WEASEL

How To Make Enemies and Irritate People LP
Anthem For A New Tomorrow LP
Carnival of Schadenfreude 12"

Dirt Dress

D.L.V.N.V.N LP

AUDACITY

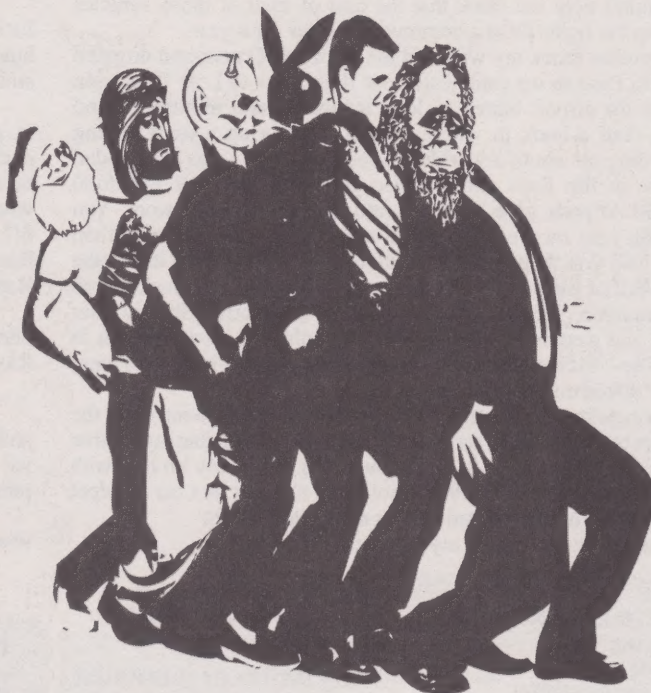
Mellow Cruisers LP
Power Drowning LP

ARRIVALS

Goodbye New World LP
Volatile Molotov LP
Marvels of Industry LP



Go to STORE.RECESSRECORDS.COM for mailorder
Recess POBOX 1666 San Pedro, CA 90733
WWW.RECESSRECORDS.COM

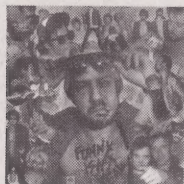


DIRT CULT RECORDS

WWW.DIRTCULTRECORDS.COM

Distributed through No Idea Records www.noidearecords.com

OUT NOW



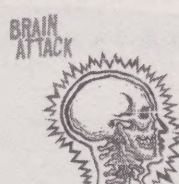
New Swears
Funny isn't Real LP



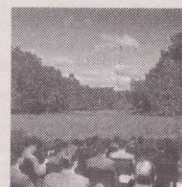
Feral Trash
Dead Eyes 7"



Rumspringer
Stay Afloat LP



Brain Attack
Brain Attack 7"



Sundowners
The Larger Half
of Wisdom LP

STILL NEW

Fur Coats - Goddamn I'm a Handsom Man! 7"
Bobby Joe Ebola and The Children MacNuggits - Trainwreck to Narnia LP
Big Dick - Big Dick 7"
Dan Padilla - Sports Fans LP

COMING SOON

Canadian Rifle LP, Sweatshop Boys - The Great Depression LP, Unwelcom Guests LP,
VVHILE - VVHILE is Vanity 7", Free Machines - Cursive Moon 7"

RAZORCAKE

Issue #76 Oct. / Nov. 2013

PO Box 42129

Los Angeles, CA 90042

razorcake.org

COLUMNS

- 6 Sean Carswell *A Monkey to Ride the Dog*
- 8 Jim Ruland *Lazy Mick*
- 10 Liz Prince *I Don't Want to Grow Up*
- 11 Shanty Cheryl *Photo Page*
- 13 Mitch Clem *My Stupid Life*
- 14 Cassie J. Sneider *Here Comes Success!*
- 16 Rev. Nørb *American Grilled Cheese Review*
- 18 Adrian Chi *Bite the Cactus*
- 19 Dan Monick *Photo Page*
- 20 Rhythm Chicken *Dinghole Reports*
- 23 Ben Snakepit *Snapexit*
- 25 Kiyoshi Nakazawa *Won Ton Not Now*
- 27 Rachel Murray Framingheddu *Photo Page*
- 28 Designated Dale *I'm Against It*
- 31 Art Fuentes *Chico Simio*
- 33 Matt Average *Photo Page*

FEATURES

- 34 *One Punk's Travel Guide to Indonesia* by Kevin Dunn
- 46 *Rational Anthem* by Sam North
- 56 *Criminal Code* by Collin Strange and Daryl Gussin
- 64 *White Murder* by Todd Taylor and Noah Wolf

FAVORITES AND REVIEWS

- 76 Top 5s *Creepiest Songs to Receive as Side 1, Song 1 of a Mix Tape...*
- 78 Record *The soundscapey doldrums of what boring people fuck to...*
- 104 Zine *"There's nothing like a rock-climbing congenital amputee to make you feel like shit about yourself..."*
- 109 Book *Two men quixotically trying to catch squirrels for an experiment on telepathy...*
- 111 Video *Complete with characters suffering from a myopia that charms, but rarely succeeds...*

Razorcake/ Gorsky, Inc. Board of Directors

Todd Taylor, Sean Carswell, Dan Clarke, Katy Spining, Leo Emil Tober III, Catherine Casada Hornberger, and Daryl Gussin.

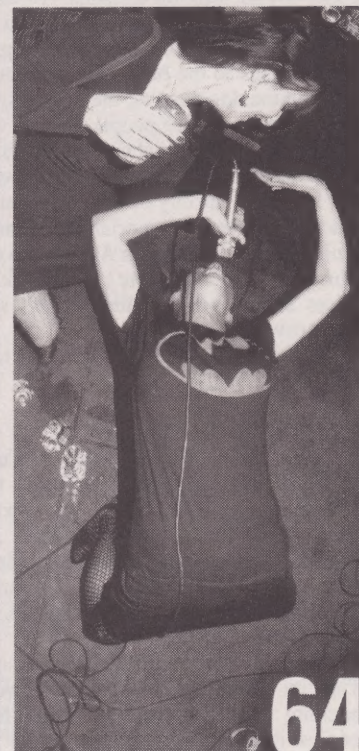
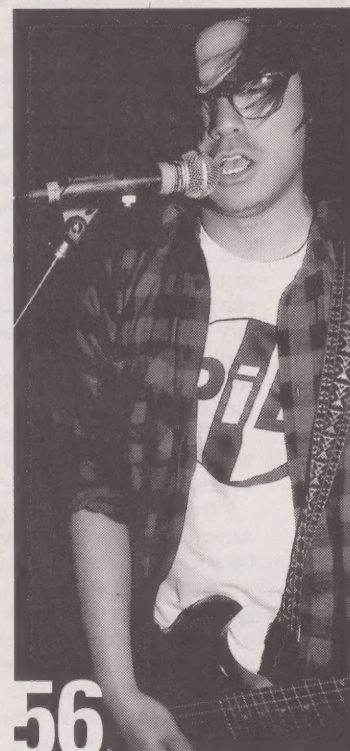
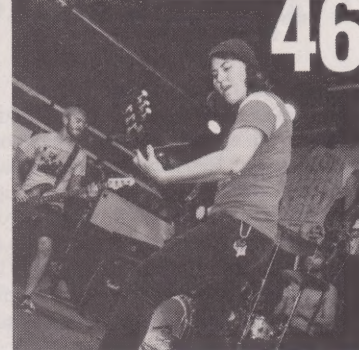
This issue of *Razorcake* and the last two months of *razorcake.org* were put together by: Todd Taylor, Daryl Gussin, Sean Carswell, Skinny Dan, Katy Spining, James Hernandez, Candice Tobin, Kari Hamanaka, Matthew Hart, Phill Legault, Chris Baxter, Mary Clare Stevens, Marty Ploy, Andrew Wagner, Rene Navarro, Janeth Galaviz, Mars Bravo, Rishbha Bhagi, Adrian Chi, Megan Pants, Jenn Swann, George Rager, Alex Martinez, Jimmy Alvarado, Noah Wolf, Matt Average, Ever Velasquez, Joe Dana, Christina Zamora, Juan Espinosa, Sean Arenas, Aaron Kovacs, Nicole Macias, Jordan Anne Jacobi, Yvonne Drazan, Julia Smut, Jenn Witte, Dave Eck, Chris Pepus, George Lopez, Donna Ramone, Tim Burkett, Jeff Proctor, Josh Rosa, Toby Tober, Sal Lucci, Johnny Volume, Jennifer Federico, Nighthawk, Marcos Siref, Steve Thueson, Evan Wolff, Eryc Why, Ronnie Sullivan, Marcus Solomon, Bill Pinkel, Kurt Morris, Bob Schriner, Jason Armadillo, Laura Collins, Nation of Amanda, Caitlin Hoffman, and Derek Whipple.

Want to distribute *Razorcake*? Email us via the "distro" link on the *razorcake.org*

Razorcake is bi-monthly. Yearly subscriptions (six issues) are \$17.00 bulk rate or \$23.00 first class mail. Plus you get some free gooch. These prices are only valid for people who live in the U.S. and are not in prison. Issues and subs are more for everyone else (because we have to pay more in postage). Visit *razorcake.org* for a price. Prisoners may receive free single issues of *Razorcake* via Prison Lit. Project, c/o Bound Together Books, 1369 Haight St., SF, CA 94117 or Books to Prisoners, 92 Pike St., Box A, Seattle, WA 98101 (who don't ship to CA prisons).

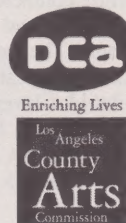
"It posed the question posed by all such stone piles: how had puny men moved stones so big? And, like all such stone piles, it answered the question itself. Dumb terror had moved those stones so big." —Kurt Vonnegut, *Cat's Cradle*

WE DO OUR PART



Moving? Have a subscription to *Razorcake*? Please do us both a favor and contact us before you move. Bulk mail doesn't forward and we won't resend the issue.

Individual opinions expressed within are not necessarily those of *Razorcake*/Gorsky Press, Inc.



This issue of *Razorcake* is made possible in part by grants from the City of Los Angeles, Department of Cultural Affairs and is supported by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors through the Los Angeles Arts Commission.



A MONKEY TO RIDE THE DOG

SEAN CARSWELL

"Following orders is no good excuse for genocide."

My Brain Is Hanging Upside Down

You Got to Pick Up the Pieces

There's a cemetery park around the corner from my house. I like to hang out there occasionally. Because the whole park is a downhill slope, you can't really set up chairs or tents or picnic tables. Any sports you try to play with a ball quickly devolve into chasing the ball through Main Street traffic. There are no playgrounds or bathrooms, so families or homeless people who want to spend a day in a park usually pick one of the five other parks within walking distance. All the grave markers tend to creep people out, too.

A lot of people come by with dogs. Most dogs can get to the balls before Main Street. Beyond the dog owners, the only visitors the park tends to get are people like me who are looking for a little quiet time outdoors, a little place to read where no one will bother me.

Recently, the city of Ventura renamed the place "Cemetery Memorial Park," and they built a memorial to honor American veterans. This memorial makes me kind of sick. It also raises some questions that I can't seem to find answers for.

Come along with me while I try to figure this out.

Come On, Sort Your Trash

First, here's a brief history of Cemetery Park. In 1862, this seven-acre slope became a Catholic cemetery. Over the next thirty years, they opened up Protestant, Jewish, and Chinese sections. Many of the first non-Native-American citizens of Ventura were buried there. It was a popular place. People were dying to get in.

By 1944, the cemetery was almost full. The city of Ventura also passed an ordinance banning burials within city limits. No new bodies moved in after that. In 1950, the Catholic church that owned the cemetery handed it over to the city. The city would cut the grass once a year. Other than that, the cemetery was mostly a place to use drugs, sleep outdoors, or vandalize headstones. In 1965, the city declared it a park and started taking down headstones. They contacted the families that could be contacted and gave them the family headstones. The rest of the headstones were either kept in storage or broken up and used to build a levee at a nearby golf course. Over the years, a few headstones were stolen from storage. They popped up in dumpsters or people's front lawns or at the beach.

And, for the most part, that was that. Forty or so years passed with people just hanging out in the park: reading, tossing balls to dogs, scooping up dog poop, having downhill picnics, doing nothing in particular. Various city councils talked about putting new stuff in the park. All of them decided to spend the money elsewhere. The city would mow the grass. That seemed good enough for everyone concerned.

Until it wasn't.

About ten years ago, some local citizens started making noise about returning Cemetery Park to a cemetery. Of course, almost all of the headstones were long gone and impossible to retrieve. Maps of who was interred where were hard to find. Restoration would require a historian to figure out where, exactly, each burial plot was, a survey team to mark the proper spots, a whole host of monument companies to carve headstones and build empty mausoleums according to the specs provided by a few grainy old photos. This cemetery plan would cost the city several million dollars. All so that we could recognize that the corpses of people who have long since drifted out of living memory lie six feet or so below.

This noise mostly faded away. Obviously, we weren't going to spend the money turning a park back into a cemetery.

But then the local citizens struck an American nerve: they found out veterans had been buried there.

Suddenly, they had a news story. A former marine who lived 115 miles outside of Ventura started contacting media outlets to complain that dogs were pooping on the graves of veterans. This narrative worked well on conservative news outlets that like to paint California as a land of wingnuts who hate America. Fox News, among others, picked it up. They focused on one veteran who had won the Medal of Honor and was interred at the cemetery. A brief controversy ensued.

The city compromised by agreeing to build a veterans memorial in the park. They put up a sign to honor veterans and wrote a little narrative about James Sumner, the Medal of Honor recipient. They also erected flagpoles. Now, a few flags fly over the park every day.

It's all a simple, common enough story. It doesn't seem like it should fuck with me, but this whole story fucks with me. A lot of it has

to do with—not veterans particularly—but the contemporary reaction to the veterans.

You Better Pull Yourself Together

The veterans in the cemetery park fought mostly in three wars: the Mexican-American War, the Indian Wars, and the Spanish American War. Let's talk about each of them individually.

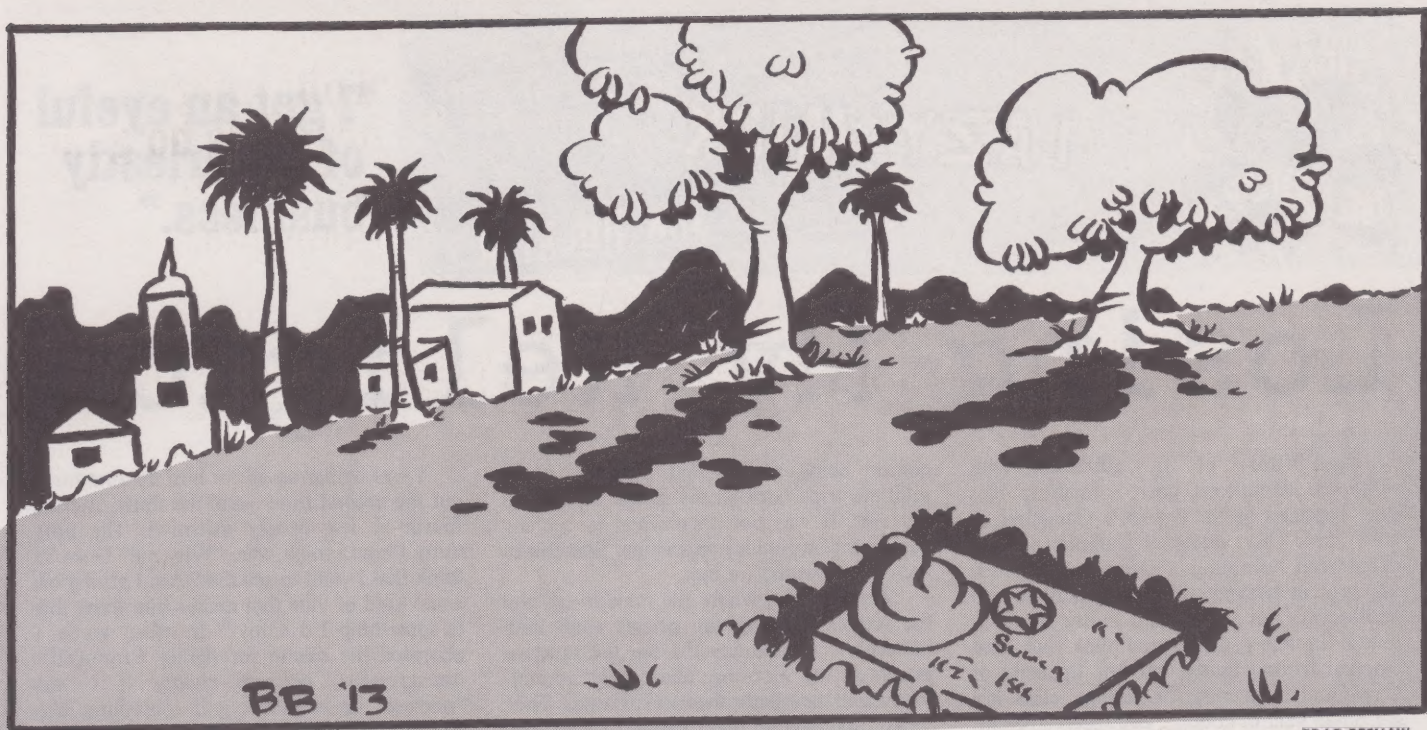
First, the Mexican-American War. In 1845, President James K. Polk saw that Mexico, a few decades after their independence from Spain, was weak militarily. He had his eye on Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California. The U.S. Army sent a dragoon of soldiers into territory that traditionally had been part of Mexico but was now claimed by the United States. The Mexican military responded by attacking what they saw as an invading force. Polk declared this an act of aggression on the U.S., and he used it as an excuse to wage war against Mexico and take over what is now the southwestern United States.

Of course, the specifics of the war are complicated and subjective. In the simplest terms, it's fair to say that the U.S. started the war so they could expand their landmass into Mexico. They won and they did. Ventura sits on land that was once Mexico.

About a third of the current residents of Ventura can trace their ancestry back to the losing side of that war. In a lot of ways, Mexican Americans are still treated as second class citizens in Southern California. With this in mind, how should those thirty thousand Venturans feel about a new park honoring the veterans of the invading force that violently overthrew the sovereignty of their ancestors?

I don't know the answer to that question. My ancestors weren't part of the war. I know that, being a white American, I benefit from this racism and aggression. I don't want to benefit from it. I don't endorse it. I'm not sure how, exactly, to react to this history. I do think that building a memorial that says, in my interpretation, "Hey, fuck you Mexicans. We won," is not the best way of reconciling this history.

The second war the memorial honors is the Indian Wars. The memorial dates these wars between 1866 and 1890, which conveniently ignores the systematic annihilation of Native Americans from Columbus's genocide of the



BRAD BESHAW

I just think we can do better as a culture than spending several thousand dollars on rocks in a park with engravings that are ignorant, at best.

Arawks through the colonial periods, which, technically, weren't fought by the United States (since there was no such thing until 1776). It also ignores the attacks by the United States on the Iroquois, Oneida, Tuscarora, Mohawk, Seneca, Cayuga, Onondagas, Cherokee, Chickamauga, Chickasaw, Shawnee, Miami, Lenape, Ottawa, Choctaw, Creek, and Seminole tribes, as well as the dozens of other tribes I have neglected to mention. The ending date seems to declare the Indian Wars as won by the December 29, 1890 Massacre at Wounded Knee.

I may be stating the obvious here, but this is an ugly part of our past. Our own government agencies have apologized for these wars and referred to them as an "ethnic cleansing," which is a fucked up euphemism for genocide. It also raises the question: should we be honoring the soldiers who participated in the genocide of Native Americans?

I'm more sure of the answer to that question. Clearly, we should not. We got pissed off at Reagan when he visited the graves of Nazi soldiers in 1985 for good reason: because following orders is no good excuse for genocide.

The same goes for American soldiers in the Indian Wars.

This brings us to James Sumner, winner of the Medal of Honor. I don't want to attack the guy personally. From what I can

tell about him, he was a working class guy with few options who went into the military because he needed the money. I'm sure his role in fighting against the Apache was complicated. I'm sure he exhibited bravery and was doing what he thought was right. It's quite an accomplishment to receive the Medal of Honor.

None of that erases the fact that he actively participated in a genocide. That needs to be the defining characteristic of his life. Every other activity has to be weighed against this one.

If the worst thing that happens to James Sumner, a hundred years after he's dead, is a dog shits on his grave, then it shouldn't be a big deal. We don't need to build a memorial to counteract this.

The third war is the Spanish American War, which was another ugly part of American history. William Randolph Hearst agitated for this war by famously telling one of his photographers, "You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war," then used those pictures to construct a melodramatic fiction sold as "truth" in his gigantic network of newspapers. His fictions helped propel the U.S. into this imperialist war, which, in the end, led to the U.S. military occupying the Philippines, killing over three million Filipinos, and condemning the country to more than a century of poverty and exploitation.

Since my wife, the one family member who I got to choose, is Filipino, I can take a personal issue to honoring these veterans in a park where I just want to chill out and read.

Maybe You Got Too Much Cash

The city of Ventura ended up dumping a few million dollars into these park "improvements." I do appreciate that the park is there, the city mows the grass, I can hang out in a beautiful place, and catch a view of the Ventura coastline. I respect people's desire to honor their dead. It just seems that we're rushing too blindly into "supporting our troops." We have to investigate difficult questions about our history of imperialism and genocide. We have to examine the accountability of soldiers who participate in these questionable wars. We have to do it now as troops return home from questionable wars, while the twenty-first century promises more of the same.

I'm not sure exactly how to reconcile these complex issues. I'm about as confused as Dee Dee Ramone when he wrote the song that I've been borrowing for my title and subtitles. I just think we can do better as a culture than spending several thousand dollars on rocks in a park with engravings that are ignorant, at best.

—Sean Carswell



HAZORCAKE 07



LAZY MICK

JIM RULAND

**"I got an eyeful
of his priestly
business."**

Losing My Religion

The history of my affiliation with religious institutions goes something like this: baptized at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City; attended Catholic school; considered becoming a priest to guarantee my spot in heaven; rejected that notion as adolescence set in, but felt guilty about it; joined the Navy, discovered punk rock, and stopped feeling guilty; had the opposite of a spiritual awakening in biology class my freshman year of college; embraced atheism; got sober and mellowed into a secular humanist when I started going to church basements for insight and inspiration.

These days, if you ask me what god is, I'll say something like, "the light behind the stars" or some other poetic mishmash of metaphor and symbolism that ultimately means nothing.

I can tell you that I don't believe in an entity called god or a place called heaven. I don't believe in angels or devils. I don't believe in the virgin birth and I don't believe in the resurrection. I don't believe in miracles.

If you ask me about organized religion, however, my answer is unequivocal: evil, evil, evil. Religion is an institution that uses dogma to implement control, a metaphysical trap for the undereducated. It's the worst kind of class warfare there is.

As I've gotten older, there are times when I've had to keep my tirades to myself, usually at weddings, funerals, and family gatherings that revolve around church services.

My newfound tolerance was recently tested when my wife, Nuvia, and I were asked to be godparents for her best friend's baby boy, Angel. It was a process that involved mandatory attendance at baptism class.

When I told friends that I went to church for godfather school, their response was unanimous: "Did lightning strike?"

*

Sometimes when I talk to people about my dislike of organized religion, I get a little riled up. I think I know why.

When I was a kid, I was a newspaper delivery boy. I delivered the *Washington Post* seven days a week. I was supposed to have the papers delivered by 6:30 A.M. on weekdays and 8 A.M. on Sundays. It took me about an hour during the week and twice that on Sundays on account of the weekend

edition being so big that I had to make multiple trips back to my house to load up my cart. It was not uncommon to see my customers on Sunday mornings. Sometimes they were waiting for me.

The convent, where the nuns lived, and the rectory housing the priests were both customers. Sometimes I'd see the nuns or priests in the morning, alarmingly normal-looking in their bathrobes and pajamas. They looked so different that I wouldn't recognize them; but they knew me, especially the nuns I'd had as teachers at St. James Elementary across the street.

The head priest is called the monsignor and the monsignor at St. James was an Englishman with red hair that I'll call Father Cromwell. Father Cromwell would often wait for me at the top of the stairs in his bathrobe and slippers. Instead of coming down the stairs, he would wait while I climbed the stairs and handed him his newspaper. I thought that was odd. Even stranger was the fact that his bathrobe didn't quite come together, even though he was not a large or portly man. He didn't wear anything underneath and the first time I went up the stairs I got an eyeful of his priestly business. Embarrassed, I looked down and mumbled "Good morning, Father," and went on my way.

One of the occupational hazards of being a newspaper boy is I'd occasionally see my customers in various stages of undress. Shirtless dudes, young women in short nightgowns, old men and women with sagging breasts and testicles. For a twelve-year-old, it was occasionally exciting but mostly uncomfortable. For every hot mom who came to the door dripping wet and wrapped in a towel, there were twenty fusty-smelling old ladies with their ta-tas hanging down to their knees. Never once was it someone my own age, and it was almost always an accident.

But there was nothing accidental about the show Father Cromwell put on. The next time I delivered his Sunday paper there he was with his too-small robe and his pecker accidentally on purpose hanging out. This time I knew not to look up as I ascended the stairs and avoided making any eye contact with him whatsoever. I didn't see anything, but the second time was worse than the first because I knew it wasn't an accident. Father Cromwell was exposing himself to me.

I was embarrassed for him the first time, but the second time—and the third, and the fourth—I felt deeply ashamed. The only thing I could think was, "Why me? Does he think that I want to see that? Am I giving off some kind of vibe that makes him think this is something I'd enjoy?" In other words, I accepted the blame for Father Cromwell's transgression, because clearly if I was "normal" he wouldn't pull something like that with me, right?

Wrong. Now I understand that there was nothing wrong with me. He was a grown man who used the few seconds of unsupervised contact he had with me each week to expose himself. That's a sexual offense. A very mild form of offense compared to what some people have had to endure, but offensive nonetheless. If I pulled a stunt like that at my workplace I'd be arrested and fired and forced to register as a sexual offender. And if a clergyman exposed himself to my daughter, I don't know if I'd be capable of restraining myself.

It took a long time to understand that it had nothing to do with me and that Father Cromwell had abused his authority and that it wouldn't have mattered who delivered the newspaper. The outcome would have been the same.

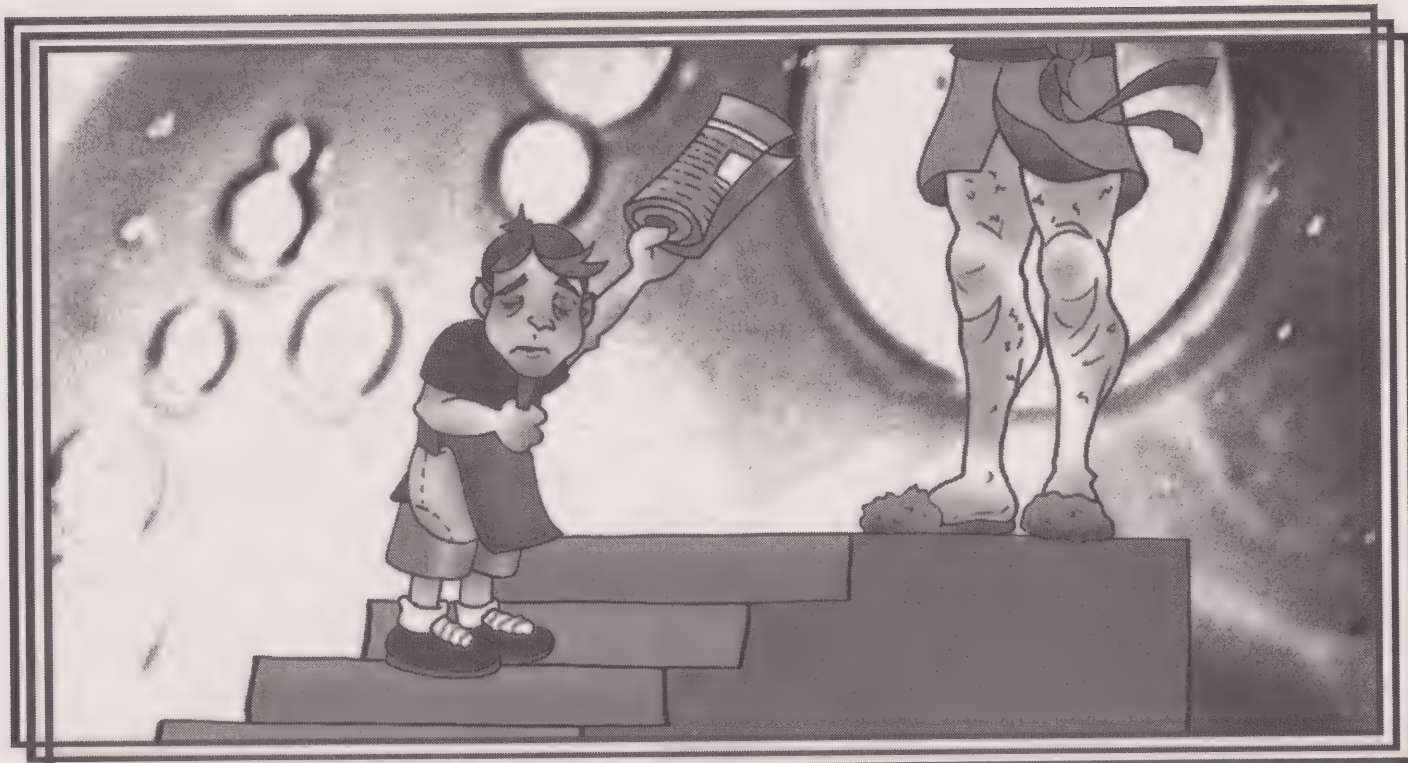
So when people tell me how great pope/Cardinal/Bishop/Monsignor/Father So-and-So is, I'm usually more than a little skeptical.

*

The church where we attended godparent school was a sprawling complex near the football stadium where the San Diego Chargers play. There was a daycare facility and buildings used for educational outreach. There was even a swimming pool.

The class was conducted by an elderly couple who relied on an instructional DVD. The old guy didn't know what to call the DVD. His wife didn't know either. She called it a CD. Not exactly on the cutting edge these two.

The DVD's format was question and answer. This is how the church did it back when I was a kid and they've been doing it this way since the Dark Ages. How many sacraments are there? Seven. What are the seven sacraments? Baptism, Confession, Communion, etc. What is the definition of a sacrament? I chuckled at one of the options: a baptism of blood. But the



JACKIE RUSTED

I guess that's why I'm not a believer. I ask too many questions.

correct answer threw me even more: a meeting with Jesus. I imagined waiting in a Starbucks for Jesus to show. I imagined waiting for a long, long time.

*

Today my interest in Catholicism is bibliographic. I'm intensely curious about the phenomenon of the Bible. How did texts written by many authors over the course of many centuries become the word of god?

Why is it that over the course of time some parts of this so-called holy book were edited out and others changed?

How do believers overlook the parts that range from scientifically impossible to bat-shit crazy?

Why do people ignore the fact that this book is riddled with inconsistencies and full of horrors?

I don't understand how someone could invest so much belief in the teachings contained in a book, yet be so incurious about its origins and relationship to historical and scientific fact. I guess that's why I'm not a believer. I ask too many questions.

*

In the grand scheme of crimes committed by representatives of the Roman Catholic Church, Monsignor Cromwell's trick with a

too-small robe doesn't really register on the atrocity scale.

Consider the Crusades. Or the Spanish Inquisition. Or the many times the church collaborated in the conquest of the native peoples of the Americas. And don't get me started on the sexual abuse cases in California, New York, and Ireland.

So much awful shit has been done in the name of a church built on the teachings of a peaceful prophet that you have to wonder how anyone has the gall to proselytize on the basis of flimsy faith and negligible evidence when the historical record is a litany of abuse.

When I was in the Navy I used to argue with the evangelical types who couldn't keep their beliefs to themselves. Unlike my shipmates who'd roll their eyes and humor the self-appointed preachers, I'd challenge them. Their backwoods Baptist bullshit was no match for twelve years of education by the Roman Catholic Church. I spoke their lingo and I knew it better than they did.

But I've mellowed out since then. Now I can see the value of my education, as skewed as it was, because it gave me something to rebel against. When the punk rock virus took hold and "Fuck that!" became my battle cry, "that" wasn't some nameless and vague feeling of dissatisfaction with my life. I knew exactly what "that" was.

*

I don't hold a grudge against the Catholic Church. I've forgiven Father Cromwell. I've moved on. I haven't forgotten the past, but I don't live in it.

I like that the new pope seems to share this view. I like that he seems more tolerant. I like that he comes from humble origins and doesn't gambol about Rome in golden slippers and decadent outfits, like his predecessor.

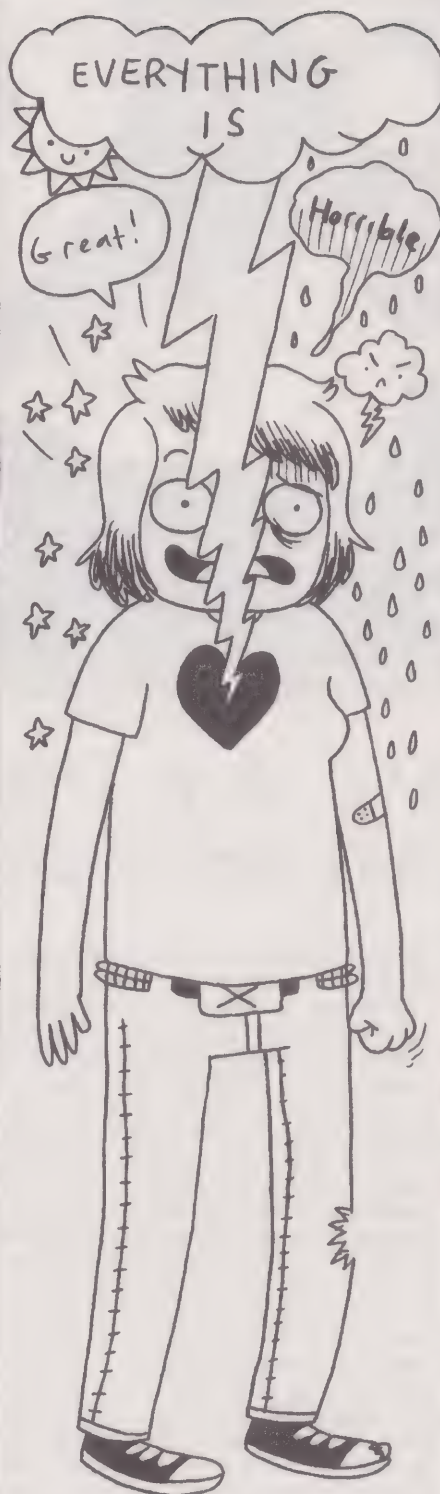
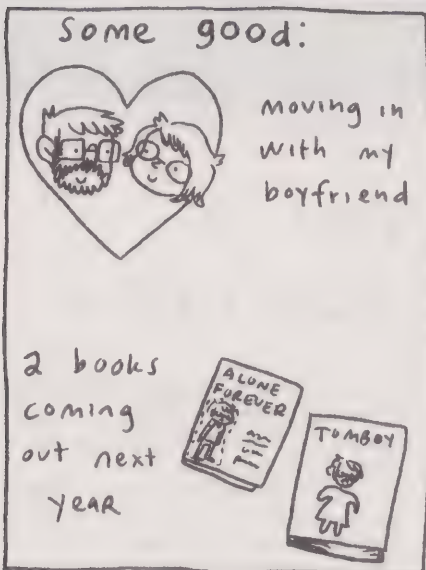
He seems like a good man. I like to think that most of the people who are called to serve the church are good people. The man who baptized Angel, Deacon Bill Vasquez, is certainly one of them.

After the ceremony, which took place at the San Diego Mission, Deacon Bill spoke with Ernie, the baby's father. They figured out that Deacon Bill counseled Ernie while he was doing time in prison. At the lowest point in Ernie's life, he'd received guidance from a stranger who talked to him and prayed over him. Now, many years later, Ernie has completely turned his life around, with a house, beautiful wife, and two healthy children.

A miracle?

Hardly. Where some see the hand of god, I see one human being helping another. Isn't that what it's all about?

—Jim Ruland



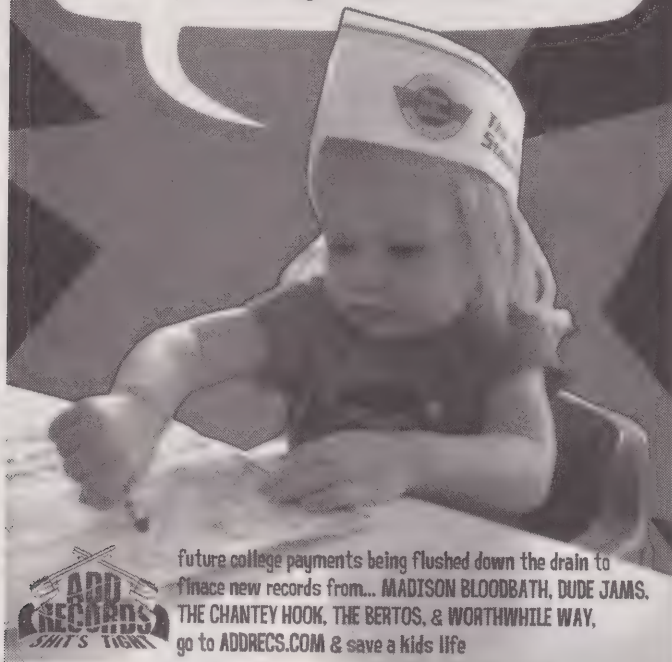
And



Shanty Cheryl's Photo Page

Benny The Jet Rodriguez at Badfish, San Pedro, CA

dear razorcake readers please buy records from my daddy or i will starve to death. his record label is called add. he thinks it's a job but it's really more of a hobby. anyway, i'm really hungry. he has records from a bunch of dumb bands no one has ever heard of like the slow death, sunnyside, nato coles & the blue diamond band, prince, apocalypse meow, sandspur city, and other crap. ps. akihiro eager beaver is a biter.



future college payments being flushed down the drain to finance new records from... MADISON BLOODBATH, DUDE JAMS, THE CHANTEY HOOK, THE BERTOS, & WORTHWHILE WAY, go to ADDRESS.COM & save a kids life

DEAD BROKE RECORDS
139 HUBER AVE.
HOLBROOK, N.Y.
11741

OUT NOW!!!

UNFUN - "SHORES OF LAKE ERIE" 1-SIDED LP
DON'T - "89/DEAD END DRIVE" 7" LP
NONA/CROW BAIT - SPLIT 7" EP
MURMURS - "FLY WITH THE UNKINDNESS" LP
SMOOTH BRAIN - "ONE OF THEM" 7" EP
HUSKER DU TRIBUTE 7" (CROW BAIT, UNFUN, TENEMENT, BENT OUTTA SHAPE, DAUNTLESS ELITE, YOUR TEST BAND)
NATO COLES & THE BLUE DIAMOND BAND LP
DEAD DOG - "PRECIOUS CHILD" LP
GO SELL DRUGS - "IN HADES" LP

COMING SOON!

FLOW UNITED - "GOODNIGHT SELLOUT" LP (REISSUE)
GET BENT - "DISCOGRAPHY" CD/LP
BEAR TRADE - LP
AWFUL MAN/EX-PLANETS - SPLIT LP

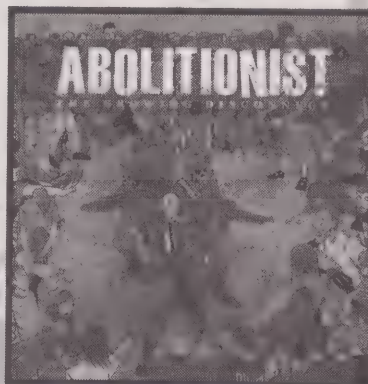
WWW.DeadBrokeRecords.com

ART BY NARRAN LWARD

ABOLITIONIST *The Growing Disconnect* LP/CD

"This Portland band seems to be on the right track. Social, political melodic punk that reminds me of early Propagandhi and Dillinger Four. There is also a touch of that Jawbreaker dissonance and pounding. Lyrically these guys are not happy campers with titles like 'United States of Endless Struggle/Are We So Grateful?'. A strong eight-song release here, this band's second LP."

-Ray Lujan, *Maximum Rockroll*
AVAILABLE NOW, \$8



ALSO AVAILABLE:

Abolitionist/Fools Rush split 7" (\$5)
Abolitionist It Used To Rain LP/CD (\$8)
Give Back Vol. Two digital download
(featuring unreleased tracks from No///Sé, Rubrics, Trial, Resist and many others - limited silk-screened CD available soon!)

NO///SÉ *Beach Bathroom Bingo* 7"
Two new songs! Split release with Different Kitchen Records, just in time for their European tour!
AVAILABLE SOON, \$5



1859 RECORDS
1859records.storenvy.com
1859records.bandcamp.com
abolitionist.bandcamp.com

HOW TO BOOK A PUNK SHOW

BY MITCH CLEM
WATERCOLORS BY NATION OF AMANDA

1) GET A TOURING HEADLINER TO COME PLAY IN YOUR CRAPPY TOWN.



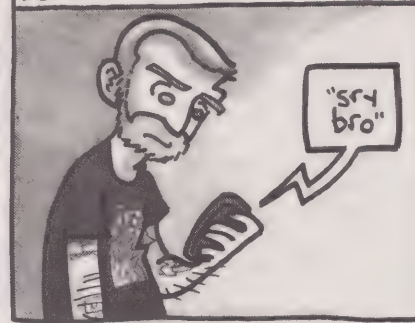
2) GET SOME LOCAL BANDS TO OPEN.



3) PROMOTE! MAKE FLYERS AND POST THEM ALL OVER TOWN. HAND THE FLYERS OUT AT OTHER SHOWS. PUT THEM ON FACEBOOK. GET THE LOCAL ALT-FREEBIE PAPER TO PLUG THE SHOW IN THEIR CALENDAR.



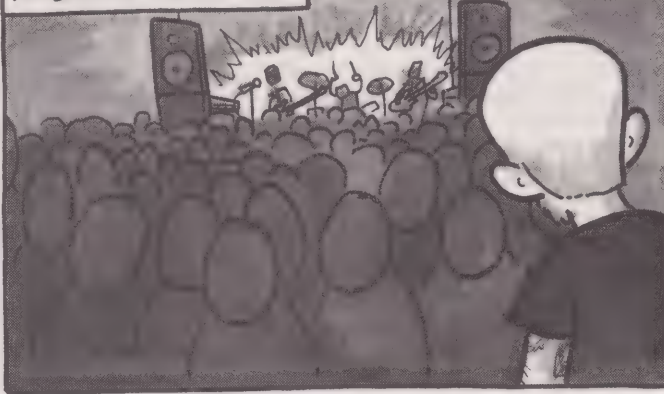
4) GET DIFFERENT LOCALS WHEN THE ONES YOU ALREADY PUT ON THE FLYER FORGET TO TAKE OFF WORK AND CANCEL A WEEK BEFORE THE SHOW.



5) RECEIVE 100% OF THE BLAME IF THERE'S A SHITTY TURNOUT.



6) RECEIVE 0% OF THE CREDIT IF THERE'S AN AWESOME TURNOUT.



7) DRINK TOO MUCH BEFORE THE DOORS EVEN OPEN BECAUSE YOU'RE TERRIFIED NO ONE WILL SHOW UP AND WIND UP MAKING AN ASS OUT OF YOURSELF IN FRONT OF ALL THE BANDS.



8) OOPS! YOUR HEADLINERS PLAYED IN AUSTIN LAST NIGHT AND DECIDED TO STAY AN EXTRA NIGHT DOING COCAINE INSTEAD OF COMING TO PLAY YOUR SHOW!



BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!





HERE COMES SUCCESS!

CASSIE J SNEIDER

"Today, I am flying solo, a lone mustard-colored wolf."

Is Anybody Out There?

I texted Chris to ask the question that had been on my mind all day: DOGSUIT OR LEATHERDADDY?

He replied quickly: DEFINITELY DOGSUIT.

I had been wavering between these two Halloween costumes all week because I seldom had an excuse to wear either as much as my heart wanted. The leatherdaddy outfit was something I had gotten at a Goodwill a few years back. The heavy leather vest and chaps were marked \$75. This was well beyond my budget, which generally ranged from *broke to Are You Gonna Eat That?*, but the fitting room attendant goaded me into trying them on.

"How are you gonna know if you don't try? C'mon," she said in a polite drawl, unlocking the door with a ring full of store keys. I am not superstitious, but I do believe in omens to the point where every day is like the episode of *The Twilight Zone* where William Shatner gets stranded in a small town with a fortune telling napkin holder that spits out vague, eerie messages. For me, the universe is full of these messages, and the fitting room attendant at the Austin Goodwill looked like my Ultimate Rock'n'Roll Future Self: a fifty-year-old woman with dark blue eye shadow and a teased blonde mane which looked like a pelt of thrift store Barbies dreaded into a Bret Michaels wig. If my Future Self was telling me to try on a leather outfit, then maybe my life was about to turn a corner.

I put on the gear and looked in the mirror, admiring the buttlessness of the chaps over my jeansshorts.

"Would you look at that? Just PERFECT!" gushed Future Me, putting a hand on a probably-replaced hip. "It's like it was *meant* to be yours." She was complimenting me in complete earnest, somehow blind to the fact that I looked like a female understudy for the Village People.

"I'm only torturing myself. Seventy-five dollars is *way* more than I have."

"For you, I'll make it fifteen. Better that outfit ends up on a young person than on a flabby old lady." She shook her bicep, fanning a human sugar glider wing as an example. My Future Self knew how to bargain and was also realistically self-deprecating. If I ever made it to fifty, I hoped I would be just like this woman.

The dogsuit was a gift from my mom that I had had for almost ten years. When I opened the irregularly-shaped package on

Christmas morning to see a shabby yellow mascot head, for the first time, I felt like my mother truly understood me. I wore it that day to Christmas dinner, in a music video for my band, once to a furry convention where I was the only person in an actual costume, and a few times to answer the door for Jehovah's Witnesses.

You never can tell when you might need a mustard-colored dog to show up at a function, so I dragged the costume with me when I moved from New York to Oakland. The reply from Chris Fields, the guitarist for The Dwarves, cemented that the maiden West Coast voyage for the dogsuit would be The Dwarves' Halloween show at 924 Gilman. The Dwarves had been my favorite band since I was fifteen, and they adopted me after years of being the kid in the front row at every East Coast show. Sometimes I ran the merch table, other times they asked me to impersonate their often-absent guitarist HeWhoCannotBeNamed by gyrating onstage in underwear and a wrestling mask. After the shows were over, we played Uno and went bowling. It was like being in a rock'n'roll Police Athletic League.

Even though it was the end of October, it was still humid in the Bay Area, so I carried the dogsuit on the walk to the venue, past little houses with the outside lights on and clusters of smoking teenagers. The guy at the door stamped my hand and I immediately ran into Chris and Marc, the guitarists for The Dwarves.

"Whoa," Chris said, looking at the nubby, matted body draped over my arm like a dead muppet.

"Are you gonna put it on now?" Marc asked, looking at the head I held at my side the way a cooler person would hold a motorcycle helmet.

"Nah," I said. "Too hot. I'll keep it as a surprise 'til the end."

"Good idea," he said. We talked for a while. Marc showed me pictures of his baby, and Chris told me about his girlfriend's incontinent Chinese Crested Hairless dogs, which look like shaved chihuahuas trying out for a Nelson tribute band. The singer, Blag Dahlia, came over and I showed him the suit.

"Holy shit. How about you jump up during 'You Gotta Burn' and dance around in that thing?"

They left to set up gear and I waited off to the side of the stage, watching the crowd. I used to do the door at a club when I was

in my early twenties. Then, I went to shows every free moment when I wasn't working. It was the ultimate feeling of One-ness, all those people working out the grief of their childhoods and their part-time jobs in the heat of a loud, dark room, and everyone thinking the same thing: "This is what it's all about."

When you are an adult at a punk show by yourself, your mind can't help but remember being nineteen and everyone getting a little freaked out by the old guy in the Black Flag shirt asking around if anyone needed a roommate. You remember the middle-aged woman who would sneak her daughter into shows, and the weird forty-year-old guy who still did a college radio program and wore Pixies shirts that were a little too tight. Most of all, you remember making an older friend a birthday card that said, "Thirty? You might as well be dead."

Everyone at Gilman looked so young because they *were* young. Black shirts, tight pants, DIY haircuts, and a blue glow of people looking down, live-tweeting and instagramming every moment as it was happening. I had a trunk of 4x6 prints documenting feelings and places that don't exist anymore. The club that closed because the owner had a cocaine problem. The car that broke down with all my records in the trunk, never to be listened to again. A blurry photo of an ex-boyfriend on his knees with a guitar in his hands and a lit cigarette in his mouth, because back then, you could smoke indoors. I had to wait for these to develop. I had to arrange them into albums. And now I have to lug them from apartment to apartment because I can never part with them.

The Dwarves started to play and it was the same as ever for me: the feeling of a thousand perfectly exposed photographs that live on in my head, where I am twenty and my boyfriend is a jerk and my parents are jerks but my favorite band is on tour and because of that, everything is alright. Where I am twenty-two and Marc stops me and says, "Hey, I know you!" and my heart nearly stops because my favorite band *knows who I am*.

Now I am almost thirty and I am putting on a dogsuit on the side of the stage at 924 Gilman. Like every other time I have worn this dogsuit, I can hardly see out of the crude eyehole cut into the head, but all those other times I have had someone there to hold my hand and guide me. Today, I am flying solo, a lone mustard-colored wolf, and I feel my way through the crowd, through the shock of angry teenagers screaming at an all-ages Halloween



When you are in a dogsuit, no one can see that you are a 130 pound woman and not a six hundred pound dude who is about to flatten them.

show, past the older people standing by themselves nodding, because that is all you can find the strength to do when you are old and at a show by yourself. I make it to the stage and Blag grabs my furry hand. He says something to the microphone that I can't really make out because everything has become the distant sound of neighbors having sex through a wall. People cheer and I dance around a little. I shimmy. I shake. I do the dance the guy in the Mighty Mighty Bosstones does where he looks like he's doing a slow-motion run from a cloud of bees, and then suddenly, someone reaches out from the crowd and grabs my leg.

I have never stage-dived, because there is never a valid reason to take a mindless leap onto a crowd of heads and faces, crushing all of the little people when they don't reach up in time. Nobody ever wants a mouthful of butt or balls or shoes. Nobody is ever glad to be kicked in the face by a Doc Marten. Stage-diving is for

people with health insurance. Stage-diving is for jerks.

One hand pulled me and two hands shoved me from behind and, suddenly, I was flying. No, I was falling. Nothing was visible except the crusty inverse of the inside of the doghead. There was a gasp from the crowd and I landed.

There were four seconds of all-consuming blackness and then another pair of hands, pulling me up. Now standing, I pulled off the doghead. When I looked up, I saw Chris and Marc, gave a weak thumbs up to indicate I was still in control of my motor functions, then bitterly surveyed the people in my immediate vicinity who hadn't caught me, though I couldn't blame them because when you are in a dog suit, no one can see that you are a 130 pound woman and not a 600 pound dude who is about to flatten them like a lost cat in a hoarded-out house.

The last song finished. I shook off the

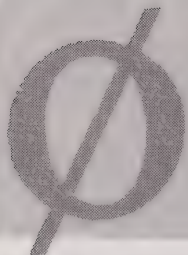
now-filthy dogsuit, holding the head at a distance because it was soaked. I walked to the exit, wondering if the crowd would have caught me if I had gone as a Tom of Finland biker, wondering what the middle-aged woman who sold me that outfit was doing now, wondering if I was getting too old to be falling on my head in a dogsuit at a punk show, muttering these sorts of questions to myself in a concussive existential freakout.

Then I heard someone shout and I turned around. It was a fifteen year-old boy standing with a group of friends, smoking cigarettes across the street.

"You look really hot without the dogsuit on!"

I smiled, my walk of shame turning to a victory strut as I headed back toward the car to listen to music at a sensible volume and think about what kind of Future Self I was turning into.

—Cassie J. Sneider



AMERICAN GRILLED CHEESE REVIEW

REV. NARR

**"Nothing says
punk rock like
an abstract
representation
of water."**

FACTORY SEALED FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Although i usually only read *Razorcake* for the articles about gynecology and college football, Todd's piece on vinyl last issue struck a dimly-responsive chord in my reptilian forebrain when he got to the part about how, being a nerd and all, he saves any stickers that were on a record's shrink wrap by cutting them out and storing them inside the record jacket after he unwraps the album. I think maybe i've done this too. I can't remember. As i said, it's a function of my reptilian forebrain; my inner Sleestak manning the helm of my autonomous nervous system. If an album has a really cool sticker on the shrink wrap, i usually just leave the shrink wrap on, because the album won't look right without the sticker, and besides, fuck, i'm lazy. *Sure, it'll eventually bend up the jacket and warp the record, but five hundred years from now, who'll know the difference?* If i completely botch the unwrapping process, then i just cut off the sticker and chuck it somewhere random ((out of curiosity, i just rooted thru a random junk drawer and found a bunch of football cards, an alarm clock, and a Bare Wires *Seeking Love* sticker, chopped from the album's shrink wrap and quite forgotten. Case in point)). The fact that stickers are just cool enough that i can't part with them, yet apparently not important enough that i actually remember what the hell i did with them after i cut them off the shrink wrap brings me to this month's point: *Are shrink wrap stickers the last great bastion of untappedpunkrockephemerafetishization???* I mean, it's pretty easy to track down pressing numbers on most releases, if you're of a mind to: 200 blue, 100 red, 700 black and one on glow-in-the-dark-green vinyl that plays backwards at 54 rpm. But nobody, to my knowledge, has ever kept track of the stickers that come on the outsides of vinyl albums! THIS COULD BE THE LAST GREAT FRONTIER OF EPHEMERAL FETISHIZATION!!! When i bought the initial U.S. release of the first Clash album in 1979, it came with a free 45 ("Gates of the West" b/w "Groovy Times"), with a tall, rectangular sticker on the shrink wrap that made the bold ((but true)) claim that "THIS PACKAGE CONTAINS 7 CLASH TRACKS NOT AVAILABLE BEFORE ON ANY ALBUM IN THE WORLD!" Now, if you do a little nerdist research on the U.S. version of the first Clash album, you can find no less than eleven different items pertaining to

what's etched in the run-off grooves on various pressings. However, you can find NO mention of the aforementioned sticker in any kind of web search, nor an image of the album with the sticker, nor an image of the sticker itself. THE STICKER ON THE FRONT OF THE FIRST CLASH ALBUM IS COMPLETELY UNCATALOGUED! EPHEMERAL!! FETISHY!!! *How many albums had the sticker? How many stickers were made? Who put the stickers on the albums? What's the distribution of stickered albums vs. non-stickered albums look like? Are there still stickers left in a filing cabinet in a warehouse somewhere???* All i know about this sticker is that it was somewhat peelable, so i stuck it directly on the front cover of the album, where it has remained to this day. My first real experience with record-wrap-stickers was buying imports, back when i was thirteen or so. At that point in time, it was common for the distributor to affix their own sticker to the front of any record they handled, so lots of my records from back in the day came with ((and still have)) the then-familiar "a JEM RECORDS IMPORT" orange-triangle-on-a-white-circle sticker. If it wasn't already stuck directly on the album cover itself, i'd always peel it off the shrink wrap and try to stick it back on the jacket. *Hey, it's a Jem Records Import! The neighbors should know this!* My Boys' *Alternative Chartbusters* album still has the Twin Cities Imports sticker re-stuck to the cover ((along with a sort of fake sticker-type thing that was printed on the cover of Italian punk albums for a while—a two-inch white square that read "NEW WAVE ROCK: SPECIAL PRICE" in magenta and black noodle letters, with some stylized waves underneath it. Because, you know, nothing says punk rock like an abstract representation of water)). My first copy of *The Incredible Shrinking Dickies*, also purchased in '79, came with a big sticker on the front that read "THIS RECORD'S YELLOW" ((it was)); an internet search turns up exactly one tiny photo of a record bearing this sticker ((in contrast, the band's *Paranoid* white vinyl 10" maxi-single has a large blue-and-pink sticker trumpeting its whiteness visible in at least half the images available online)). Presumably, the potential for shenanigans was too high with the kind-of-sort-of removable stickers, thus, by around the turn of the decade, they started using a much sterner adhesive. My copy of *Never Mind the*

Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols had only eleven songs listed on the back cover, with a black & white "Also Contains SUBMISSION" sticker thwacked into the dead space to round out the track listing. I tried to peel it off to see if there was anything scandalous hiding under there, but it didn't seem like it wanted to come off, so i left it alone after a few feeble efforts at removal ((my first human memory is lying in my crib, peeling the insignia stickers off of my collection of sixteen miniature NFL helmets, so i learned my lesson in this regard somewhere around age one)). I guess this sort of all follows in the footsteps of the first Velvet Underground cover, where you had to peel the banana sticker off the front of the album to see the pink Warhol banana underneath, but, if you peeled it off, it wouldn't go back on again. Well, nothing like a bunch of junkies handling your banana, i always say. I did manage to peel the sticker that said "THIS RECORD CONTAINS LYRICAL CONTENT THAT MAY BE OFFENSIVE TO SOME MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC" off the front cover of the Clash's *London Calling* album and use it on the front of the Suburban Mutilation album ((appended with the disclaimer "Sorry, but we're a bunch of potty-mouths!")), but it was clearly not designed to be removed and had to be touched up in numerous spots where the ink got all wonky. I also wound up peeling off the "...AS A PARENT, I FOUND IT AN ANTI-PARENT RECORD" sticker that covered up the Unicorn/MCA distribution info on the back covers of the first copies of Black Flag's *Damaged* album, and using it as part of a back cover collage for the first issue of my fanzine. I know i saved the "GENERATION X—This is NOT an import" sticker from the first copies of the initial Generation X album on U.S. Chrysalis, because i parodied it when Boris the Sprinkler released a cover of Generation X's "Ready Steady Go" on Just Add Water Records, adding a simulated sticker that read "BORIS THE SPRINKLER—This is NOT an import" to our already Generation X-parodying sleeve art. My parody wound up getting re-parodied on our *113th Man* EP for Italy's SuperSonicRefrigeRecords, with a fake sticker reading "BORIS THE SPRINKLER—This really IS an import!" on the back cover, so, clearly, stickers must be real things—GREAT, POWERFUL OBJECTS WORTHY OF CRASS FETISHIZATION—if they can



ALEX BARRETT

Are shrink wrap stickers the last great bastion of untapped punk rock ephemera fetishization???


engender two whole generations of parodies ((the most unintentionally hilarious stickers, however, were the ones that just read "FACTORY SEALED FOR YOUR PROTECTION." What these meant were that the record had been opened and returned, and some goon went in the back with a shrink-wrapper so they could pass the product off as new and unopened. The back-room shrink-wrapping was always quite shitty, so the sticker was supposed to throw the rubes off the scent)). A quick survey of the stack of records in front of my stereo indicates that a lot more albums have stickers on the shrink wrap than one'd initially think: There are the generic company stickers that inform the potential purchaser that the vinyl includes a download ((or, in the case of Chocolate Covered Records, that their purchase of a download includes vinyl)), or that the record comes in some wondrous color. There are stickers which helpfully quote positive reviews ((come to think of it, i think my Vibrators *Pure Mania* album had something like that)), stickers which, as in the case of the aforementioned Bare Wires, provide some manner of textual identifier on an otherwise wordless front cover ((see also:

Hunx & His Punx *Gay Singles*, The Go *Whatcha' Doin'?*, et al)), and stickers which parody the whole '70s import sticker trope ((i.e., Giuda's *Racey Roller* LP, which has a fancy, period-correct "IMPORT" sticker on the front cover, yet is manufactured by Cleveland's Dead Beat Records)). And, as i had surmised earlier in this column, it does appear that i've preserved most of the cool exterior stickers of the last quarter-century or so by simply leaving the shrink wrap on the record, with predictably gnarly results ((the shrink wrap on my ten-year-old Little Killers album looks like it was raped by a bull mastiff, and the shrink wrap on my twenty-five-year-old Zodiac Mindwarp album looks like the bull mastiff's condom)). I recently purchased the Jook 2xLP on Sing Sing Records—which featured a nice orange-and-white sticker on the shrink wrap—and botched the unsealing process to the point where the shrink wrap had to be removed entirely. Without the orange-and-white sticker adding that esteemed speck of whimsy, the Jook cover looked like nothing more than a loutish version of a Starjets cover; removing the little bit of orange-and-white from the corner fucked the Jook look

up entirely. But what can i do? Cut off the sticker and toss it inside the jacket, like some little crinkly piece of shit? *Having the sticker rattling around some random place is not helpful to my aesthete's lifestyle!* I NEED TO FETISHIZE MY EPHEMERA in a FUNCTION-FORWARD FASHION!!! Procuring a handy roll of clear packing tape and a standard-issue plastic record sleeve, i taped my way to an ingenious solution: 1) Remove shrink wrap from album, just like Todd said; 2) Cut sticker(s) from shrink wrap; 3) Put album in plastic record sleeve; 4) Using clear packing tape, TAPE STICKER TO PLASTIC OUTER SLEEVE IN APPROXIMATION OF ORIGINAL POSITION ON SHRINK WRAP. 5) *Rock!* This preserves the original stickers, maintains a reasonable semblance of the album's original appearance, and does away with the offending shrink wrap. The only problem is finding something else for the bull mastiff to fuck.

Love,
Norb

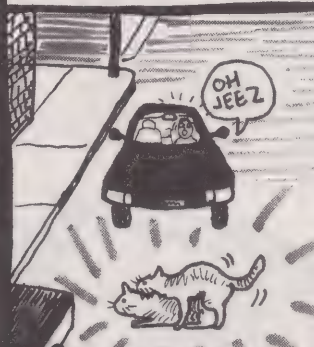
BTE THE CACTUS
BY ADRIAN CHI
EXCERPT FROM
AMERICAN GRIZZLY'S "CATS"



"ONE TIME I WAS DRIVING AROUND MY HOUSE LOOKING FOR PARKING..."



AND I SAW TWO CATS FUCKING IN THE ROAD!



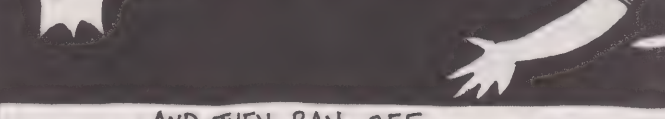
I HONKED MY HORN BUT THEY DIDN'T MOVE...



THEN I ROLLED DOWN MY WINDOW AND YELLED



STOP FUCKING IN THE ROAD!



BUT THEY WERE SORT OF RUNNING AND FUCKING AT THE SAME TIME



... AND THEY RAN OFF...

THEN AN OLD LADY LOOKED AT ME LIKE I WAS CRAZY!



NOW I LOVE KITTIES! BUT THEY DON'T NEED YOUR PITY!



TRAP. N. LEASE.

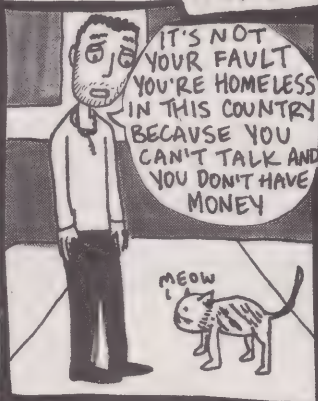


JUST DO THEM A FAVOR- TRAP NEUTER, RELEASE

I SEE THEM OUT THERE HUNGRY!



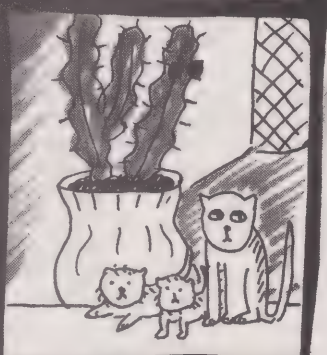
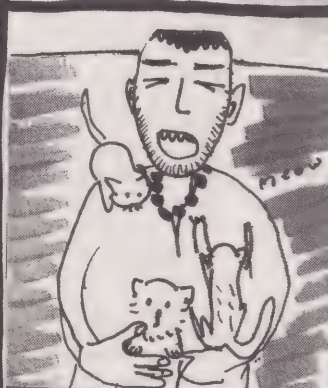
I SEE THEM IN PAIN!



I LOVE THEM BUT THEY'RE SLUTS!



GET YOUR CATS SPAYED!



DEDICATED TO THE STRAY KITTENS UNDER OUR HOUSE



Dan Monick's Photo Page
Pete Weiss, Man Of Action, 07/04/13



THE DINGHOLE REPORTS

RHYTHM CHICKEN

**"It all
seemed
so natural."**

Pooooof!!!! White Out!!!!

I'm sitting on my dumpy little bed in my dumpy little attic above my dumpy little soup shop here in northern Wisconsin. It's Sunday night and my clock radio at the foot of the bed is playing the NPR classical music station from Green Bay. My shop radio downstairs is playing Die Kreuzen at a mildly audible volume. I just finished closing up the shop and I'm on my fourth can of Hamm's, unwinding from the busy weekend and too tired to get up to turn off either the clock radio or the stereo downstairs. I am thinking back to the mysterious fifth gig from my most recent Los Angeles tour, the gig vaguely alluded to in last issue's column. All legal matters have been tended to and I finally feel somewhat safe to cluck about it, so here goes.

Dinghole Report #133: RAIL! ROAD! RUCKUS!!

(the mysterious Rhythm Chicken sighting #648!)

In the fourteen years that the Rhythm Chicken has been bashing his ruckus out in the most precarious of locations, he has had his fair share of run-ins with the law. Every single interaction with the men in blue has resulted in nothing more than a confused warning or a scratching-of-the-head followed by various comments about lack of legal precedent. I have yet to find the police officer who DARED to bring legal action against our hero (ahem.... me), UNTIL NOW. I have finally found the one stage where the Rhythm Chicken is TRULY UNWELCOME! Actually, I think I've finally found the one pair of cops who were truly bored enough to finally bring legal action against the hero in question. If I've learned ONE THING on my last vacation, it is this: DO NOT PLAY A DRUMSET ON TOP OF A TRAIN ENGINE, or at least not on top of a train engine in downtown Los Angeles.

We had just finished the gig on the Greenway trailhead along the L.A. River and were aimlessly meandering towards downtown. A helpful member of the Ruckus Roadie Militia piped up and mentioned how he knew of a cool spot for the Chicken to play up ahead on the right. It was a somewhat abandoned rail yard near some train tracks along the river with the stunning L.A. skyline as a backdrop. Before I could cluck a word about it, the chickenkit was being hauled up onto what appeared to be a dead train engine. It seemed to be decommissioned, sitting on dead rails with no signs of life.

Let me tell you, a train engine makes ONE HELL OF A DRUM RISER my friends! I must've been about twenty-five feet above the asphalt, the L.A. skyline towering over my left shoulder. I went from Wisconsin to Florida to New York to Los Angeles, and here I was, set to rock my ruckus atop a train engine near the L.A. River with an anxious Ruckus Roadie Militia looking up from below. It all seemed so natural.

In those few moments before the opening drumroll I remember taking in the view from my new and exciting drum riser and thinking to myself, "This sure beats serving soup!" I pulled on the Chickenhead and began pounding out what would become my first ever *really* illegal performance! I began rocking out my first ever railroad rhythms like my life depended on it! The concrete jungle surrounding this particular venue provided some magnificent reverb and echoes galore! My thunderous ruckus-rock was heard for *miles*! My trusted roadies were cheering from below! I rocked out dose after dose of my ever progressing RAILROAD RUCKUS! The pandemonium and hilarity seemed endless! We had actually found a majestic new rock stage worthy of conquering.... AND WE CONQUERED IT! During my final rambunctious beats I had the chorus of the Psychedelic Furs' "Into You Like a Train" repeating in my head. Loose ends of my life seemed to join together... until....

A vehicle with flashing red and blue lights approached from a far end of the rail yard. I pulled off my Chickenhead and smirked, preparing for the verbal slap on the wrist I've become somewhat accustomed to in Chicken/cop interactions of the past. My smirk was soon replaced with an emotionless glare as we learned these officers were not the least bit amused by what they happened upon. We were corralled together and all our IDs were collected. What followed was a lengthy verbal lashing and interrogation. One cop was referring to us as "kids" until he saw our IDs and noticed half of us were older than he was. The other kept asking if we were "stupid" or if we "were born with no sense." We all struggled to hold back deep laughter when he asked if we thought this was "funny." The most insulting line was when he informed us that the maximum penalty for trespassing on train property was \$450, "and from the looks of you people, I don't think you can afford that!"

In the end, four of us got tickets (two of us for stepping forward and accepting responsibility, the other two for respectfully and cordially asking questions... or was it for being the first to hand over an ID?). About two months later I was supposed to appear in the Los Angeles Superior Court. I, however, was at my uncle's funeral that morning back in Wisconsin, learning about how he used to crack a raw egg into his beer years ago and drink the daring mixture to impress my cousins. As it turned out, our case was never filed and deferred to an alternative prosecution program which turned out to be so laughably ridiculous I won't even get into it here. All I will say is that the matter has been legally nullified, amen.

Did I learn my lesson? Yes. Do I have one kick-ass photo of the most daring Chicken gig to date? Yes. Have I decided to start carrying on my Uncle Bernard's bizarre tradition of cracking a raw egg into my beer from time to time? ...Yes. Let's move on.

Dinghole Report #134: Add Flour and Stir Briskly!

(Rhythm Chicken sighting #659)

It has been three long years since our hero has made it to his most favorite parade *ever*. The South Shore Frolics parade in Milwaukee's south side was the first parade ever to witness the wild ruckus rhythms of yours truly. The brave boys at Milwaukee's Rushmor Records have repeatedly sponsored the Rhythm Chicken in numerous South Shore Frolics parades, each one becoming more and more chaotic! In recent years, the Chicken's Milwaukee parade appearances have become nothing short of all-out food fights! This year would be no different... or would it?

As the Chicken's float inched down KK Avenue, he rocked out some serious Chicken beats and taunted the crowd with various lunatic rock moves. His helpers aboard the float threw candy to the children and held up various signs, while drinking, laughing, and having a grand parade time! Then, as in every previous South Shore Frolics parade, the float neared Rushmor Records, the store. Out on the sidewalk waited about one hundred rowdy rockers ready for riotous rhythm ruckus! We knew it was coming. They knew it was coming. The tension became unbearable. We were all poised for the FOOD FIGHT OF THE CENTURY. With my Chickenhead



JASON ARMADILLO

This sure beats serving soup!

bouncing around so crazily, my vision was almost completely compromised. I didn't even notice the police officer standing in front of his police car directly in front of the store. Regardless of his presence, the fun began right on schedule.

I started pounding out my most victorious anthemic rhythms to the veritable *storm of food* which was launched from the float onto the crowd and from the crowd back onto the float! Cucumbers! Bread! Tomatoes! Eggs! Cheap candy! Rice Krispies®! Zucchini's! Jelly donuts! For a few minutes there was a total air assault of angrily-whipped food flying in every direction! Then, as has become my tradition, I put down the drumsticks and rose up from my Chickenkit holding a five-pound bag of glorious cheap flour! A

few "Oh-no"s were heard from the crowd, and then POOOOOF!!!! WHITE OUT!!! Screams erupted as the entire street corner was lost in a white, glutenous cloud! All the rockers in their black rocker shirts and their dyed-black rocker hair... WERE ALL WHITE! And my favorite part about throwing the flour is that THEY CAN'T PICK IT UP AND THROW IT BACK! WE WIN!!!!

It wasn't until we finished the parade about forty-five minutes later that I checked my phone and read the many texts from friends outside of Rushmor. They sent many photos of a smiling officer of the law whose black uniform was white with flour. Also I got some pics of his car, the black hood and windshield all white with a thick layer of flour. Some folks had

already started writing in the flour on his hood phrases like, "Serve and Protect" and "Bayview Kicks Ass!" There was one cucumber smashed end-first onto the center of his hood. Everyone said the officer totally laughed it off and was happy to pose for photos all covered in flour next to his flour-coated car.

Milwaukee Police Force—1.
Los Angeles Police Force—0.

—Rhythm Chicken

GG ALLIN

MY PRISON WALLS

HARDCOVER COLLECTOR'S BOOK
LIMITED TO 2500 NUMBERED COPIES

MARKING THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY OF
THE DEATH OF
THE MOST NOTORIOUS

ROCK 'N' ROLL
ARTIST OF
ALL TIME



SRP - 49.95

ITEM NO. R
AGGROBOOI

OUT NOW

AVAILABLE THIS SUMMER FROM
AGGRONAUTIX

WWW.AGGRONAUTIX.COM

MY SIXTIETH (!) COLUMN FOR RAZORCAKE BY BEN SNAKEPIT

RECENTLY, IN AN ONLINE DISCUSSION, MITCH CLEM MENTIONED THAT HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND WHY SO MANY PEOPLE WANTED HIM TO WATCH THE MOVIE "MIAMI CONNECTION", AS HE CLAIMS TO NOT LIKE "BAD" MOVIES. I GUESS "BAD" IS A SUBJECTIVE TERM, SO RATHER THAN A LIST OF MY FAVORITE BAD MOVIES, HERE IS A LIST OF MY FAVORITE MOVIES THAT MITCH WOULD HATE!

1) MIAMI CONNECTION
THIS IS THE MOVIE THAT STARTED THE WHOLE ARGUMENT. IT'S THE ILL-CONCEIVED BRAIN CHILD OF SOUTH FLORIDA MARTIAL ARTS INSTRUCTOR Y.K. KIM

2) SHOCK 'EM DEAD
A NERDY PIZZA-BOY LOSER MAKES A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL TO BECOME THE ULTIMATE ROCKSTAR!

3) THE ROOM IN A VERY SIMILAR VEIN TO MIAMI CONNECTION, THIS DISASTERPIECE IS THE WORK OF ONE MAN, TOMMY WISEAU. THERE ARE NO WORDS.

4) IF FOOTMEN TIRE YOU, WHAT WILL HORSES DO?
A CHRISTIAN SCARE-FILM FROM THE 60'S ABOUT THE EVILS OF COMMUNISM, MUST BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED.

5) TROLL 2 IS SUCH A FAMOUSLY GOOD-BAD FILM THEY MADE A DOCUMENTARY ABOUT IT!

JUST GOOFIN'! TOTAL LOVE + RESPECT TO MITCH CLEM!

6) SHOWGIRLS IS PROBABLY THE MOST "POPULAR" FILM ON THIS LIST, WITH GENUINE STARS AND A TOP DIRECTOR. WHAT WENT WRONG? EVERYTHING!

7) THE VAN IS A SLEAZY 1970'S ROMP FROM THE DAYS OF NO AIDS, PINBALL TABLES AND 65 CENT 40'S OF COLT 45, IN A TIME WHEN THE DRINKING AGE WAS 18.

8) ZOMBIE NIGHTMARE WAS ON MST3K BUT IT'S REALLY GOOD/BAD ON ITS OWN.

9) POD PEOPLE, EVEN THOUGH IT MET POPULARITY BEING FEATURED ON MST3K, STANDS ON ITS OWN AS A REALLY AMAZING PIECE OF SHIT.

10) PIAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE: NO LIST OF GOOD/BAD MOVIES WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT THE CITIZEN KANE OF CRAPPY FILMS. YOU'VE SEEN IT BEFORE.

HONORABLE MENTION: HOWARD THE DUCK. I DON'T EVEN THINK IT'S A BAD MOVIE, BUT I BET MITCH WOULD HATE IT.

BEN SNAKEPIT. PO BOX 49447. ATX 78765. BENSNAKEPIT@GMAIL.COM



Black Matter Mastering

-superior quality audio production-



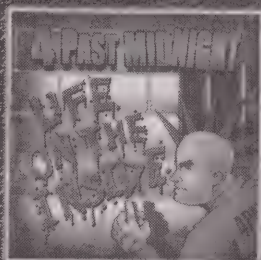
ASK ABOUT LACQUER CUTTING RATES!!!

615.424.6509

<http://blackmattermastering.com>
dan@blackmattermastering.com

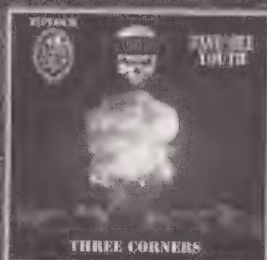
NOW AVAILABLE FROM BHJ RECORDS!!!

4 PAST MIDNIGHT



12" LP - \$10

THREE CORNERS SPLIT



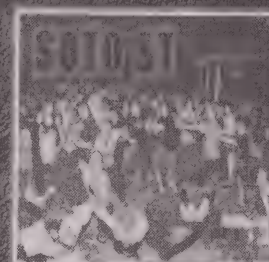
ZIPLOCK/UNAVOIDABLE/
UNSTABLE YOUTH
CD - \$8

SKULL DRUG



12" LP - \$10
CD - \$8

SOTO ST

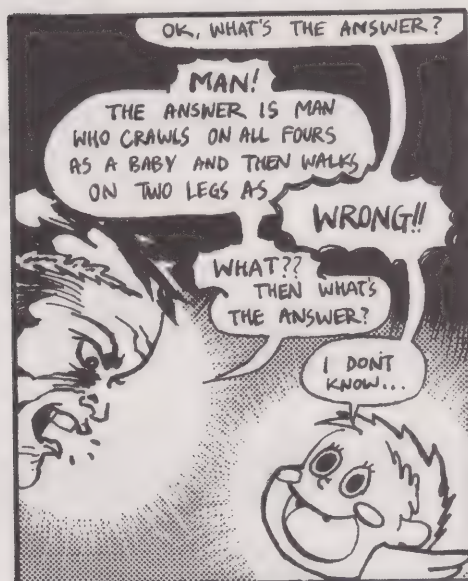
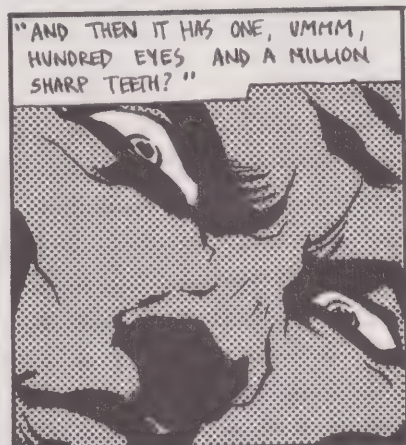
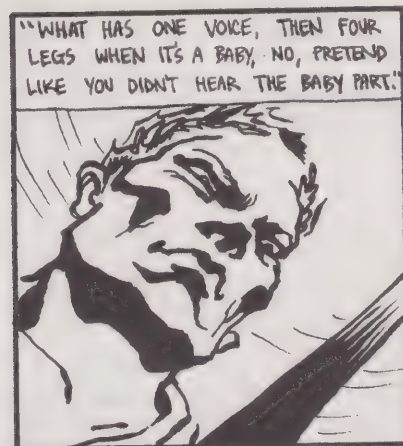
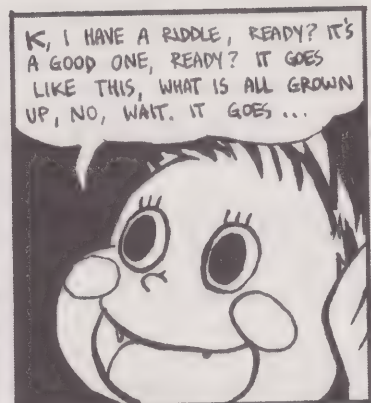
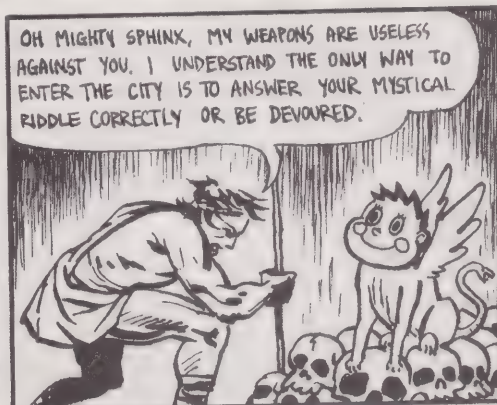
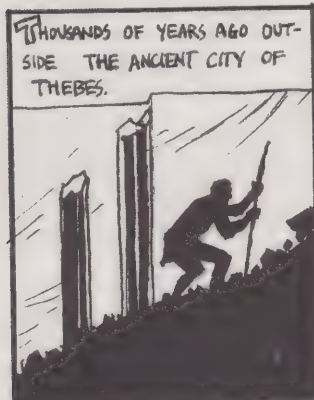


12" LP - \$10
CD - \$8

FOR PURCHASE AND STREAMING GO TO www.bhjrecords.bandcamp.com
 ALSO AVAILABLE AT www.interpunk.com

THE LEGENDARY WON TON NOT NOW

BY LUCKY NAKAZAWA



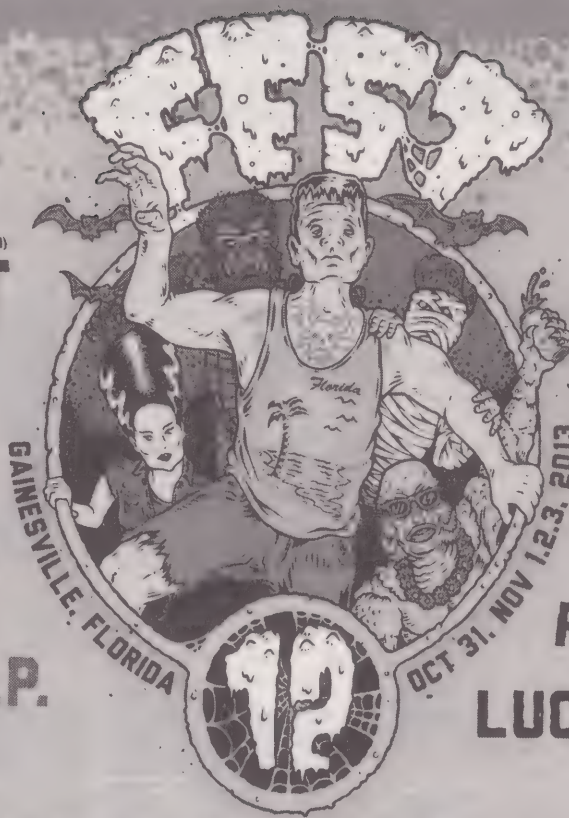


ORANGE

AP
ALTPRESS.COMBands
on a
Budget

PRESENT

**BOUNCING
SOULS**
THE ALL DRAFT (REUNION)
**NIGHT
MARCHERS**
TOYS THAT KILL
**THE LAWRENCE
ARMS** **F.Y.P.**



SAMIAM
BOY SETS FIRE
**DILLINGER
FOUR**
BRAID OBITS
KNAPSACK (REUNION)
PAINT IT BLACK
LUCERO **KYLE KINANE**

A Wilhelm Scream J. Robbins (Jawbox) Ann Beretta (reunion) Banner Pilot Big D and the Kids Table Drag the River Circle Takes The Square
Titus Andronicus Tim Kasher (Cursive) Sleepytime Trio RVIVR Broadway Calls North Lincoln (reunion) Code Orange Kids Brainworms (reunion)
The Dopamines The Flatliners I am the Avalanche Cross My Heart (reunion) Masked Intruder Mean Jeans The Menzingers Teenage Bottlerocket
Mustard Plug No Trigger Off With Their Heads Torche The Copyrights Cobra Skulls Iron Chic Fake Problems Nothington Lemuria Tim Barry
Mixtapes Larry and His Flask The Swellers Bridge and Tunnel Andrew Jackson Jihad White Lung Underground Railroad to Candyland Ceremony
Tenement Monikers (reunion) Polar Bear Club Smoke or Fire Laura Stevenson The Sidekicks Rammage Speed Sonic Avenues Brendan Kelly
Real Friends Sundowner Tiltwheel Hop Along Paul Baribeau James Fritz Andrew Orvedahl Ian Douglas Terry John-Michael Bond

Blacklist Royals Calabazas Citizen Divades Great Cynics Hearsounds Look Mexico Luther Red City Radio Restaurants Signals Midwest Small Small Band Timeshares Arms Shift Captain We're Sinking Every Plow United Sundale
Worn In Red You Blew It Back Hammers Astor Broadcasters Candy Hearts Shogun Dakota Dikembe Greenland is Melting Daylight Young Kid David Liebe Hart Band Young Tunes Sainthood Repts The WILD Pianos Become the Teeth
Banquets The Holy Mess Slow Death Post Teens Leagues Apart Reverse the Curse After the Fall City Mouse The Careeners Creeping Dads Prawn The World is a Beautiful Place & I Am No Longer Afraid to Die Annapal Calvinball
Max Levine Ensemble Caravels Saddest Landscapes Empire Empire Love Child (Dance) United Nations Gangster Adventures Glorious Mura The Tim Version Junior Battles Mikey Erg PI Band (Full band) Forever Came Calling Deep Sleep
Weatherbox White Wives Modern Baseball Pile Whiskey & Co. Hardslight Possessed by Paul James Prawn Boy Trench & The Four Angels Jowls Silver Socks The Dangerous Summer Diarrhea Planet
Andy Sell Luke Fingers RACE TO THE COFFIN COMEDY TOUR featuring: Alex Speck Jesse Irvin John Ellis Walters Shannon Norman Tim Ross

GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA | OCT 31-NOV 3, 2013
FOUR DAYS / 12 VENUES / 350+ BANDS

THEFESTFL.COM



RAZORCAKE



NEW NOISE



JUMP/START





Rachel Murray Framingheddu's Photo Page
David Lynch

I'M AGAINST IT

DESIGNATED DALE

“You could have really hurt his PENIS!”

Advanced Shenanigans

There's a great deal of destructive tendencies encoded in our heathen minds the minute that umbilical cord gets snipped. The level of those tendencies just depends on the person. Any kid will get into some sort of malicious mischief, be it the innocent “Oh, gee, look what they did” to the more involved, “Oh shit, that kid's ass is *grass!*”. Some of these more involved kids I ran with since I was a wee lad eventually got with the program and have their lives together. Yet, there's a handful who have disappeared, and I've often wondered exactly where they've ended up: dead, jail, or rock'n'roll (to quote the wild-eyed Michael Monroe). There were definitely a few whose brains had some dark corners.

Like most people, I can recall the more colorful stunts, dares, situations, and other assorted jibs of fuck-offedness that occurred during my years in elementary school, not to mention some of the more advanced shenanigans that came to fruition through my high school years. Some of the forthcoming names and locations have been changed to protect the not-so-innocent names of the creatures of recklessness involved in these instances.

The fondest recollections of school monkeyshines start back in the second grade. My oldest pal Chris (who I know is reading this) and I happened to get assigned to the same class that year with a teacher we'll call Mrs. B.—a wrinkled-up, over-the-top lady who got way too dramatic and would act as though she was having coronary failure if someone crossed the line with her. A kid named Todd had just moved to our neighborhood midway through the school year. He quickly ended up being a close pal of both Chris and mine, being that we were both diehard KISS fans. (Suck it. This was 1977.) The three of us also shared the same love of wise-ass humor, so pushing Mrs. B's buttons was like shooting fish in a barrel.

Then there was our classmate Michael, one of the most out-of-control kids in our school who was hyperactive beyond words. I remember him always having to go to the nurse to get his Ritalin dose, but even that couldn't keep the poor bastard in check—frisbeeing textbooks against the chalkboard, upending desks, covering his hands in Elmer's glue and slapping other classmates in the face, and even swinging from the fluorescent light fixtures in our classroom, all while cackling like Dracula.

The dude was a straight-up tripper who resembled Jody from that old show *Family Affair*, and he didn't dig that too much when kids called him that. Another trick of Michael's was to walk into other classes and sit down, insisting that the teacher—who would yell at him to get out—“just pretend I'm not here.” He also tried kicking whatever ball he could find into the trees or up on top of the school buildings during recess so he could use it as an excuse to scurry up onto the rooftops and run around like a mad chimp. The more all us kids laughed, the more it fueled his spastic actions. It's nothing short of amazing that Mrs. B. didn't have a nervous breakdown, and now that I think about it, Black Flag could've dedicated their debut EP to her the following year, for sure.

I remember one afternoon Michael swift-kicked some other kid in the nuts during class, and proceeded to laugh manically. Mrs. B. was sputtering mad, red in the face, and started roaring: “What is the *matter* with you?!” “Nothing! What's the *matter* with you?” Michael snapped back. “I beg your pardon?” she bellowed, the sides of her head about to explode. And there, right there, I started singing perfectly on cue: “*I never promised you a rose garden!*” (an old Lynn Anderson hit song from the '70s). Todd, Chris, and the rest of the class started cracking up, and she continued shrieking at Michael, “You think that's funny?! You could really have hurt him!” “Hurt what?” Michael replied, with a huge grin across his primate-ish mug. “You want me to say it? Okay! His *PENIS!* You could have really hurt his *PENIS!*” Michael lost his shit and literally started rolling around on the floor, laughing so hard he started crying and the whole class erupted into a howling pack of hyenas. Needless to say, Mrs. B. didn't return to teach at our school the following year. I can't imagine why.

It was around this time that I learned to leave fire the fuck alone. One ridiculously stupid instance was when Todd and I were dicking around, lighting up piles of pine needles on the concrete back steps of said grade school. The whole back fence of the school's field was lined with pine trees. The needles were everywhere. Shit got out of hand. Soon, there was a huge blaze in the middle of the stairs. So what do we do? Run like a couple of idiots. There were softball teams practicing in the baseball diamonds

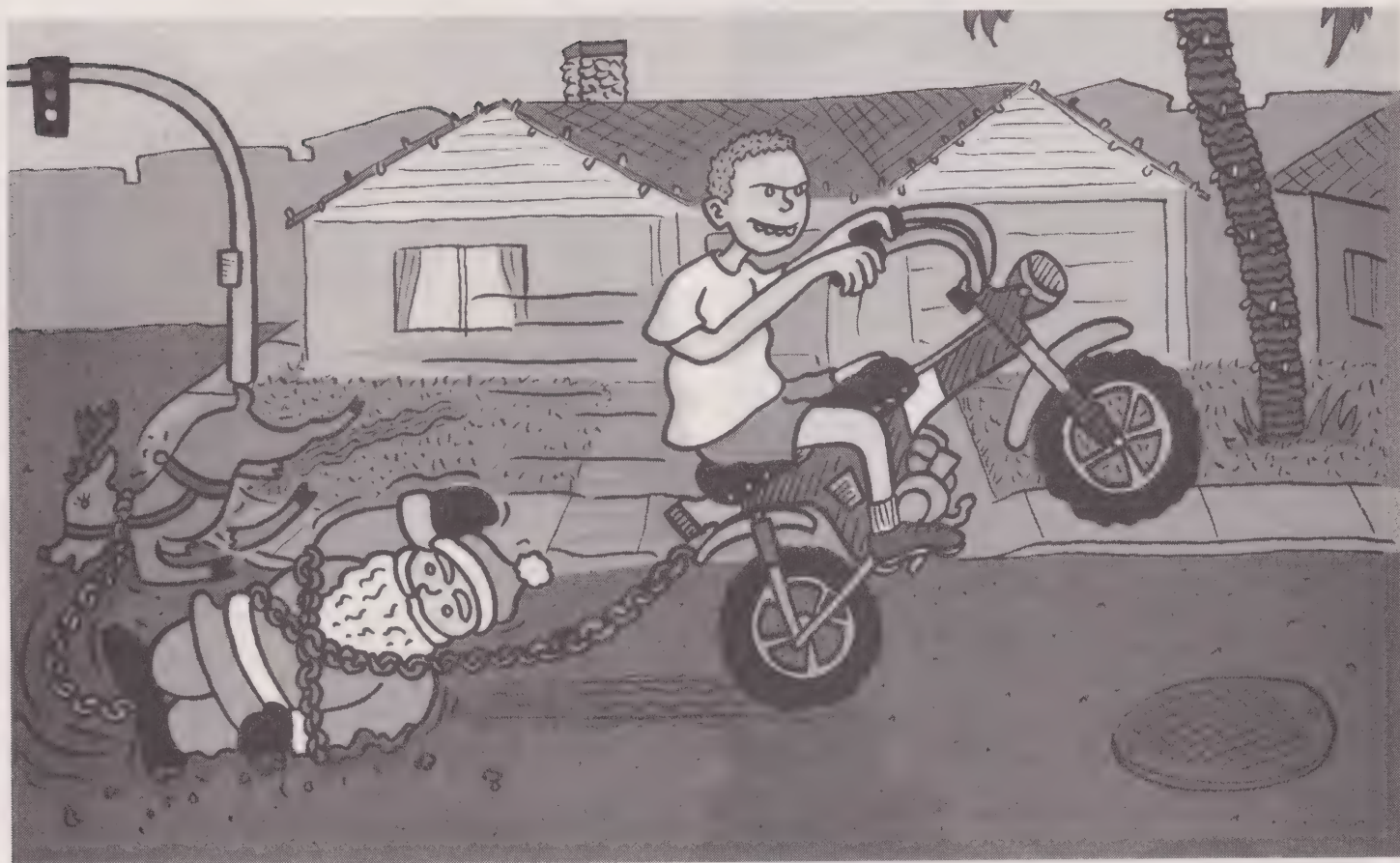
connected to the field we tore across. One of the coaches who saw what was going on chased our asses down and dragged us to my house. As soon as my father heard what happened, he pointed at Todd and said, “Go home. *Now.*” then proceeded to whoop the living piss out of me, and deservedly so. The power of a fist compels you!

While we're on the subject of grade school, there was one incident on the playground that sticks in my mind to this day, involving my old pal Chris who I spoke of earlier. You see, Chris liked to kick whatever ball was in play—basketballs, footballs, kickballs, soccer balls, even those red rubber four square balls that were popular for games of handball and dodge ball—no matter what the game was. Chris usually wasn't even part of the game in play, but for some reason, he saw fit to interrupt whatever game was happening with a ball-dismissing kick.

We had an ass-kissing, overtly nose-y mom who was part of the PTA working at our school as a teacher's aid. She looked like the original black and white version of Porky Pig, only with glasses and ridiculous red hair. She was always up everyone's ass and in their business, and unfortunately for the rest of us, her pain-in-the-ass snitch of a daughter April also went to our school.

One morning at recess, Chris ran by and nabbed a basketball from some kids. The little efficient blacktop gestapo April, who was standing next to one of the supervising teacher's aides, started to yell across the playground at Chris to not do that and that he better give the ball back. Without missing a beat, Chris booted the basketball in her direction as hard as he could, trying to scare her. It ended up line-driving straight into her head, knocking her flat on her ass. Of course, he would never intentionally inflict harm on any female, but the chance of it bouncing off her melon from that far away of a kick sent Chris into hysterics as he was dragged off into the principal's office. Way to go, dingus.

It should be noted here that, years later, Chris was quite handy at driving his mini-truck around the same elementary school's grass field, as well as the grassy hills of the adjoining park, shredding around equestrian-style, as if everyone did it. Neighbors' front yards would sometimes get the same treatment, too. You'll be happy and comforted to know that Chris has since refrained from such vehicle-induced frivolity for many years now (as far as I know), right Chris?



BILL PINKEL

Nick chained an illuminated plastic Santa and set of reindeer from someone's front yard to his dirt bike and went hauling ass around the neighborhood.

As soon as I started high school, I became buddies with Nick, one of the wildest dudes I had run with for a few years. Nick definitely put the "crazy insane" in the term "crazy insane punk rock." He was a great mechanic, constantly tearing apart and rebuilding car and motorcycle engines. The guy would pull off some of the craziest stunts, like riding his unlicensed dirt bike all the way across town on city streets and sidewalks to come visit.

There was always partying going on at his pad when his folks weren't around or when he should have been at school. Some of the surrounding neighbors would rat him out to his folks. Little did these poor neighbors know, Nick always waited until Halloween night to settle the score for their tattling. He'd get his hands on quarter sticks of explosives from god-knows-where. There were a few wall-mounted mailboxes blown clean off, along with huge patches of missing stucco. Some sticks were even dropped into the neighbors' front door mail slots, but more

often, the mail slots would get the garden hose from the front yard shoved in them, hose going full blast. I remember during one Christmas break from high school, Nick chained an illuminated plastic Santa and set of reindeer from someone's front yard to his dirt bike and went hauling ass around the neighborhood, dragging it behind him like it was some kind of battered Christmas parade from the movie, *Mad Max*.

The one stunt that made my shit turn cold was the time we were cutting through an industrial construction site, walking back to his house one afternoon. A new shopping center was being built and there were huge hills of dirt all around the site. As we passed one of the dirt hills, Nick spotted an earth mover—a huge, yellow Caterpillar® earth mover. Grinning that evil grin, he jumped up on it and I tell 'em, "Good luck starting that. There ain't no key!" As soon as I yell that, he cranked it over. "Oh, shit," I thought to myself, "some stupid idiot actually left the key in the

ignition, and now Nick, of all people, finds it!" I started yelling, "Dude, what the fuck are you doing!? Get *outta* there!" Laughing his ass off, Nick actually got the thing into gear and idled it around the site. Just as he steered it into one of the mountains of dirt, he jumped off and started running away, giggling like a maniac. I watched the ghost-ridden earth mover's wheels start to spin in place as it's stuck up against the mountain of dirt. I high-tail it after him. To this day, I still can't believe what would've happened if he got that thing out into the street. Every time I see a hill of dirt, I'm reminded of that afternoon.

Don't get me wrong—I'm not excusing me or my friends for all our past juvenile idiocies, but I think it's far better to learn from your past so's you don't repeat it. I like to think people do. Most of 'em, anyway.

I'm Against It,
—Designated Dale
designateddale@yahoo.com



D.P.I.
 BROKEN BONES
 THE FACTION
 HEAD ON COLLISION
 RAW POWER
 THE MOTHERFUCKERS
 VERBAL ABUSE.

BEER CITY
 RECORDS
 MILWAUKEE, WI U.S.A.

available at finer record stores,
 online and on itunes

WWW.BEERCITYRECORDS.COM

DEADROCKERS



PUNK ROCK SHOP
 -SHIRTS-PATCHES-STUDS-
 -HOUSEWARES-CLOTHING-
 -ART & MORE-
DEADROCKERS.NET
 1023 E 4TH ST LONG BEACH, CA 90802

Chunksaah Records

BOUNCING SOULS
 the good,
 the bad,
 and the argyle.

BOUNCING SOULS
 "THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE ARGYLE"
 1994 DEBUT LP VINYL REISSUE

BOUNCING SOULS
 MANIACAL LAUGHTER

BOUNCING SOULS
 "MANIACAL LAUGHTER"
 1995 PUNK CLASSIC VINYL REISSUE

BOUNCING SOULS
 THE MENZINGERS

BOUNCING SOULS
 THE MENZINGERS
 NEW SPLIT 7"

BOUNCING SOULS
 COMET

BOUNCING SOULS
 "COMET"
 GATEFOLD VINYL LP AVAILABLE NOW

Luther
 let's get you
 somewhere else

LUTHER
 "LET'S GET YOU SOMEWHERE ELSE"
 DEBUT FULL-LENGTH ON VINYL & CD

TIM BARRY
 LAUREL ST. / LIVE AT MUNFORD

TIM BARRY
 "LAUREL ST. / LIVE AT MUNFORD"
 DEMO & LIVE REISSUE ON VINYL & CD

DAVE HAUSE
 TIME WILL TELL

DAVE HAUSE
 "TIME WILL TELL"
 2012 7-INCH SERIES

BOUNCING SOULS
 HOT WATER MUSIC

BOUNCING SOULS
 HOT WATER MUSIC
 SPLIT 7" AVAILABLE NOW

www.Chunksaah.com

CHICO SIMIO

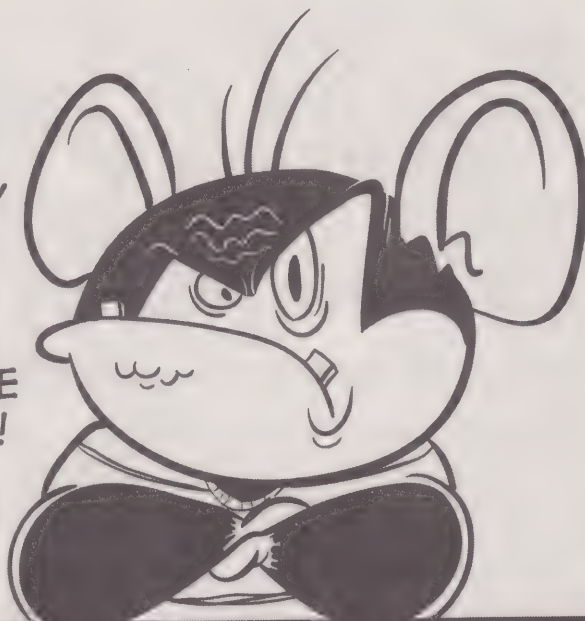
NO. 39

"EMPTY NEST,
HO!

-ART-

YEAH! SO WHAT?!
IT'S ROMANN'S
SENIOR YEAR OF
HIGH SCHOOL! WHY
SHOULD I CARE?!
I'M HAPPY! IN A
YEAR OR SO, I'LL
BE FREE! NO MORE
RESPONSIBILITIES!

MORE ME TIME!!!



YEA! IT'S GONNA BE GREAT! SHE'LL GO
OFF TO COLLEGE AND I'LL BE FREE!
STAYING UP LATE! NO MORE WORRYING
ABOUT COOKING DINNER! NO MORE
PICKING UP KIDS! NO MORE HAVING TO
LEAVE EARLY! I CAN DO WHAT I WANT!
NO MORE WEARING PANTS AT HOME!
IT'S GONNA BE GREAT I TELL YA!
GREAT! IT'S...IT'S..

IT'S GONNA BE...

MISERABLE!
IT'S GONNA BE
MISERABLE...

WHO AM I
KIDDING..I WON'T
KNOW WHAT TO
DO..I'VE TAKEN
CARE OF HER ALL
THESE YEARS..



FOR 18 YEARS I
THOUGHT SHE NEEDED
ME ALL THE TIME.
SHE WOULDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO WIHOUT
ME..AS IT TURNS
OUT, I'M THE ONE
WHO NEEDS HER. I'M
HAPPY SHE IS ALL
GROWN UP, BUT I'M
REALLY GONNA MISS
HER.

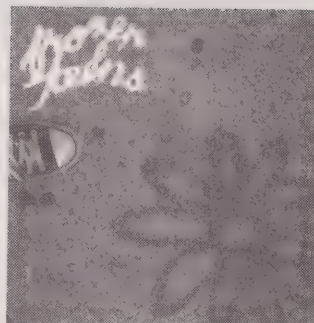
2981 MEADOW PARK DR. DAYTON, OH 45440

**OUT NOW:
THE SLOW DEATH
"NO HEAVEN"
RATIONAL ANTHEM
'WHATEVERMIND' LP
THE EX-BOYFRIENDS
"DISEASE" LP**

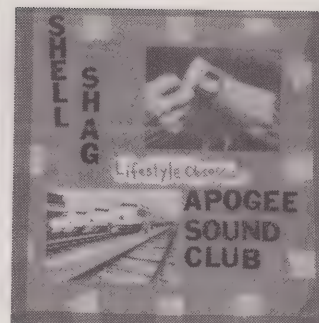
**AVAILABLE ON RAD GIRLFRIEND
7"S**

**APOCALYPSE MEOW - "BATS!BATS!BATS!"
THE CAPITALIST KIDS/THE EX-BOYFRIENDS
RAD COMPANY/TIGHT BROS.
RATIONS - "MARTYRS AND PRISONERS"
PREVENGE/WANK FOR PEACE
THE RAGING NATHANS - "S/T"
12"S
THE MAXIES - "GREENLAND IS MELTING"
TIGHT BROS. - "S/T"
FLAMINGO 50 - "TEAR IT UP"
ROB THE BANK - "SPOKEN CODES"**

RECORDS
RADGIRLFRIENDRECORDS.BIGCARTEL.COM



FROZEN TEENS
OAKLAND FOOTSTEPS 7"
STARCLEANER RECORDS



APOGEE SOUND CLUB
SHELLSHAG SPLIT 7"
THRILLHOUSE RECORDS



SHELLSHAG
SHELLSHAG FOREVER 12"
DON GIOVANNI RECORDS



HARD FEELINGS
SWELL 12"
STARCLEANER RECORDS

STARCLEANER RECORDS
WWW.STARCLEANER.COM

**DOWN TO
NOTHING**

LIFE ON THE JAMES

The brand new full length album from
DOWN TO NOTHING is OUT NOW.

The album features 12 new tracks and is
the first all-original release since the
band's 2007 album *The Most*.

REV153 LP/CD/Digital



ALSO AVAILABLE
Greetings From Richmond, Virginia - 7"
Featuring 2 tracks from the album and
1 exclusive non-LP B-side track.



RevHQ.com

REVELATIONRECORDS.COM



Matt Average's Photo Page

Red Dons at The Blue Star, LA, CA 09/06/12

ONE PUNK'S TRAVEL GUIDE TO INDONESIA



By KEVIN DUNN

Photos by KEVIN DUNN & COURTESY OF BANDS

Art Junk by AMY ADOYZIE



ALONE AT LAST in Bandung, 2010.

The Deputy Mayor of Banda Aceh, the provincial capital, said:

PUNK IS A NEW SOCIAL DISEASE

In December 2011, police descended upon a punk show in Banda Aceh, Indonesia and arrested sixty-four teenagers for being, well, punks. The concert was a fundraiser for local charities and had the proper legal permissions to be held, according to the organizers. The police claimed the organizers didn't have the right permits, and they also claimed to have found marijuana and sharp objects that could be classified as weapons. The sixty-four youths were taken to the Aceh State Police Camps and held for almost two weeks. Their heads were forcefully shaved, their clothes burned, and they were forced to pray and take communal baths to "cleanse" themselves.

The Aceh authorities told BBC News the punks had not broken any laws and they were being detained for "re-education".¹ Deputy Mayor Illiza Sa'aduddin Djamal proudly claimed she personally supervised the police raid and pointed to previous raids against Aceh's cafés and city parks to detain young punks. This clearly amounted to a focused and sustained harassment of the Aceh punk community. But why? Djamal justified her actions by stating: "Aceh is a Shariah [Muslim law] region. Everyone should obey it and the punk community is clearly against Shariah." As Djamal claimed, "Punk is a new social disease."

I first read about the detentions from the international news, but soon my email inbox filled up with calls from across the global punk community for actions of solidarity (which would be repeated three months later with the arrests of Pussy Riot in Moscow). One of my bands sent a track for a CD compilation to help support those arrested, and I signed various petitions and sent letters via Amnesty International. But I wanted to know more about what had happened, and what was happening in Indonesia in general. I was aware that Indonesia has one of the

largest and most active punk scenes in Asia. I was also aware that Indonesia has the largest population of Muslims in the world. And I knew that in Aceh, the northern state on the island of Sumatra, Sharia Law had been declared, which meant that the population needed to abide by the rather strict tenants of Islamic law. I write about punk culture, so it seemed important that I should go and check things out for myself. So I did.

What follows are some observations from my recent trip to Indonesia. It is not an in-depth scene report, like what you might find within the pages of *Maximumrocknroll*. I am not an insider and I don't pretend to be. I was only there for a couple of weeks and spent my time in three cities: Jakarta, Bandung, and Banda Aceh. But this is one of the things I do: travel around the world hanging out with punks, asking questions and writing articles about it. Someone recently called me the "Anthony Bourdain of punk," which works on so many levels. So what follows are some of my impressions and insights.

A Brief History of Punk in Indonesia

Indonesia is a massive country made up of over 130,000 islands. It was colonized by the Dutch, occupied by the Japanese during World War II, declared its independence in 1945, and then fought a war against the Dutch (who refused to recognize their independence) until 1949. A couple of decades later, General Suharto gained power and established the "New Order" regime which, thanks to American support, ruled the country with a repressive hand for almost thirty years. Suharto stepped down in May 1998 as a result of mounting popular pressure. It's important to note that one of the driving social forces involved in bringing down Suharto's New Order was Indonesia's young, growing, and highly politicized punk community.

Punk came to Indonesia in a serious way during the early 1990s. True, tapes of early punk bands like the Sex Pistols and the Dead Kennedys had circulated much earlier than that, but it didn't result in the massive growth of a scene like what happened in the 1990s. Most people I have spoken with (as well as

the academic material on the subject) point to the influx of CDs and tapes by bands like Green Day, Bad Religion, and Nirvana for sparking the punk scenes across Indonesia. In January 1996, the Foo Fighters, Sonic Youth, and the Beastie Boys performed at the Jakarta Pop Alternative Festival. Green Day played in Jakarta the next month. Releases by major label acts were imported into the country thanks to globalization and for many people, those functioned like a gateway drug—an introduction to independent DIY punk bands and culture.

Most people I spoke to who were active at that time talk about how those commercial punk bands were attractive because of the energy and attitude. Even though such bands were still distant rock stars, they provided an introduction to the DIY punk culture that had nurtured them. For example, people wanting to find out more about Green Day discovered the whole Gilman Street scene and the larger DIY community in the Bay Area. For many, it was the discovery of the DIY punk scene that was truly transformative. Indonesia—while not in abject poverty—was (and is) a developing country, so any active youth culture has to be DIY by necessity. So, ironically, global capitalism and its attempts to profit off of passive consumers actually led to the development of a vibrant independent, anti-capitalist DIY punk culture across Indonesia. Western releases by DIY punk, hardcore, and metal bands began to circulate widely, and Indonesians began to form their own bands, release their own tapes, form their own record labels, and write their own zines.

All of this was occurring under the repressive control of Suharto's New Order. Despite their usual attempts to control crowds and clamp down on dissent, the government initially took very little notice of the growing youth culture. They provided organizers with permits to hold shows because they thought punk and independent music was just entertainment—a distraction for the kids. In reality, these shows were instrumental in mobilizing resistance to the Suharto regime. Anti-government songs were played and circulated, political tracts disseminated, and

¹ BBC News, "Indonesia's punks shaved for 're-education'" 14 December 2011. Available at bbc.uk/news/world-asia-16176410



FORGOTTEN GENERATION of Sarijadi, Bandung.

actions organized. These developments were occurring across the country.

In Bali, one of the most famous bands of the time to emerge was Superman Is Dead (S.I.D.), a name that was a direct reference to Suharto. In Yogyakarta, one of the most popular punk bands performed their hit song "I Want a Fresh President" in front of a banner proclaiming the same sentiment. In Bandung, bands like Turtle Jr. and Puppen released influential anti-government songs, including "Kuya Ngora" and "Sistem," respectively.

Also in Bandung, Riotic Records/Distro began circulating their zine *Submissive Riot* that dealt explicitly with social and political issues. An offshoot of this group formed that Anti-Fascist Front which was highly active in political resistance against Suharto's regime. In Jakarta, numerous punk bands emerged and were active in the anti-Suharto struggle, perhaps none as infamous as Marjinal. As the documentary on the band proclaims, "Living in Jakarta, they took to the streets with thousands of other students demanding the end of authoritarian rule by then President Suharto. Punk gave people, like Mike and Bobby from Marjinal, the impetus to protest and demand change against frightening odds."

In an academic article on the rise of "political punk" in Bandung, Joanna Pickles observed that the New Order regime had

effectively forced young people from the political sphere.² This was largely due to the realization that Indonesian youths had been at the forefront of political resistance during the independence struggle. Seeing youth and college students as a potential threat, Suharto's regime worked hard on forcing them to the margins of society, often by stressing cultural and religious requirements of respect for elders and social submission. Punk challenged these oppressive social norms. Youth of all stripes and backgrounds began hanging out and seeing common cause in their love of loud, angry music. In a brief time, political awareness among punks strengthened, especially as DIY punk became a way through which they became politically empowered. Hikmawan Saefullah, an academic and active member of the Bandung punk scene, observed, "In the early to mid-1990s, Indonesian youths in the big cities such as Bandung, Jakarta, and Bali began to build informal networks of bands, events, fanzines, independent records labels, and small clothing companies dedicated to punk culture and ideals. The reason why the scene-building practices have become significant in the lives of many Indonesian youths is because it offers resources to resist what confines them in their everyday lives: state oppression and corruption, hypocrisy, injustices, discrimination, social

and economic inequality, and the feeling of alienation that is prevalent in the modern capitalist society."³

The burgeoning DIY punk (and DIY metal) scenes were very important in empowering youths in their struggle to topple Suharto's New Order regime—which they succeeded in doing in 1998. In the post-authoritarian years, punk has evolved in ways many in the West can easily recognize. It has fragmented as new scenes emerged around specific genres and subgenres of punk; generational shifts have occurred as new kids get turned onto punk, while older punks get even older (and sometimes leave the underground community); and the forces of commodification and commercialization by corporate interests have raided the scene with abandon. Some two decades after punk in Indonesia really gained force, the scenes there remain some of the largest and most active in Asia, if not the world. It is a complicated scene that defies simple characterizations.

Commercialization and Resistance

In 2008, there was a tragedy in Bandung at a local metal/punk show.

The six hundred-person venue was reportedly packed at almost double capacity for the album release of the local band Beside.

² Joanna Pickles, "Punk, Pop and Protest: the birth and decline of political punk in Bandung" *Review of Indonesia and Malaysian Affairs*, vol. 41, no.2, 2007.

³ Hikmawan Saefullah, "The Silenced Protest: Punk and Democratisation in Indonesia," unpublished paper, no date.



Kevin with Hikmawan Saefullah of Alone At Last.

Rizky Arisyachuputra, Kevin, Teuku Fariza, and Muhammad Irfan Syahputra (left to right).



At the end of the show, aggressive security forces attacked from both outside and inside the venue, leading to a crush of bodies that left eleven people dead. Regardless of the exact circumstances, the Indonesian authorities used the incident to clamp down hard on the underground music scene. Punks were increasingly cast in a negative light and show organizers have had to apply for expensive and oftentimes difficult to obtain police permission since the tragedy. Many of the punks I hung out with also booked DIY shows, so the challenges in doing so were often a topic of conversation. Booking venues have gotten more difficult since the 2008 tragedy in Bandung. Not only was police permission expensive and sometimes difficult to obtain, but it was sometimes hard to find willing venues. In Jakarta, I was told that one of the more popular venues charged around four hundred dollars to rent out the venue, which is extremely expensive for punks there. I was told that since there was an attempt to keep ticket prices cheap (around one or two dollars each), that often meant that bands would have to pay to play, or at the very least, not expect any of the door monies. House parties and garage shows tend to be out of the question since the police often show up quickly and shut them down. This has put a crunch on DIY organizing, and, not surprisingly, the authorities are more

willing to give permits to larger commercial venues and corporate sponsors. This is just one of the ways by which corporate interests, especially cigarette companies, have infiltrated the underground. A number of cigarette companies, such as L.A. Lights, now sponsor "underground and independent" music festivals and even CD compilations. Many DIY punks eschew these blatant corporate appropriations of independent DIY culture, but many others have been willing to play along. Some of have tried to have it both ways—like Ucay, the lead singer of Rocket Rockers who once wore an anti-cigarette T-shirt while performing on stage at a cigarette-sponsored concert.

The corporatization of the Indonesian punk scene has been an ongoing process. It didn't take long for major labels to realize that there was profit to be made from punk in the Indonesian market. Some of the early punk bands signed to major labels, just as they had done in the U.S. and U.K., and were currently doing again in the U.S. in the post-Nirvana signing frenzy. Bands like Superman Is Dead (SID) signed to Sony/BMG, as did Bandung's Rocket Rockers. Not surprisingly, such bands were often labeled "sell outs," while they defended their decision with claims that they could now reach more people with their message. One friend I met who books DIY shows in Banda Aceh, Teuku

Fariza, dismissed this logic head-on: "SID and Rocket Rockers are definitely sell-outs. If their main concern is getting a big crowd, please get the fuck out of punk. How did Minor Threat or Fugazi become well-known while keeping DIY? DIY just has proven it for almost over 30 years. Krass Kepala and Kontra Sosial had even toured Europe with DIY ethic. Now, who is the true punk?"

It's a familiar debate within punk and other underground communities: are you being exploited by corporations or are you exploiting them? Superman Is Dead began to wear their "outsider" status as a badge of honor. Rocket Rockers released one album with Sony/BMG and then launched their own independent record label, Reach And Rich Records, which they used for their future releases. Opinions about them varied amongst the Indonesian punks I spoke to, with some calling them hypocrites and sell-outs and others regarding them as the punk equivalents of Robin Hood.

Bandung has a history of being one of Indonesia's cultural centers, so it isn't surprising that there is an active music scene there. As the punk scene matured, a number of participants started their own "distros" which, while including the trade of tapes and CDs (and occasional vinyl), primarily focused on independently-produced clothing. According to some, at one time there

were around three hundred active distros in Bandung alone. Those numbers are decreasing as bigger stores and corporate interests move into the market. But the evolution of these DIY cultural producers into DIY entrepreneurs has been important in sustaining the underground community in Bandung and across Indonesia. They also serve as important role models of DIY sustainability for the large number of struggling unemployed youths across the country. One friend I made in Banda Aceh named Maggot runs his own Mad Goat clothing line, selling mostly T-shirts and hats from out of his house and at punk shows. Likewise, Homeless Dawg is a DIY metal clothing line run by a homeless guy in Bandung.

Gustaff, who helps run the Common Room open house in Bandung, observed that "punk and metal are the unwanted children of modernization in Indonesia." For him, and many others, there is a strong overlap between the DIY punk and metal scenes. Both scenes emerged around the same time, shared the same social-political agenda, and a common enemy in the state. In fact, I don't think I have ever seen a greater integration between punks and metal-heads than I did in Indonesia. Of course, I don't think I have ever seen a metal scene as politicized and steeped in DIY mentality either. Joking about the lack of division between metal and punk, Gustaff said, "We've become very postmodern now, where the sign and signifier have lost all original meaning." Gustaff, probably one of the smartest and most articulate punks I've ever met, also explained the popularity of DIY punk in Indonesia by referring to French postmodern philosophers Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari: "creativity is the product of poverty, not wealth." Gustaff saw the purpose of DIY punk and metal in Indonesia to evoke political and social change, drawing upon waves of angry youths looking for tools to express their thoughts and feelings.

While one might be dubious about such grand claims when reading those words on paper, they are powerful and pertinent when said in the middle of an open house full of like-minded multi-generational punks and metal-heads. One of my favorite examples of this mentality is the long-running Jakarta punk band Marjinal. Marjinal has been instrumental

in supporting not only the DIY punk scene but also street youths. One of their most well-known practices is teaching street kids how to play ukulele and guitar so that they can busk for money. In a country with no social safety net, this practice is about survival, self-sufficiency, and personal empowerment.

Diversity and Fragmentation

You think your town's scene is fragmented? Please. Try living in Jakarta, with over ten million people spread out for miles and miles in perpetual gridlock. It takes hours to get from the center of the city to its outskirts with traffic jams infamous across Asia. I was supposed to meet up with Esa of the band Zudas Krust and Doombringer Records, and it took him several hours at night to drive his motorcycle from southern Jakarta to where I was staying in the center of the city. We hung out in the early morning hours drinking beer in front of a 7-Eleven talking about the Jakarta punk scenes. He spoke about how the scenes were geographically split between south, north, east, west, and central Jakarta. When I asked him if there was any integration between the scenes, he responded: "We know each other and we support each other, although we are not really connected to each other because of the regions, because of the traffic, and because they have their own activities. Several years ago there was a big, huge gig. It was called Jakarta Unite. It intended to unite all the scenes from Jakarta and it was really, really huge, like hundreds of bands coming, especially from Java and Sumatra and other islands." So while corporate interventions have helped to fragment the Indonesian punk community, it is also fragmented by sheer size.

Not only is it difficult to travel around Jakarta, it is also a challenge to travel across Indonesia—it is, after all, a country made up of thousands of islands. Two of the biggest islands are Sumatra and Java. As Esa pointed out, "If you visit Sumatra you can spend a week just to go to the whole Sumatra because in cities you can spend one or two days. Maybe in Jakarta it's not really hard to go to other cities, but, compared to other islands, it's really difficult to go." Traveling between islands requires taking a ferry or plane,

both of which can be expensive for your everyday punk band. So my friends in Banda Aceh hadn't seen that many punk bands that were not from their island of Sumatra, though tapes and CDs were circulating rather easily. Indonesian punk scenes are more geographically isolated than their American or European counterparts. Reportedly, there has been tension between the Jakarta and Bandung punk scenes related to football-inspired violence, but there have been recent moves to bridge the rift.

The punk scenes are also fragmented by genres. Name your punk flavor and they've got it in Indonesia. Pop-punk? Emo? Grindcore? Street/crust/oi? Scandinavian hardcore? Straight-edge? UK82? Yep, yep, yep. You want some Indonesian Celtic punk, go check out Forgotten Generation or Ikut Kepala. All of these genres breed their own mini-scenes. My friend Adith plays bass for Forgotten Generation and talked to me about organizing Celtic punk-only festivals called Celtic Punk Night Out in several cities across Indonesia. Yes, there are enough Celtic punk bands in Indonesia to fill up multiple festivals. But while almost every person I spoke with talked about the genre-diversity within the Indonesian punk community, they also stressed that the community remained pluralistic. Shows tended to include a wide variety of genres on the same bill. No one spoke about exclusion, but rather the reality that the community was so damn huge that diversity was just a fact of life. If any serious division exists, it is between DIY punk and commercial punk (or what a number of people dismissed as "fashion punk.").

But there are also problems with violence within the scene. There have been some hostilities between the skinhead communities in Bandung and Jakarta. In one incident—reportedly at a show in Jakarta by the British skinhead band Last Resort—a number of Bandung punks were attacked and the vocalist for Bandung's Bulldog Brigade was attacked with a chain. Adith of Forgotten Generation (and formerly of Bulldog Brigade) also points out that some of the violence is committed by "fashion punks."

"It is difficult to deal with some people who only expresses punk through their physical appearances," Adith said. "They have mohawks, they have leather jackets

Gustaff, who helps run the Common Room open house in Bandung, observed that:

**PUNK AND METAL
ARE THE UNWANTED CHILDREN
OF MODERNIZATION OF INDONESIA.**

WWW.ILOVEIMPRINT.COM
info@iloveimprint.com

imprint
indie printing

3449 TECHNOLOGY DRIVE, STE. 212, NORTH VENICE, FLORIDA 34275
YOU CAN CALL US, WE'LL ANSWER: 941.484.5151

JUST ADD VINYL

7"

Folders
starting @ \$95

Pockets
starting @ \$225

10"

Jackets
starting @ \$550

12"

Jackets
starting @ \$450

**FULL COLOR
CENTER
LABELS**

\$150
with any jacket
or insert order
1,000 quantity (includes 25% overs)

- FRIENDLY CUSTOMER SERVICE, JUST A PHONE CALL AWAY
- KNOWLEDGABLE ART DEPARTMENT WILL ENSURE YOUR ART IS READY TO GO
- DIGITAL PROOFS OFTEN DELIVERED VIA EMAIL SAME DAY
- IF YOU FIND A BETTER PRICE, WE WILL WORK TO MATCH THAT PRICE!

**MANUFACTURING QUALITY GOODS FOR YOUR
BAND AND RECORD LABEL, SINCE 1994.**

KEPONE S/T LP

THE 1997
QUARTERSTICK
TOUCH AND GO
ALBUM FINALLY
AVAILABLE ON
VINYL.

**CARGO
CULT /
TEXAS
BISCUIT
BOMBS**

THE
TWO-
HEADED
COBRA
SPLIT 2xLP

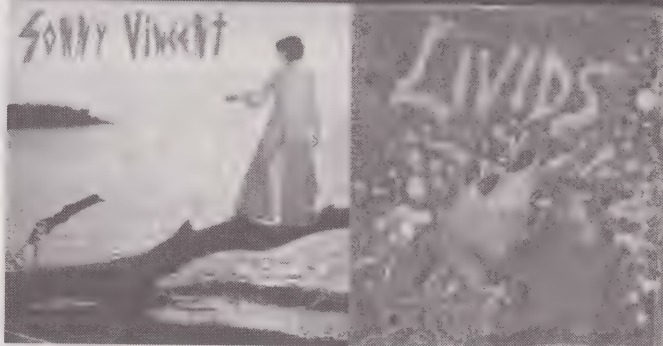
UNRELEASED 1987
DEMO RECORDINGS
BY TOUCH AND GO
BAND, CARGO CULT
FEATURING RANDY
BISCUIT TURNER
(EX-BIG BOYS) AND
DUANE DENISON
(LATER OF THE
JESUS LIZARD)
ALONG WITH STUDIO
AND LIVE
RECORDINGS BY THE
TEXAS BISCUIT
BOMBS - BISCUIT'S
LAST PROJECT
PLAYING THE BIG
BOYS AND OTHER
TEXAS PUNK
CLASSICS

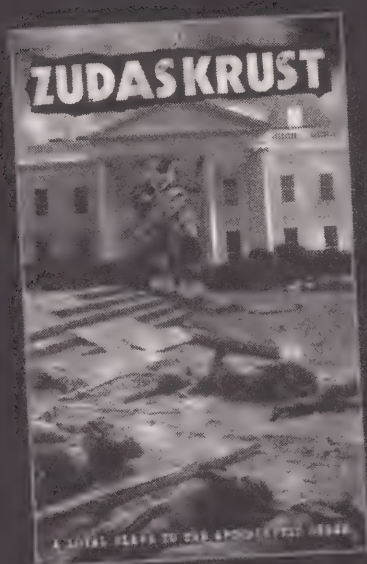
www.moderncityrecords.com

MODERN CITY RECORDS

**OOPS
BABY
RECORDS**

NEW 7"S FROM SONNY VINCENT & LIVIDS
NOW OUT ON OOPS BABY RECORDS
[HTTP://OOPSBABYRECORDS.COM](http://OOPSBABYRECORDS.COM)





On the wall were two posters: BAD RELIGION and AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI

How can these things
be reconciled?
Whenever I brought up
the disconnect, this punk
merely shrugged it off.

and boots. But they often engage in violent activities and it is my opinion that what these people do is come to underground punk rock shows and they get drunk beforehand and then they just make the events become chaos. They just destroy events. They always make problems. Because of these people, we have difficulties in organizing punk rock shows and getting permits to put on shows. It gives problems to other punk rock communities that have no relations with them. But the police department just generalizes that all the punk communities are just the same."

A number of other punks also talked to me about how punks still have a reputation of being criminals in much of mainstream society. And that brings me back to the detention of those punks in Banda Aceh.

Punk and Islam

There are a couple of things about the Indonesian region of Aceh that are important to keep in mind:

1. It fought a long war of resistance against the central government in Jakarta from 1970-2005.

2. A tsunami hit on December 26, 2004 which killed over 170,000 and left over half a million homeless.

3. In the subsequent peace agreement between the government and the Aceh rebels, the region was allowed to impose Sharia Law (a strict code based on a rather conservative interpretation of Islam). One of the reasons I went to Indonesia was to find out more about what happened in Banda Aceh in 2011 with the detention of those sixty-four punks and to try and understand the ways punk exists in a Muslim society. I spent a little less than a week in Banda Aceh and whatever

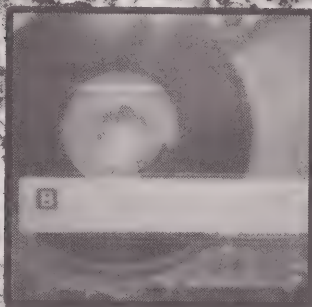
assumptions I had before getting there were quickly thrown out.

Before arriving, a number of punks in Jakarta and Bandung joked about how conservative Aceh was, with strict Sharia Law being imposed across the region. Even though most had never been up to Aceh, stories about Sharia Law abounded—including the one about how women were now barred from driving a motorcycle or riding on one in any other way but side-saddle. Of course, as I rode on a motorcycle into town from the airport, I saw loads of women driving their own motorcycles and straddling them in the back. Yes, women's head scarves were ubiquitous, and their arms and legs were almost entirely covered. But I wouldn't call their clothing conservative. Everywhere I looked women of all ages were walking around in jeans, tights, T-shirts, and tight-as-hell blouses. On the wall of the first café I went to there was graffiti featuring a stylized woman's face with a headscarf with the words "Stop Rape" underneath. And while the BBC runs news reports about riding around town with the "Sharia Police," I never saw a single member of that so-called group once.

While I was in Banda Aceh, I hung out with two different groups of punks. I mostly hung out with a group of about a dozen punks who were in their twenties and taking classes. The other was a group of street punks who hung out on the steps of the Tsunami Museum most afternoons. Two in this group claimed to have been arrested during the infamous December detention. They were held in barracks and while one complained of the harsh treatment he received, the other said that most of the time they were just bored. Most of those I spoke

with claimed that the raid and detention was political theater. The Deputy Mayor was running for re-election and campaigned about being "tough on crime." Punks were an easy target. So the police swooped down on the show—organized as a fundraiser for charity—claiming that they didn't have the correct permit (a point debated by several of the punks) and that they found marijuana and weapons in the crowd. The Deputy Mayor was re-elected and life returned to normal.

The group of street punks, sitting in the hot sun sipping beer out of a bag in full view of anybody walking by (remember alcohol is prohibited under Sharia Law), complained that they still get harassed, but that it isn't as bad as it was during the lead up to the election. The other group of punks, I should point out, were rather dismissive of the street punks. In part, they claimed that the street punks weren't "real punks," just a bunch of juvenile delinquents wearing a punk uniform but not really understanding the politics and ethics of punk (which they themselves understood as involving independent DIY cultural production and resistance to the status quo). They thought the street punks have understandably gained a reputation as troublemakers for openly drinking alcohol, harassing passers-by, and fighting. While this first group of punks thought it was wrong that the December show had been raided and people detained, many thought the street punks weren't completely innocent. For their part, the street punks claimed that they were the only "real punks" in Banda Aceh and all others were a bunch of "posers." It sounded like your usual punk squabble and I couldn't help but think about the "tru punx" from Mitch Clem's *Nothing Nice to Say* comic.



Out now on
justsaynotogovernmentmusic records

Stay Clean Jolene (jsntgm 026) 7"

Holiday (jsntgm 027) 7"

www.jsntgm.com



JOHN WILKES BOOTH RECORDS & DISTRO

RECORDS FROM: RATIONS,
LIPSTICK HOMICIDE, LIKE BATS,
THE MANIX, BILLY RAYGUN, DEAD
NORTH, BRICK MOWER, LITTLE
RICHARDS, THE NEW WARDEN,
AMERICAN LIES, SMOKEJUMPER,
THE YOUNG LEAVES, AND
POISON IVY LEAGUE!



ART BY NATHAN WARD



WWW.JOHNWILKESBOOTHRECORDS.COM

STUFF COMING SOON:

MORE RATIONAL ANTHEM, BOILERMAN,
DEAD MECHANICAL, MORE BILLY-
RAYGUN, MORE LITTLE RICHARDS,
GREASY WHISTLES, MORE LIKE BATS!



PLUS HUGE
ONLINE DISTRO!

OUT NOW:

- SUNNYSIDE *Welcome To San Diego* LP
- POOL PARTY *Born Too Loose* 7"
- UP FOR NOTHING *In Trance* 7"
- THE VISITORS *Yeti* CD/LP
- MALL'D TO DEATH *More Than A Sinking Feeling* 7"
- GATEWAY DISTRICT *Old Wild Hearts* CD/LP
- CRUSADES *Parables* 7"
- CITY MOUSE *Bad Weather* Postcard Single + Zine
- MEAN JEANS / UNDERGROUND RAILROAD split 7"
- THE BROKEDOWNS / VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL split 7"
- LIPSTICK HOMICIDE / THE TURKLETONS split 7"
- THE DOPAMINES *Vices* CD/LP
- THE MANIX *Neighborhood Wildlife* CD/LP
- SASS DRAGONS *New Kids On The Bong* LP
- WEEKEND DADS s/t 7"
- CITY MOUSE s/t 7"
- THE MAXIES *Greenland Is Melting* CD/LP
- THE COPYRIGHTS *Shit's Fucked* CD/Double LP

COMING SOON:

- WEEKEND DADS / CITY MOUSE split 7"
- ZATOPEKS *About Bloody Time* CD/LP
- FRENCH EXIT *Guts And Black Stuff* CD/LP



www.itsaliverecords.com | facebook.com/itsaliverecords
itsaliverecords.bandcamp.com | thevisitors.bandcamp.com
 Distributed Worldwide by No Idea Records | www.noidearecords.com



ALONE AT LAST

And if I am going to be honest, there were good reasons I spent most of my time with the first group of punks. I found them more honest, less pretentious, and far more interesting in their multi-dimensionality than the street punks on the steps of the Tsunami Museum.

While sitting on those steps, however, I got into a conversation with two Indonesian riot grrrls. They wore black headscarves, black T-shirts, jeans, and cheap black sneakers. They were the only female punks I was able to have a lengthy conversation with on my trip—though women are clearly active in the scene. Boys'R'Toys (Bandung), Virgin Oi! (Bandung), and Punktat (Jakarta) are some of many female punk bands. In addition to the usual American punk bands name checked (Bad Religion, NOFX, Descendents), they said they were also inspired by Bikini Kill, Distillers, and Pussy Riot. Like many punk females around the world, they expressed concern about violence against women in their society, fretted about finding a supportive place for women in the local punk scene, complained that their male punk colleagues didn't always take them seriously, and talked about police harassment. They also talked about how they dealt with the social pressures in a predominantly Muslim society. They discussed at length how it was easier and more acceptable for Indonesian males to be politically and socially liberal and the pressures on females to be more conservative. It just added another layer of teenage angst that they had to deal with, and I felt my white Western male privileges in spades while talking with them.

I had gone to Banda Aceh thinking I'd learn more about the relationship between the punks and the Indonesian state, but it turned out pretty straightforward: The police raided and detained the punks in a crass election

tactic by local politicians and it worked. Random people I spoke to across Banda Aceh saw it that way too. Many defended the police for cracking down on "troublemakers," while others were embarrassed by the police's heavy-handedness and the negative international attention it brought. I think I could have guessed how each speaker voted in the past election based on their opinion about local punks.

What I ended up thinking about more and more while in Indonesia (and Banda Aceh in particular) was the relationship individual punks had towards Islam. A number of punks were dismissive of Islam in general. None of the street punks on the steps of the Tsunami Museum expressed any adherence to Islam, with a number explicitly saying they were atheists. This was not uncommon with many of the punks I spoke with while in the country. Some punks, such as Esa in Jakarta and CJ in Banda Aceh, said that they became punks as part of a rebellion against conservative Muslim culture.

Yet, a number—possibly even the majority—of punks I talked with stated that they considered themselves practicing Muslims. Of course, it isn't a surprise that there are Muslim punks. One can just check out the documentary on *Taqwacore* to get a sense of that. Nor is it unusual for some punks to also be religious, as I am well aware given the number of Christian punks in the West. I'm just not one of them. I'm an active atheist and I find myself having a hard time understanding how one could be a punk who actively believes in resisting the status quo and all forms of repression, and also be an active participant in organized religion. There seems to be a fundamental disconnect for me. This disconnect came into focus when I was hanging out in the bedroom of a punk in Banda Aceh. On the wall were

two posters: one for Bad Religion and the other of Ayatollah Khomeini, the radical cleric who helped create the Islamic state in Iran. What. The. Fuck? Complicating the scene even more was the fact that there were also posters of Travis Barker, Sid Vicious, and photos of Kurt Cobain, Karl Marx, and Antonio Gramsci. How can these things be reconciled? Whenever I brought up the disconnect, this punk merely shrugged it off.

I should also say that this guy was one of my favorite people to hang out with. He took great care of me, picking me up at the airport, and taking me back when I left. His mother cooked several meals for me. He is incredibly kind and gracious. He prays several times a day and considers himself an active Muslim. He is also extremely progressive politically, expressing a level of religious tolerance often lost among other believers regardless of religious stripe. Politically, I would probably label him an anarchist. He is straight-edge, promotes PMA, but also loves Sid Vicious. He adores Bad Religion and Islam. He respects Queercore and supports the transformation of Tom Gabel to Laura Jane Grace. He sees no contradiction whatsoever with being punk and Muslim. He is dismissive of Sharia Law, but believes his relationship with Allah was extremely important. He is an anarchist Muslim punk and he is DIY punk to his core. He wasn't an anomaly. In Bandung, one punk I spoke with talked about how, as a teenager growing up in a conservative Muslim house, he had an identity crisis about being both punk and Muslim. After a few years, he realized that he could be both and didn't need to choose one over the other.

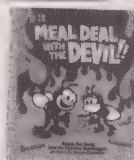
A few people did note that there was a dangerous development in the works: the radicalization of the Indonesian punk movement by conservative elements. The One Finger Underground Movement is small, but

MICROCOSM PUBLISHING

NEW BOOKS TO POUNCE ON! x



HENRY & GLENN FOREVER & EVER #1-2 The greatest love story ever told—between Glenn Danzig & Henry Rollins in short stories. Ed Luce, Tom Neely, & Ben Marra. More volumes coming soon! **\$5 ea.**



MEAL DEAL WITH THE DEVIL A five-song CD from Bobby Joe Ebola plus an adult version of a children's read-along storybook. Epic and wry humor on a hilarious carnival ride for the eyes and ears. **\$19.95**



MAPS TO THE OTHER SIDE "Sascha DuBrul is a madly gifted storyteller, whether writing about seed-saving, or madness, or the history of punk." —Ruth Ozeki **\$15.95 • 9780978866501**



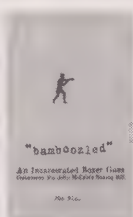
BIKENOMICS Elly Blue's work on how the actual numbers work out for cities, businesses, and the individual if people gave up their cars. And the results are shocking. **\$14.95**



THIS AIN'T NO PICNIC Joshua Ploeg's (Behead the Prophet) exploration into vegan punk cuisine of all stripes, utilizing the wisdom of LA punk forefathers all the way to the present day. Full color. **\$17.95**



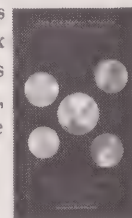
NEW GIRL LAW "The best travel book I read this year." —USA Today Travel "What storytelling is for, and Moore's students are already using their stories to change their country." —Truth Out **9781934620892 • \$9.95**



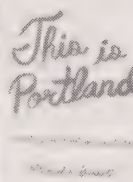
BAMBOOZLED L.A. boxer Joey Torrey's rise from being a Compton gang leader to Olympic hopeful, through drugs, corruption, and murder before being manipulated by managers and the FBI. **9781621065852 • \$9.95**



WHY WE DRIVE The crooked politicians, burning street cars, unscrupulous businessmen, and convoluted tax shenanigans that created endless miles of asphalt. Comics, text, and historic photographs tell the story of the highway system. **\$13.95 • 9781621064862**



CIA MAKES SCIFI UNEXCITING Radical claims that, instead of coming across as a raving conspiracy theory, use facts to write a believable, accessible alternative history that contextualizes current events. **9781621068297 • \$9.95**



THIS IS PORTLAND The city that people can't seem to stop talking about. It's a guidebook of sorts, to how fun, beautiful, and ridiculous it can be. Approachable and hilarious. **9781621060246 • \$5.95**



GROW Do you want your passionate hobby to pay your bills? Eleanor Whitney enables readers to clarify music, food, art, craft, activism or community work, get organized, and manage a project. **978-1-62106-007-9 • \$13.95**

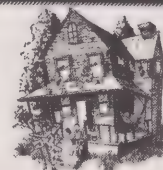


BOBBY JOE EBOLA SONGBOOK Ever wondered what it's like to leave your hometown and follow your dreams? Want to be an obscure comedy band? Now you can! Lyrics and chords to over 80 songs. **\$15.95**

...or SUBSCRIBE TO EVERYTHING WE PUBLISH!

Do you love what Microcosm publishes? Do you want us to publish more great stuff? Would you like to receive each new title as it's published? Subscribe as a BFF to our new titles and we'll mail them all to you as they are released! \$10-30/mo, pay what you can afford. Include your t-shirt size and month/date of birthday for a possible surprise!

microcosmpublishing.com/bff



MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM

enter "Razorcake Sent Me," for free Awesome Future & Dreamwhip #14!

There was sexism, homophobia, and xenophobia countered with heavy doses of pluralism, tolerance, and acceptance.

THERE WAS PRIDE IN LOCAL SCENES, AS WELL AS THE UBIQUITOUS BITCHING ABOUT THE SCENE.

on the rise. It is called "One Finger" because you point your finger towards the sky in recognition that there is one God and He is the ruler over everything. It is a group of radical Muslims targeting underground youths and punks for conversion. Though he claims not to be a member of One Finger, former Red Rockers member Ucay has been associated with the rise of radical Islam within the underground scene. While in the band, Ucay was straight-edge but became increasingly frustrated by his failure to influence his fellow bandmates. As he observed, "It made me feel that I failed. I could bring the message to the fans but I couldn't change my own band." He also became increasingly radicalized, causing further divisions within the band. He eventually left the band, ostensibly after vocalizing his support for a radical Islamic group Indonesia Tanpa JIL (Indonesia Without Liberal Islam Network) during a radio performance. When I asked him about the tension between being a punk and Muslim, Ucay stated "Actually some of punk rock/ underground musicians in Indonesia never take the ideology seriously. We just adopted the style and the music only (including me). I never took punk ideology seriously." I think it is fair to say that most punks I met would disagree with the claim that they didn't take punk ideology seriously. A number of punks also noted the rise of radicalism in parts of Indonesia, such as West Java, expressing disdain for these groups, but also concern about where they might be taking the country and the punk community.

Viva D.I.Y.

One morning while in Banda Aceh, my host punks picked me up in a borrowed police van (it was actually a security van for the school where the driver's mom works, but I'm gonna call it a police van anyway). We were headed to the beach. There was about eight of us in the van and we were all singing along to NOFX on the tape deck. We sang "Don't Call Me White" and "Kill All the White Men" and the songs took on special meaning for me as the only white guy in the van. We were going to the beach to meet with some other local punks to talk about strategies in DIY punk. We also exchanged stories and experiences, talked about globalization and capitalism,

and reflected upon the phenomenon that is global punk.

In my short time in Indonesia, there were many similarities between their local scenes and others that I have encountered around the world. There was a high degree of fragmentation, due to geography and sub-genre diversity, like many other places. There was sexism, homophobia, and xenophobia countered with heavy doses of pluralism, tolerance, and acceptance. There was pride in local scenes, as well as the ubiquitous bitching about the scene: "It was better back then," "There are no good bands around these days," "There are no good venues in town," "Nobody goes to shows. Everyone is insular and lazy," and so forth. You know the script.

I spent a Saturday night in Banda Aceh with a group of about eight punks in the global ritual of riding around town looking for something to do. Just like in communities around the world, punk is also a response to the crushing boredom that comes with being a young adult. We hit an outdoor coffee house for an open-mic performance. The highlight was when two in our group got up and played a couple of songs, but the rest of the music was soul-crushingly bad. With pop music so horrible, it is no wonder punk is popular in Indonesia.

For many punks, DIY was regarded as a life ethic, but also a necessity given the costs and restrictions encountered in everyday life. A number of punks in all three cities noted that engaging with corporate life was not even an option, but that they wouldn't take it even if it was. This didn't just seem like posing. The DIY underground is strong and lively in all three cities I visited. I came across two excellent Indonesian punk zines while there: *Punk Illegal* (with a layout very similar to *MRR*) and *Hantamstagnansi*, both of which were steeped in DIY mentality. The latter, for example, was loaded with full page proclamations such as "Get Active: Teaching Your Fucking Self," "DIY or Die!" and "Do It Yourself or Do It With Friends." Both zines were full of ads from DIY punk/hc labels from across Indonesia, as well as Asia, Europe, and North America.

It is impossible to make generalizations about the Indonesian punk scene(s). Sitting in front of 7-Eleven sipping beer at 4 AM with

Esa (damn, how many times have I been in a similar situation during my lifetime?), I asked him what Western readers should know about Indonesia and its punk scene. He responded: "They should visit Indonesia to know what is punk. All the bands, all the people outside Indonesia that come here always say, 'Indonesia is really huge. Indonesia has really, really huge punk scene. It is like the punk capital of the world.' I think because most of the punks here can't communicate in English, it really makes it difficult to communicate with other punks in other parts of the world. If you want to find out what punk really is then you need to go to Indonesia because you can't expect bands from Indonesia going outside because it really, really costs us lots of money, and we need to work like years just to go outside." This was a great, honest answer. Most punks in Indonesia are poor. They don't get welfare from the government. They need to survive and sometimes that means playing songs on street corners and sometimes it means working shitty jobs.

In the 1990s, the Indonesian punk scene was at the forefront of bringing down the Suharto regime. Several decades later, it has grown, evolved, fragmented, and mutated. Now there doesn't seem to be a common enemy, except, perhaps, global capitalism. Corporate interests—from major record labels to major cigarette companies—are pushing their way into the underground. It is a familiar tale told across the globe. But in Indonesia I was heartened by the resistance taking place. Commercial "punk as a lifestyle" is clearly present, but so is a huge DIY community. For many, DIY punk is a means of survival, and that helped remind me just how vital and important a social force DIY punk can be around the world.

Kevin Dunn teaches politics at a small college in New York state. He regularly publishes on various aspects of world politics, including global punk culture.



When I was eighteen years old, I played in a band with Chris Hembrough. I smashed the windows of his house one night in a drug and alcohol-fueled rage. By 2008 (about four years later) we were friends again, but the kind of friends who rarely—if ever—hung out. He called me and asked if I'd come see his band play. They asked if I could help them out with a few things and one thing led to the next. I convinced them to change their name (originally Portman). I helped them put together a demo. I put together an East Coast/Midwest summer tour. I started Traffic Street Records to make their next release appear more legitimate.

We drew some boundaries after a bit of tumult. I continued to put out their records, but I didn't want to have to do any other chores for them and they didn't want to put up with my mental illness. Part of me thought that without my *incredibly skilled* hand on the wheel, the band would crumble to shit. Part of me was wrong. Rational Anthem has grown to become one of my absolute favorite bands. And thanks to some serious, long-term inpatient treatment, I'm no longer a mixed blessing or a liability for them. I'm just a friend and a fan.

We sat down for two hours the night before they left town for their sixth annual U.S. tour to talk about their (often our) misadventures along with the kind of personal stuff that wouldn't normally come up if we were just hanging out as buddies.

INTERVIEW BY Sam North
PHOTOS BY Bambi Guthrie
(bambiguthrie.smugmug.com) AND
Marc Gärtner (marc-gaertner.de)
LAYOUT BY Keith Rosson

RATIONAL ANTHEM

NOELLE STOLP: guitar and lead vocals

CHRIS HEMBROUGH: bass and vocals

PETE STOLP: drums



IONAL

anthem



Sam: Did you lose a band member in the woods of Wisconsin?

Chris: Chris Spillane, your best friend and a close friend of all of ours, played with us one summer, but is notorious for being a phantom of the night. That man can disappear. I can't imagine him as a child, taking him to Disneyland—you'd have to get him one of those kiddie harnesses. He needs one of those as an adult. We were walking through the woods after a show in Wisconsin.

Noelle: On an Indian reservation.

Chris: Dark as fuck. Kind of creepy woods. Sure as shit—"Where's Spillane?" We're looking around, can't find him. Thinking maybe we should put out an Amber Alert, but that's for eight year olds, but... we should *probably* still put out an Amber Alert. But we don't because we don't care.

Noelle: He was gone for sixteen hours. We

didn't start really looking until the morning. It was *cold*.

Chris: How did we...?

Noelle: We called the police.

Pete: Not punk. Who chooses to talk to the cops?

Chris: We had to leave. We had to find him so we could *go*. I don't care if he's dead, I just want to know so we can get the fuck out of here and leave his shit here. "Is he coming? Is he dead? Is he staying?"

Noelle: I slept at my dad's house, but he wasn't gonna let you fucking kids come and stay there. He let Sam stay, but everyone else had to stay at my friends' house. The whole story though is that they were walking in the woods, Spillane stopped to pee, and the group kept moving.

Chris: As if he couldn't have ran and caught up with us.

Sam: It takes him forty-five minutes to eat a bowl of cereal. The best day of my life was when I found out he got fired from Fresh Market for working too slowly.

Chris: We were probably a hundred feet away and he just shrugged and said, "Fuck it."

Noelle: He looked ahead and didn't see anyone so he just started walking and kept walking. He went to the twenty-four hour casino and fell asleep on a bench. They kicked him out and told him he couldn't sleep there.

Sam: How far was the casino from where they were walking?


Noelle: Seven miles.

Chris: When we were trying to hunt him down, someone went into a gas station and asked, "Have you seen a kid? A little skinny guy?" And the lady piped back [in ridiculous Wisconsin accent] "He got patches on his pants?" And we were like, "Yeah! Patches on the pants! What time was he in here?" "Oh, earlier." "How much earlier?" "Oh, just earlier."

Noelle: But the police found him. He went back to the casino after he got kicked out, slept on a bench outside. The police woke him up like, "Are you Christopher Spillane?"



"NOT PUNK."

Who 
CHOOSES
to talk
to cops?"

Your friends are looking for you." Spills: "Bullshit." Couldn't believe we were worried or looking. Or he was drunk.

Noelle: The cops told us to pick him up. Sam and I went for pizza, so the others had to get him.

Sam: How many summers have you spent on tour now?

Noelle: This makes six.

Sam: And you leave tomorrow. How do you feel? How will this one be different?

Noelle: I'm feeling good. When I first started booking the tours, I was still booking shows halfway in. This time, everything's ninety percent booked and we haven't left yet.

Chris: And also, when we started booking this year, it came together much easier. We used to basically beg people to let this band from Florida come play their house or venue. This year, it seems like we have a little more credibility—or someone's paying attention a little bit—because as soon as we put the word out, people contacted us immediately, wanting to help. So that, from the get go, was pretty inspiring. We already felt like this was gonna be great because people are offering. As opposed to just tolerating us, they're now excited.

Sam: All I ever wanted for my band—or even for yours, because I've always been very emotionally invested in Rational—was for it to be *one of the bands* in the DIY pop punk scene, and not one *trying* to get in. Now with four labels behind your record and people wanting you to come and play, do you feel like you're part of the club or does it feel like you're just barely getting away with something?

Noelle: We've tricked them.

Chris: Either that or out of frustration they've thrown their hands in the air. Like, they know we're coming anyway so they might as well embrace it. We've been coming through their cities for six years now so they're all, "Okay, you can come and hang out." We've been invited to the party, but it's sort of out of pity. I mean, maybe the songs have gotten a little better and that has something to do with it, but...

Noelle: It's like hanging out with your older sibling. Your mom makes them take you along.

Sam: But now I feel like maybe there's some legitimacy to it?

Chris: It seems like it. That's kind of what we're all excited to see when we're on the road this summer. All you can do prior to going is hypothesize. Whatever it may be—aside from the excitement of just being on the road and getting to play shows every night for a couple months with our friends, it's exciting to see if this year will be a little different and maybe a little better.

Sam: Do you still beg to get on fests or do you actually get invited to play?

Noelle: We're still begging to get on the Gainesville Fest.

Pete: We've never begged per se. When they used to accept band submissions, we participated in that, but now we're at the

point where—if we're ever gonna play, they know where we're at and they know how to find us. It's not a mystery. If they asked us to play, we'd like to play.

Sam: What about with other fests? How about with Insubordination Fest?

Pete: That was easy to do.

Chris: Insub, last year, we got on and they said, "We're gonna want to have you back next year." When they started doing the lineup, I hadn't heard anything. I didn't want to jump the gun and annoy anyone, but I emailed Enoch and he said, "Yeah, we have a spot for you." So they were probably going to say something to us, but I threw it out there. Dave Strait Fest—Jesse asked us to do it, which was really nice of him. We played Awesome Fest last year. The Fest, we just count on "no." Actually, we count on non-acknowledgment. We don't exist. We've met a couple of them. They know we exist, but... They don't even do applications anymore. They mention on the website, "Don't email us asking if you can play." So I did that anyway. "Hey, we're that fucking band that's been asking for years" and yeah—no response.

Sam: As a DIY pop punk band solidly in line with what they do out there, living in Florida, it makes perfect sense that you would never get to play that.

Chris: [laughs] Yeah, exactly. By this year, I thought, "Something's gotta happen," but we get to play at least two out of the five punk rock fests so I'm grateful for that rather than worried about the things I don't get.

Sam: I released your demo and five 7"s on Traffic Street and then disappeared. Was it different working with other labels?

Noelle: Not really because it's just David Solender (John Wilkes Booth Records). He just kind of turned into you. Except not fucked up.

Pete: He did party one time. We smoked weed in the hot tub.

Noelle: We got him to start smoking weed again and to start eating meat.

Sam: You know though that since Traffic Street disappeared, you've only actually released one record—and Solender didn't put that record out so...?

[band laughs]

Chris: Oh yeah.

Pete: Servo put it out on Bloated Kat Records. He was super easy to work with, accommodating, gracious as shit in making *Sensitivity Training* happen.

Chris: Totally. But on that note—Solender—even though he didn't put out *Sensitivity Training*, he's always doing something. Even when his logo or signature is missing, he's in the mix, behind the curtain helping out.

Sam: Pete, you said you were the last one to join, but you were there from the beginning.

Pete: Oh, yeah. I actually went on the first tour in 2008 as the drummer for Troublemake, who were supporting Rational Anthem on that first tour. We only played six of the shows, but those were awesome.

Noelle: You were also our driver.

Pete: Yeah, we took my van on that tour.

Sam coaxed my band into being cool with it by letting them play the Florida shows at the end of the tour. But when that and other bands went stale around the time that Josh—the original drummer in Rational—moved to California, I started filling in and it was a lot of fun and it escalated into what it is now. It's been awesome.

Sam: Why'd Josh quit the band and move to California?

Pete: For business endeavors. For skateboarding and the fact that he can make money...

Chris: That dude is growing weed out there!

Pete: Put it this way, he's a white dude with dreadlocks.

Sam: Why were you so hesitant to join Rational Anthem?

Pete: I wasn't hesitant, I just thought I was gonna get the band that I was in to do what this band is doing. But that didn't happen and, ultimately, it has to be fun for me. This is a lot of fun. The other band wasn't fun toward the end.

Sam: You said you wanted that band to do what this band does. What is that?

Pete: Play. Write. Be a band.

Chris: Constantly doing *something*. Moving forward in some way.

Pete: We're pretty busy-body motherfuckers when it comes to the band. We practice a lot just because it's fun. We all like hanging out together. We practice. We hang out. We're all pretty tight. Noelle and I, obviously, have known each other our whole lives.

Noelle: I keep trying to not be his friend, but he won't let me.

Pete: In case anyone doesn't know, Noelle and I are brother and sister. And I've known Chris, through Noelle, for fifteen years.

Chris: Since I was ten.

Pete: We grew up around the same people. We always have amusing shit to talk about. Whether or not we're practicing, we're at the space kicking the shit.

Sam: In every interview I've seen with a girl in the band...

Noelle: "What's it like being in the band? Being the only girl..."

Sam: Exactly. So I was thinking, what would I say if someone asked me, "What's it like being a guy in the punk scene?" Which is ... not something for which I have a basis of comparison. What do you think of all of that generally? That—just by talking about it right now even—we're treating it as a novelty.

Noelle: To me, I don't really fucking care. I don't feel any different. I just know that I can shred better than some dudes and it kills their self-esteem as well as their boners. [laughter]

Pete: I brought that up to Chris the other day. We don't get lumped into that "band with a girl in it" category, which I think is awesome for us because I think it hurts a lot of bands. It makes them niche-y or gimmicky.

Chris: But that can help sometimes. It depends on which way you look at it.

Pete: I think it's better to just be a band with no one paying attention to whether it's a girl band with a dude in it or...

Noelle: They treat me like a diva behind the scenes, but when we're on stage it's all business.

Chris: There's some truth to that!

Sam: I think part of it might be that you don't have a really girly, high-pitched voice.

Noelle: Most people think I'm a guy when they hear the record.

Chris: People think it's me. I sing back-ups and have a song here or there, but I have to tell them, "No, that's Noelle singing."

Noelle: Chris can't sing.

Chris: I cannot.

Sam: You've come a long way, though.

Noelle: He's doing good.

Chris: I've come a long way but... you know... [in Forrest Gump voice] "That's all I got to say about that."

Sam: You've always written lyrics for the band though—and you've started writing music as well. Do you write most of the lyrics? What's the split?

Noelle: It's probably seventy/thirty. Or whatever that math is.

Chris: With *Sensitivity Training*, Noelle wrote the music for most of it and then we would sit down and work everything out and then I would write the lyrics. This time around, I got a guitar for Christmas, which was super sick. Santa dropped off my punk rock guitar and he said, "You need to grace the people with your beautiful songwriting." I started fucking around. I just watched Noelle and started figuring stuff out. It's pretty simple. With *Whatevermind*, I took the initiative and wrote the majority of it and then—anything leads, anything solo, anything that takes any talent—basically Noelle would make up for that. Lyrically, it's still mostly me, but as time has gone on, musically, we're evening out.

Sam: About the lyrics. The first one on the new record (*Whatevermind*), I think is really interesting. "Running out of gas, out of depressing things to say." I was thinking about that and...

Pete: Wait—what's the first lyric on our record? [laughter]

Sam: Anyway, I was thinking about that—that's what we do when we write lyrics, right? We write depressing, self-loathing shit.

Chris: 'Cause it's funner to write. And those sorts of feelings are easier to put forth. That was the first song I wrote when we got back from tour last summer. It was the first thing I thought of though. "Am I gonna keep writing this sad, sappy shit?" I was running out of depressing stupid shit to write about.

Sam: Were you in that state of mind though? 'Cause neither of you strike me as being terribly depressed. You both seem to be pretty well adjusted, happy people. So is that contrived and playing to the mold or are you writing when you're feeling that way?

Chris: I can only speak for myself, but when I write that shit it's for a reason.

Sam: Noelle?

Noelle: For the most part, I'm a happy person, but a lot of the time I just pretend to be happy. Honestly.

Sam: That's what I was getting at. We've never really talked about it, but I get the impression that you're sometimes not quite as thrilled as you appear to be. You're a very friendly, social person but... I know from the past that everything can be cool in a moment and then you hit that breaking point and are ready to punch me in the face.

Noelle: Yes.

Sam: As has happened.

Chris: As corny as it might sound, music is an outlet. Your friends and your family—if you walk around gloom and doom all day, being a bum, no one wants to be around you. Being cynical and jaded—it can't be a constant. Getting it out through a song is a socially acceptable way to release that pent-up frustration.

Sam: Someone recently asked me, "Are there any punk kids in Sarasota other than you and Rational Anthem?" And then added, "Though actually, I don't even know if Pete is really punk." [Noelle and Chris laugh]

Pete: Who, me? I think so. [Chris cracks up] What? If you don't have a Nausea patch and you're not a fuckin' vegan then you're not punk? I'm not any of that fuckin' shit, but at the same time, I would consider myself punk because I couldn't care less what someone else thought of me. I have a job, I work, I pay my bills, and then I fucking get freak nasty. When I wake up, I drink coffee, I go for a run, play some basketball, watch rap videos, and then I beat off and go to work. And as soon as I get off work, I play drums every day and—a little side note—I love getting to play this fast, which I hadn't done since I played in hardcore bands when I was much younger.

Noelle: We had to get him to really hit the drums. At first, he'd just tap 'em.

Pete: I set a goal for myself, I decided, next summer and every summer that we go out on tour, I wanna be able to add a little something extra. Play a little bit better. Have a different fill. Have something extra in my pocket—in my little bag of tricks that I can pull out.

Noelle: He just takes his shirt off.

Pete: This summer I can definitely say that—through playing so much this year—I've definitely taken a step forward. Not that I've ever thought I was a bad drummer, but there's always something you can push yourself to learn and do. I've been playing drums since I was a little kid and a lot of the bands that I played in, I liked just for the songs. They never pushed me to get more creative with my drumming.

Sam: In any case, you were putting on house shows at least as early as 2000. Thirteen years ago, when I was fourteen.

Pete: My first band started playing out in 1994 or '95. We played the seventh grade talent show. I had long hair and an

undercut, which—if I hadn't gone bald—I would probably be into having that haircut again. [laughter]

Sam: What about you two? When was your first band?

Noelle: Just before high school. I was in Wisconsin for the summer (2000) and our band was called Wookie Penis. We covered "Ordinary" by Face To Face.

Pete: That's a really cool band name! I've never even heard this.

Noelle: Before that though I was playing with Chris and Josh.

Chris: I started playing bass for this band. Before that I always played drums. So Noelle played guitar and Josh and I took turns playing drums and skateboarding in the driveway.

Noelle: A lot of Millencolin.

Chris: But it was just for fun. I never played any shows until I was in Extra Day For Riots with you, Sam. I still remember our first show in Venice at the VFW. It was all Christian bands and then us, getting drunk in the parking lot.

Sam: Noelle, tell me about where you work. 'Cause... did you write the lyrics to "Darnit?"

Noelle: I wrote lyrics...

Chris: And I changed them.

Noelle: When I speak, I'm not very good at talking, so I'll have Chris come in and interpret. Me no talk good. I wrote a whole set of lyrics and Chris made them flow better.

Chris: The way I put it to Noelle... Sam, you were probably the one who said it to me: "You can say the same thing over and over again, but what's the best way to say this? How can you express this notion of 'I'm sad' but in a different way?"

Pete: That's why Led Zeppelin was important 'cause they said a lot with a little. [everyone laughs]

Sam: But talk to me about "Darnit" 'cause it's pretty dark.

Chris: I think it's optimistic.

Sam: Are you being serious?

Chris: Yeah.

Sam: It's pretty hopeless.

Chris: I wrote the lyrics to the chorus and I don't see it that way.

Sam: "I can curse and spite the day, try to daydream and shift away, but it doesn't really matter—I'm still fucked. Tomorrow keeps showing up."

Chris: It's shrugging it off. "I can do this, I can do that, I can be bummed out, but fuck it, tomorrow keeps showing up. It's gonna happen no matter what."

Sam: I interpreted it as "I can do this, I can do that, and—no matter what—this hammerstorm of tomorrows will perpetually pummel me into the fucking ground."

Chris: That sentiment is there to some degree, but... it's about acceptance.

Sam: But when I listen to that, I think of... How long have you worked at...

Noelle: I've worked at Walgreens for the last seven years. And I've got my good days, but, for the most part, it fucking sucks. I've got retarded old people in my



**Santa dropped off my punk rock guitar
and he said,**

**“YOU NEED TO GRACE THE
PEOPLE WITH YOUR
BEAUTIFUL
SONGWRITING.”**

ear, "I can't find the raisins! I don't know what kind of diapers I need!"

Sam: You don't really get questions like that.

Noelle: I had an entire day where these people called me over, looking for nothing but diapers and suppositories and enemas. And each time they were standing in front of it. "Your stupid head is the only thing between you and..." Ugh.

Sam: You don't go to school...

Noelle: No, fuck that. I gave that up.

Sam: And rightfully so, but... What you do as a band is great. Rational Anthem has as solid a routine as anyone out there. But what does life look like in ten years?

Noelle: I don't know. Hopefully, I won't be working at Walgreens. The only reason I've stayed there is because they keep giving me paid vacation and they let me go away whenever I want. Chris quits his job every year.

Chris: Hell yeah.

Noelle: We're still trying to move to Chicago. And now that Chris is finishing up school, when that happens, my plan is to keep doing the band, but to go back to school and get my interpreter's degree for sign language.

Sam: What's the plan in Chicago?

Chris: It's for the band. I wanna be in an area where other people play and appreciate the kind of music we're into. Also, for the sake of smaller tours. Right now, we're in the dick of the United States and have to climb out of the state for weeks on end just to hit a bunch of cities where we can play decent shows.

Noelle: Florida's no good for touring. We've never done a Florida tour specifically, but there's not much to do.

Chris: No. But if we get up there and the band isn't keeping busy, I have to do something. I would go back to school. But, ideally, we'll go up there and be just as diligent in our

efforts to keep the band going as we are now. So long as we do that I'll be happy.

Pete: I'm moving to Chicago solely for the band, but—ten years? Going back to school, having a particular job, having a family. I'd like to keep my options open for all that shit. But for the time being—and for at least ten years—I always want to be playing drums and playing music. It's fun. And this right now, this consumes my thoughts. Last tour was awesome as fuck. Everything's just gotten to be really fun. Making this record was more fun than the last one. I think we have a lot to look forward to. It's gonna be a good time.

Sam: When you say you always want to be playing drums, that makes me think that while the punk band might not be viable forever—Noelle and Pete—your dad has made a career being a musician. Would either of you ever go down a path like that?

Noelle: Playing Jimmy Buffet every night?

Pete: I don't wanna play Tiki bars.

Sam: Noelle?

Noelle: Nah.

Chris: I could see myself doing that at fifty or sixty if it came to that point where I was that old and still enjoying playing music.

Pete: I guess you could just do it for money, if you can make a good living like my dad has.

Chris: It's not a side gig—it's his fucking job. If I could make what he does...

Pete: Now he doesn't even do it half of the year. He plays down here just to get out of the house, but up north is where he makes his bread and butter, playing in Wisconsin for a few months out of the year. And he has a blast. He just talks shit and will play anything you wanna hear from Weezer to Stevie Ray Vaughn.

Noelle: They played The Lion King a-whem-a-whop.

Sam: But you can't see yourselves doing that?

Pete: Not particularly.

Noelle: I don't know. Maybe, but that'd be a long ways away.

Pete: He's definitely the wittiest, funniest dude I know and if you can make a living—and a good one too—playing "Brown Eyed Girl" seven hundred times in the summer... that motherfucker's got a motorcycle and a convertible and hot tubs at both his houses. He's on fucking easy street. He plays golf, watches porn, and he's always smoking weed. Dad is cool as fuck. That's probably why it took me so long to move out for real. I had moved out for a bit a couple times, but when you've got a ton of beer, liquor, a shitload of cool food, a hot tub, a screened-in porch, it's hard to leave.

Sam: Chris, as the only smoker in the band, but also the owner of the new touring vehicle, is smoking finally permitted in the van?

Pete: One of the things that escalated into the night on the first tour in 2008 when you ran away in New York, in the rain, in Bed-Stuy—actually wearing the same thing you're wearing now! Nothing.

Noelle: With six cartons of cigarettes under your arm.

Pete: After that Endless Mike show on City Island, where we went swimming in the East River, which was a really bad idea. You were pulling one of your logical arguments, where you were hanging out the window like, "I'm not in the van, I'm not smoking in the van," and I was kind of pissed off at that 'cause I could still smell the cigarette smoke.

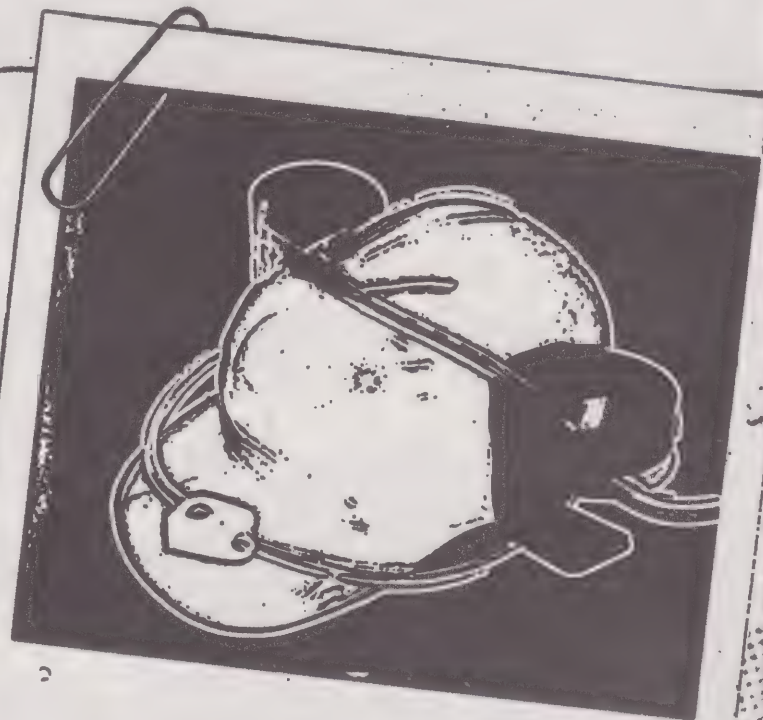
Chris: We smoked weed in that van though.

Pete: Yeah—me, Chris, and Josh. Under a blanket in the backseat while Alex whined to his fifteen-year-old girlfriend on the phone and Noelle was, like, eating a banana split in a gas station.

**RATL.
ANTHM.**

**"I can't find the
RAISINS!**

**I don't know
what kind of
DIAPERS
I need!"**



Noelle: Was that the night where we were in Wisconsin at that kid's house with his parents?

Chris: I remember thinking, "I can't go back in that house, his mom's gonna know I'm high."

Pete: On Lake Superior.

Chris: Yeah—the Spot Tavern. You can get drunk at that place.

Pete: Chicks drinking Bud Lights on ice and the Jägerettes came. Looking nothing like the girls on the posters. They were beat up. But there's that youth center on top, where we played, and then we went back down to get shitfaced at the bar. There's this fucking old-ass guy in suspenders singing "Bad Case of Loving You" on karaoke and we got shots from the Jägerettes.

Chris: And pictures too.

Pete: One of 'em I kept in touch with on MySpace briefly. She was pretty gross but I was still mackin'.

Sam: Which reminds me—when I saw the art for *Sensitivity Training*, obviously it's part of the whole joke of the title, but that art—as well as the art for the new record, with the kid and a *Playboy*... It's kind of that borderline womanizing thing. Sort of sexist but also sort of "boys will be boys" or "girls who are into girls will be..."

Noelle: I'm a fifteen year-old boy on the inside.

Pete: One of the most exciting things about making the records is we give Bill Pinkel an idea and then we get to be surprised with what he comes up with.

Noelle: It's Bill's birthday today!

[everyone cheers for Bill]

Sam: But has anybody ever said anything about that?

Noelle: I think we get away with a lot of shit because I am a girl in the band.

Chris: And gay! So that's a whole other thing.

Noelle: Yeah, so I can do whatever I want.

Pete: Is that a bad thing to say about the type of people who listen to our music? If we're doing something offensive, shouldn't it be just as offensive regardless of anyone's sexual orientation or gender?

Sam: I don't know, but it calls into question the whole nature of that PC punk kinda shit.

Chris: It does, but more than anything it's just a silly drawing that's funny. To me, it's boys-will-be-boys. But there is a small nod at the thought that someone would get their feelings hurt over a cartoon drawing of a woman in a bra teaching a class. Oh, boo fucking hoo. Get the fuck over it.

Pete: Someone I used to be friends with—

who all of us used to be friends with—was the only person that had something negative to say about the art. What she said was, "Oh great, you put a woman in a position of authority on the cover of your record and then you totally undermine her with some sexist behavior." And then I got a lecture on, like, the patriarchy. [laughter]

Sam: What would you like to do, as a band that you haven't yet?

Noelle: We've talked about touring Japan.

Pete: We wanna play Solender's wedding. His biological clock is ticking and he's probably gonna run out of eggs soon. [Everyone laughs]

Sam: He's what? Twenty two?

Pete: He's drying up, dude.

Sam: Did he tell you about his Friendster girl?

Pete: Yeah, I know who it is too. She told me she was at his place all weekend. So I was all, "How'd that go? Did he cry? Did he snuggle up in your bosom and tell you all about how he wants you to buy stock in his future?" [hysterical laughter]

Noelle: I like how my brother just has his pants unzipped.

Pete: In public, I wouldn't do that, but this is such a comfortable setting.

Chris: Pete, I watched the NYPD pull up

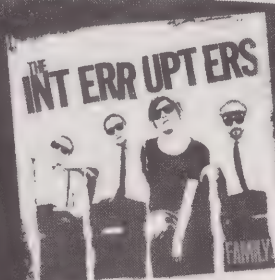


VINYL RECORDS • CD & DVD • CUSTOM PRINTWORK & APPAREL

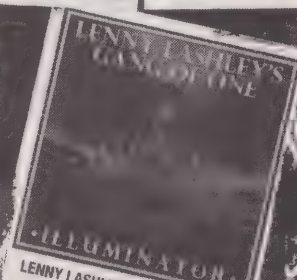


GET STARTED TODAY AT PIRATESPRESS.COM

PIRATES PRESS RECORDS: NEW RELEASES!



THE INTERRUPTERS
"FAMILY"
Up and coming L.A. aka. produced by TIM ARMSTRONG (RANCID/TRANSPLANTS).
Available Now on VINYL / CD



LENNY LASCHLEY'S GANG OF ONE
"ILLUMINATOR"
Debut LP from DARKLUSTER frontman featuring members of BOUNCING SOULS and MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSONES.
Available Now on VINYL / CD



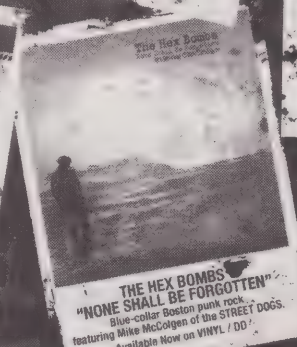
BISHOPS GREEN
Fronted by Greg Hunt and featuring members of ALTERNATE ACTION, GLORY STOMPERS, and more!
Available Now on VINYL / CD



HARRINGTON SAINTS
"BETTIN' ON A LONGSHOT"
Collection of all their 7" releases plus two new tracks, including an Angelic Upstarts cover.
Available Soon on CD / DD



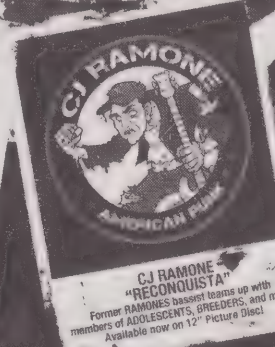
STREET DOGS
"RUSTBELT NATION"
Aggro-Americana of its best, passionate and sheer "fast on the air" punk rock sentiment.
Available Now on VINYL / CD



THE HEX BOMBS
"NONE SHALL BE FORGOTTEN"
Blue-collar Boston punk rock featuring Mike McCoolen of the STREET DOGS.
Available Now on VINYL / CD



BUM CITY SAINTS
"NEW BEGINNINGS"
Fast paced punk rock hailing from the Bay Area!
Available Now on VINYL / CD



CJ RAMONE
"RECONQUISTA"
Former RAMONES bassist teams up with members of ADOLESCENTS, BREEDERS, and more.
Available now on 12" Picture Disc!

VISIT US ONLINE: PIRATESPRESSRECORDS.COM

PIRATES PRESS RECORDS IS DISTRIBUTED BY REV DISTRIBUTION

to you with your penis out and hand you a ticket, so don't tell me that shit.

Noelle: Everyone did. Sam got arrested on the train.

Pete: For possession of dirty needles and Andrew W.K.'s phone number. [laughter]

Sam: Sadly true, but another story.

Chris: I paid mine. I sent 'em a hundred bucks.

Pete: Like they're really gonna be like, "You have an unpaid ticket from 2008."

Chris: If you pull your penis out again, yes, they will do that.

Pete: I pissed all over the city last summer with no consequences.

Sam: Did you run into some trouble in Syracuse?

Chris: We weirded everyone out. We had all that porno with us. Kids in Binghamton had boxes of it and just gave it to us. Before the show, just out of boredom, we sat out there for about an hour looking at this insane filthy porno. People were walking by and I'm sure a few peeked in like, "What the fuck are they doing?"

Pete: That's awesome as fuck.

Noelle: My favorite part was Sam blacked out and passed out behind the merch table and then, when he woke up, ran around the show, screaming my name. He needed to be "tucked in." So he found me and he got into his sleeping bag like a little worm and I got him to hop in the front seat and I tucked him in and he fell asleep. And then we drove to the kids' house we stayed at. They told us, "If you don't have to go outside, don't." They told us people got mugged and stabbed all the time. We get our stuff inside and the last thing we needed from the van was Sam. So I sing-song wake him...

Chris: And for some reason he had all of the money from the whole tour. And in his drunken childish rage upon waking, decided that if he wasn't gonna hold on to the money, no one was. So, I guess he figured the best plan of action would be to start throwing the money all over the street, as homeless people stumbled up and down the block, thinking

they just won the fucking lottery probably. Some little white kid with no shirt on.

Noelle: No pants either. Just skivvies.

Chris: Drunk as shit, throwing money everywhere like he's at a strip club. They started to swarm.

Noelle: And Sam, I can quote, "I'm not responsible enough to hold onto the band fund?" And then he threw it all into the air.

Chris: Thereby proving it to be true. But we got most of it up and then went upstairs to this place. They hooked it up.

Noelle: We're watching *Terminator 2* and everything was back on track.

Chris: But Sam wasn't gonna go to bed anytime soon and wasn't finished with his tantrum. Spillane was filling in on bass that year 'cause I was playing drums 'cause the band was a revolving door of what the fuck is going on. You decided to accost and abuse him.

Noelle: And kept kicking him.

Chris: But Ben Sargent, the coolest dude ever from The Side Project—he's a big son of a bitch. A nice guy, but nobody you want to fuck with. He warned Sam quite a few times to stop abusing Spillane. Who—by the way—is the nicest, quietest, funniest, coolest person you would never want to do any harm to—and he's just being used as a human punching bag. Finally, Ben said if you didn't stop kicking Spillane—from your reclined position on the mattress—that he was gonna punch you in the face. That didn't faze you for a moment.

Noelle: He looked at Ben and went, "Eh? Eh?" and then kicked Spillane again.

Chris: So Ben fucking popped Sam right in the fucking face. He turned over on the mattress and covered up his face and I didn't know how bad it was. You didn't say anything for a while, but when you picked your face up, everything—the sheets, the pillow, the entire mattress—looked like a fucking murder scene. The Side Project got their bags

and were walking downstairs. I had walked downstairs just before the punch, so I met them in the hall. Ben said something to the effect of, "I'm pretty sure I just killed Sam, I think tour's over, I hope we can stay friends."

I watched their van speed off into the distance and walked upstairs. Sam was still bleeding everywhere. I don't know how the people we were staying with didn't get woken up.

Noelle: They did! One guy poked his head out and I was frantically trying to scrub Sam's blood out of everything. "I'm so sorry, dude! I don't know what happened! Uh... Sam got punched! And there's blood! And uh... I'm cleaning it!"

Chris: They had to throw that whole bed away. You'd need a shitload of Billy Mays Oxiclean to save that. It was ultimately fun and funny, but it was anything but when it was actually happening.

Noelle: Definitely.

Chris: "What am I fucking doing with my life? I'm in Syracuse, playing drums in a band I'm supposed to play bass in, and one of our close friends is being abused by one of our other close friends who just got punched in the face by another friend. I was in a total state of inability to comprehend or understand. Like, "Should we just drive home? We should just drive home."

Sam: There was a lot of talk about bus tickets.


Chris: A lot of thinking about calling it quits. Looking back, I'm glad we didn't.

Pete: How much more of the tour did you have left to do after that?

Noelle: That was like day fifteen of sixty-two.

Chris: And that was the scariest part. This isn't even the end. It's just beginning. This is the start of what's to come for the rest of tour. And it did. It kept going. But the world got its revenge against Sam. Looking back on it, it's hilarious but—at the time—it was fucking chaos.





It was a mighty reminder of the power of music when I saw Criminal Code play the Comet in Seattle this past March. Their set was an unabashed statement of punk rock. Taiga and Chris doused me in a river of loud, wet, guitar texture and hooks while Taiga barked pissed, pained vocals. Jawsh's drums were tight, explosive, pummeling while Andrew's bass was a fucking stalwart pillar from which they doled out melodically buoyant songs as dinghies to keep afloat in the dark undercurrent. Just listen to the bridge in "Wandering" off their *Cold Thought* 12" EP. The swelling build-up is like being caught in a vortex; the release a cathartic triumph over the whirlpool. Of course, I've been a fan since their start in 2010, but Criminal Code's brand of tuneful, dark punk delivered with hardcore urgency is damn infectious and near perfect. I can't imagine what the effect of seeing them that night would've been on me if I hadn't before 'cause that night they carried this cat away.

Good music is even better when solid people make it. Taiga, Andrew, Jawsh—the core of Criminal Code—are also a mighty reminder of friendship and DIY ethic. I'm lucky to count them as pals. I can just as easily

have a heart-to-heart with them about identity and place, or pogo around like Alice Bag at shows, or read *Please Kill Me* aloud to each other *in character*, or toss French Fries across an alley into each other's mouths in spirited goofiness. They're funny as Taiga recounts the hilariously adorable story of getting separated from his band mates. Wouldn't you believe a guy dressed in all black, in Portland, to be punk, too?

Their hard work will benefit us all with the upcoming *No Device* LP on Deranged Records. It is sure to capture the hearts and minds of many. Other releases include a self-released demo tape and 7", the *Cold Thought* 12" EP and *Sacred Hands* 7" on Inimical Records, a split 7" with Big Crux on Bedside Records, the *Hollowed* 7" on Deranged, and an appearance on *Iron Lung Mix Tape* #2.

Do yourself a favor and catch Criminal Code on their U.S./Canadian tour this October. Anyone would be fortunate to see and hear such a band. Anyone would be fortunate to meet and know such people.

—Félix Reyes

CRIMINAL CODE

Criminal Code is:
Taiga - guitar/vocals
Jawsh - drums
Andrew - bass

Interviewee: Taiga Dinger
Interview by Collin Strange and Daryl
Photos by Monica Martinez,
Mirce Popovic, and Matt Average
Layout by Matt "Golden Boy" Average

Daryl: When's the last time you drank Irish coffee with a total stranger at six in the morning?

Taiga: [laughs] That was like spring of 2012. We jumped on the Youth Avoiders/Autistic Youth show in Portland, and we had an after show party at Alex from Arctic Flowers and Seve from Autistic Youth's house. I drank way too much. I woke up super early in the van outside and forgot which house was their house. I walked around the street trying to recollect my memory, and then noticed a guy dressed in all black, sitting on the porch. I just immediately assumed that was the house, so I just walked up the stairs, waved at the guy, and went inside.

Turned out it wasn't the right house. The guy was super chill about the situation, and offered me coffee. He was a forty-year-old geologist, and showed me all these rocks while I drank this giant ass mug of coffee. It had a sweet, peculiar taste, but wasn't about to knock his coffee after I just walked into his house. When he noticed I was almost done with my mug, he offered to pour me another cup, so I handed over my mug and asked where the bathroom was. Then he got kind of weird. He kept warning me over and over to be really

careful and quiet when I go upstairs to use the bathroom. When I walked up the stairs, it was completely empty. Not a single thing there.

After I pissed, I walked back down to the kitchen and I see him pouring whiskey in my mug of coffee. It wouldn't have been a big deal if he asked, but he was putting whiskey in my coffee all secretly. Then I got creeped out and told him I had to go find my friends, because we had to leave early. I walked around the neighborhood some more until I saw a girl with pink hair, and it turned out to be a girl living at the house where the rest of my bandmates were staying at.

Collin: Your packaging is pretty minimal—no lyric sheets, stark graphics, et cetera. Is this deliberate and, if so, why?

Taiga: I will share my lyrics with anyone who comes up to me at a show or writes to me and asked, but I feel weird to just leave my writing out in the open. We are going to include lyrics on our next LP, though. I feel the songs have a theme and concept that I would like for people to interpret.

Collin: Well then, what are you trying to say with your music? What are your songs actually about?

Taiga: A lot of the lyrics in the past are about personal events and also events that have happened to close friends and family. I think a lot of people I know have no clue I wrote a song from a conversation I might have had with them. I'm a pretty good listener and have a sharp memory. Maybe that's another reason why I haven't included lyrics before, too. To keep their stories private. The *No Device* LP will have a wide range of lyrical content. I wanted to include lyrics so people would read it and be surprised by what I'm barking about.

Daryl: Sometimes being reserved can be misinterpreted for not having anything to say. Are you concerned with your lack of an overt message being mistaken for falling back on a forced mysteriousness?

Taiga: I don't think that including or not including the lyrics makes me reserved or mysterious. It's important for a songwriter to have that freedom and let people interpret things in their own head. When you watch a film or read a book, people should construct their own definition of what it means to them. There's more of a thought process involved rather than an open text of songs.

Daryl: Can you name any songwriters who changed the way you thought about songwriting?

Taiga: Ray Davies, Paul Westerberg, Dee Dee Ramone, and Rikk Agnew. Paul Westerberg is a big one, because I learned to let a song be written spontaneously and piece itself together. Agnew showed me how infectious a lead can be. Dee Dee showed me how to write hooks. Davies showed me how an album should flow.

Collin: So, there have been some pretty off the wall comparisons made to your music. What's your favorite one? Has anyone hit it right on the mark when writing about you?

Taiga: My favorite is "If The Replacements were more firmly rooted in the current DIY hardcore scene." I love the Mats, so to get that comparison is just flattering, and I would like to think that hit the mark right on.

Daryl: Wow, flattering for sure. I mean, who wouldn't want to be compared to The Replacements? But what do you think is so spot-on about that description?



MONICA MARTINEZ

Taiga: The Replacements were a drunk mess and had a manager to set up practices and keep them from falling apart. I think we are sustainable enough to do everything on our own and beyond that... while drinking as much as them. That's how I interpreted it.

Daryl: It's true. This is something that fascinates me. The Replacements have had such a massive impact on so many DIY bands, and yet seemed to conduct themselves in the exact opposite fashion. How do you separate the artistic content from the method of delivery?

Taiga: It's punk. Sometimes it's admirable to just see a band not give a shit, barely play their instruments, and not take anything seriously. When it came down to it though, they knew what they were doing, and wrote great songs.

Daryl: So what does "rooted in the current DIY hardcore scene" mean?

Taiga: Operating our band by sacrificing our own time and money to maintain the band's momentum. We never ask for handouts or help, or expect any. We don't have a bar for success, besides going to the bar.

Collin: What is your least obvious musical influence?

Taiga: When I write a song, I think a particular melody or harmony subconsciously influences me. Then I'll notice it when we are practicing and I'll say, "Man, this reminds me of Gun Club or R.E.M.!" Everyone usually look at me

like, "What the hell are you talking about?" I guess the least obvious influences become apparent when our songs are finished, and I hear them when they're recorded.

Daryl: Have you noticed anything on the recordings that surprised you?

Taiga: For some reason we always end up playing too loud, so I'm always surprised how everything sounds when it's mixed. We all start noticing unique things that each of us play in a song when we record. I'm guilty of being too paranoid and obsessive when we record, though. I didn't drink the whole week we were recording our LP, because I wanted my focus and energy balanced each day. I would also start thinking a part is off that no one else could hear, until everyone would reassure me it's fine.

Daryl: Let's say you decided to get blasted every night, which I know is something some band members never partake in. Energy unbalanced, focus gone, how low are you capable of sinking? What's the worst case scenario? Van Halen?

Taiga: I guess it's pretty bonk to have your son play in your band 'cause you don't get along with your bass player. The worst case scenario already happened to me. I got *real* drunk, *real* fast one time when we played in Olympia—to the point that I didn't sing most of the songs, kept stumbling over my pedals (turning them on and off), then I passed out in the van, and made Andrew load all the

gear himself. I think this made me realize I need to get shit together and stop wasting people's time, especially my bandmates.

Daryl: What were you drinking?

Taiga: I think the show ran really late, so I probably drank a six-pack on the way down, and then whiskey cokes at a bar until the show got started. I bet there was a cheap tequila drink special at a bar, because that usually makes me be too stupid.

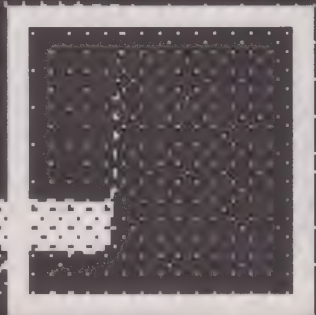
Collin: So, I know technically who sings, who plays the drums, and all that. But who brings what to the table in the songwriting process?

Taiga: I write all the songs, and Jawsh and/or Andrew would sometimes revise or add a certain part to make it better. I make the skeleton of the songs, and everybody else layers the flesh and organs. I always liked using that analogy. I get inspired to write a lot of songs when we finish recording and touring. We usually have a few months of down time, and that gives me plenty of time to write and show everyone new material when we meet up again.

Daryl: How often do you meet up?

Taiga: It all depends what we have lined up in the future. We might do a tour and have something booked for spring. Right now, we're just sitting around until the LP is done, to plan anything. I would say, on average, we meet up every few months though.

Collin: Last night at the Comet (a local Seattle bar) you had another complete new set



We are all devices, novelties forced to feel like necessities.

of songs, which—if I'm correct—brings you to a total of something like thirty-five songs in just over two years. How do you manage to be so prolific? Most bands are pretty content in playing the same songs over and over, yet you never play the same set twice, it seems.

Taiga: It always feels fresh every time we get together to tour, record, or do whatever. It's like starting a new band once we get together again. It motivates us to practice hard, do as much as we can with each other, and keep progressing as a band. I think a lot of bands play the same songs over and over, because they play so often that they don't have actual time to write new material. We don't have time to be repetitive.

Daryl: Do you wish you could play together more?

Taiga: No. We seem to all get really motivated and commit our time when we've got something booked, or know when Jawsh flies up here. If we played more regularly I think Criminal Code would just play four local shows a month and lose our creative momentum.

Collin: Jawsh lives in Reno. You and Andrew are in Tacoma. How do you manage to practice?

Taiga: I flew down to Reno to meet up with Jawsh so we could work on writing the *No Device* LP and our next 7". We demo'd all the songs on his eight-track in the basement. It took us a week, but we worked every day on the songs. I would wake up and start piecing some songs, and when Jawsh got home from

work we would literally start practicing and recording the songs. We wrote and recorded demos for everything in a week. I remember feeling like a prisoner or something. There were no windows in the basement, and we would work on the songs until we were mentally and physically exhausted. When I arrived back home, my friends asked me how my trip was, and I would just tell them I stayed inside a cold basement for a week.

Collin: Do you think that you're a hardcore band? What the fuck does that even mean in 2013?

Taiga: What I've learned from the band is that we are just hardcore enough to play with hardcore bands. Being in a hardcore band in 2013 means you download obscure Scandinavian hardcore 7"s from a blog and wear Japanese hardcore band shirts that you can't pronounce, because everyone's heard of Black Flag. All kidding aside, there are some great bands and awesome records being put out this year. I do think there seems to be less and less bands that work hard to deserve any notoriety.

Daryl: But let's say you had to either classify yourself as a hardcore band or a post-punk band, which would you pick?

Taiga: I wouldn't pick either. I would just say we are a punk band. I think calling ourselves post-punk is distasteful, and calling ourselves hardcore would just frustrate everyone when they hear that we don't sound like Negative Approach.

Collin: Judging by your choice of covers (Blitz, Dow Jones And The Industrials), the band seems well versed in punk rock history. What are your thoughts on all of the hardcore/punk history books? Do you think that someday what you will be doing will be written like that?

Taiga: I think it's important to document and archive punk as much as possible. It's hard to write a book like that though, because you can't cover every single band and detail. There's so much of it and that's why it's great. I don't care or think about getting to that level, but it's rewarding to see our band influence someone in what he or she believes or does.

Collin: Are there any of those books you recommend?

Taiga: I enjoyed the books on Big Star and Guided By Voices, and just started reading one on Arthur Lee of Love. I think I enjoyed those books more because they're focused on one specific band, instead of a whole scene. It's also enjoyable for me because there are a lot of stories about song writing and recording.

Daryl: What about documentaries?

Taiga: I really like *So Wrong They're Right*. It's about people that collect 8-tracks. I think it's humorous, but when people discover I play in a punk band and put out records, I'm sure they think I'm obsolete and tacky too. *We Jam Econo* is also a favorite, too. The Minutemen were just really heartwarming guys that affected a lot of people early in punk.



Collin: How has the internet shaped the band?

Taiga: Any promotion we get for our shows is a big help. Online reviews are a big one, because it seems a lot of kids seem to lack motivation to just go out to a show and check out a band. There needs to be a stamp of approval by someone before they seek it out. It has made touring/booking a lot easier, but sometimes the effect is less personal. It's made access to music easier and keeps people who are interested aware when we have new records and tours booked.

Daryl: What are your digital boundaries?

Taiga: I still write out directions, because I'm afraid my GPS will get us lost. I also try to call and directly talk to a person when we book tours. I think the internet and cell phone culture has access to direct communication, but it's constantly neglected. Don't you feel offended when you see someone staring at their phone all day long, and when you call them they don't call back? How about having a conversation with someone and they look up information you were talking about, so they

can get clarification from Google? Devices cause people to be unreliable and doubtful. I can only stand doing so many pages and sites for the band.

Daryl: I'm sensing an "anti-device" theme. Do you care to elaborate on this?

Taiga: Nothing too unfamiliar. We are raised our whole lives to race, to become better than someone, to gain wealth and spirituality through materialism. But we are all devices, novelties forced to feel like necessities.

Daryl: What's the solution? What gets you through the day?

Taiga: Laugh at everything and love everyone.

Collin: All right, how come you never play songs from the demo anymore? And let's just say one of your, um, "friends" pressed up a hundred copies of it on vinyl. Would you be pissed or would you play some songs from it again?

Taiga: We are constantly writing new songs and recording new material, so it seems logical to just play new songs when we have the opportunity. I don't think I could ever be

mad at someone taking time and spending money to release something for us—even if it is a bootleg. I guess as long as we get copies, it's cool. I think after the LP is finished and recorded, we'll focus on making a set list that covers a wide spectrum of our releases.

Collin: So what's going on in Tacoma these days?

Taiga: Tacoma has been on a decent streak for the last year or so. I think like five years ago, a lot of the people who were part of the scene moved to the Bay, got married, or still kept twiddling their thumbs here. There's a cool band from our town called Red Hex. They put out two 7"s and do justice playing that garage punk style. They also had a house that used to do shows. I think they had a bad run with shitty kids coming there, so they don't do shows now.

There's also a cool spot called Fifth Dimension that's been really supportive with helping me do shows at their house. I got a chance to put on some early Criminal Code shows there. The only problem with shows in Tacoma is that a lot of younger kids don't grasp the concept of supporting touring bands. People sometimes attend house shows here and have that party mentality, and watching bands becomes secondary. Other than that, there's lot of bars, a few record stores, and tons of Vietnamese restaurants. The standard small town stuff.

Daryl: Do you ever get offended when people say The Sonics are from Seattle?

Taiga: No, because everyone knows they're from Tacoma.

Collin: What keeps you there as opposed to moving to Olympia, Seattle, or Portland?

Taiga: Olympia and Seattle are only half an hour away from Tacoma, and I only go to those cities to catch a show or see friends. It's nice to visit, but no interest of mine to move there. We somehow made the band work with Jawsh being out of state, and if my location became an issue on the band, I would move.

Collin: How about the rest of the state, now that weed is legal in Washington. What does that mean for you? How about the whole gay marriage issue? Tacoma was named this year's gayest city. How did that happen?

Taiga: Both of those things don't change anything. We are all for smoking weed at gay weddings. I think if weed became a thing with the band, we would be even later to our practices and shows. Cannabis Code would not be productive. Tacoma was named the gayest city because we have a lot of gay/lesbian people in the office and community. It's something that I've been used to growing up, and never really thought it was a big deal. Calgary has a gay Muslim mayor...that's kind of a big deal.

Collin: Big Crux. You seem to be pretty tight with them. How do they fit into things? How did you meet Felix and company?

Taiga: I would say that Big Crux is like our older brothers. When both of our bands first started, it seemed like we were outsiders. We naturally got along, because no one else was playing music like us in Washington. I think another reason why is because we're all really open with music.

I met Jim from Big Crux at an Iron Lung show in Tacoma like nine years ago or something. He recalled talking music with me and introducing him to Lärm. I don't remember that all. I wish I did, because he's such a stand-up person, and I cherish every minute I spend with him. I met Felix through shows and we just somehow connected. We started hanging out quite a bit, and became close friends. I think he was excited to get tapped in with new people and new bands again. I remember the first time I actually talked to them was when Big Crux started playing shows. A friend was supposed to book them a show in Tacoma, but it fell through. So, I went out of my way to help book a house show last minute. It was a blast. We ended up doing a short tour together, and it was a great time. We also agreed to do the split 7" together to remember that experience.

Daryl: From what I understand, a Crim Coder has joined the Big Crux ranks. How do you feel about this?

Taiga: Miles is no longer in Criminal Code, but it's cool that he's still playing music and joined an awesome band. Jawsh just filled in for This Is Not A Step Fest at the Gilman show



last weekend. Felix is having some trouble piecing together a band, so it's cool to know we are somehow keeping that band afloat.

Daryl: I guess, now might be a good time to get everyone up to date on Criminal Code's current line-up. Related projects and maybe notable past members?

Taiga: Jim from Big Crux played drums, Dillan from Big Eyes played drums, Chris from Big Eyes played guitar, and Malcom from Nudes/White Wards played guitar. Jawsh plays in a band called The Indoors and Andrew plays in Sidetracked, White Wards, and Negative Press.

Daryl: With all this overlap of bands and band members, it seems like the only thing that's missing is you and Felix being in a band together? Is there a hesitation?

Taiga: Felix and I have jammed and tried to piece together something before, but I think with his limited free time he's busy trying to get his own band up on its feet.

Collin: What about Big Eyes? What's the connection there? How did your tour come up?

Taiga: We are all really good friends with Big Eyes. Chris, the bassist of Big Eyes, was the original bass player in Criminal Code when we first started, but he left the band to move to New York. When he came back, he ended up moving back to Seattle with Big Eyes.

Chris also used to live in Reno and was roommates with our drummer, Jawsh. Dillan and I have been good friends for a while, and he actually filled in on drums for Criminal Code a few times. I actually recommended Dillan to Big Eyes when they were looking for a new drummer. The tour coincidentally happened, when I found out Kate and I were both booking a spring tour for our bands. We just thought it would be awesome if we just combined the tours together. We all get along and—once we decided to do the tour together—everyone was really stoked.

Daryl: Did you find yourself playing to a completely different audience? Did they feel the darkness?

Taiga: I think most of our shows had the same audience. I did think sometimes we

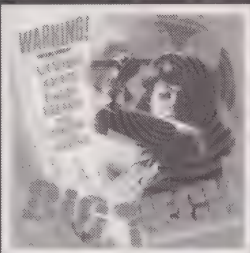
HOLLYWOOD LOVE CHILD LP/CD

400 on Clear Red vinyl

[Crazed Hook Driven Punk Rock from Baltimore - These boys are poised to take over the world with Big Neck Records!]



STILL AVAILABLE: STUNTS LP/CD: HITS! AN ALL TIME LOW

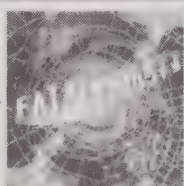


RECORD STORE DAY COMPILATION 7"

featuring: The Livids(ex-New Bomb Turks and Zodiac Killers)
Also-The Xrays, Cheap Freaks, and Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb

THE FATAL FIGURES LP: CATERWAUL

(Ex-Blowtops) Pussy Galore mixed with Oblivians sounding punk rock from Buffalo, NY.



COMING SOON:

Xrays-Jameson Shots 7" - 90's punk legends

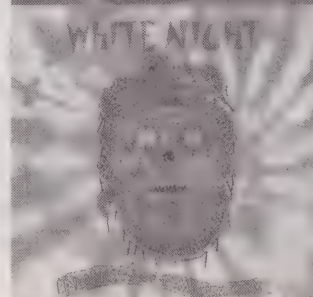
NVs 5/7 7" DC punk blasters

Stop Worrying (and Love the Bomb) LP/CD
sneak up garage punk from DC



BUY THEM ALL AT
WWW.BIGNECKRECORDS.COM
OR DISTRIBUTED BY ALTAVOZ

www.calinucho.net www.45rpm.bigcartel.com



45rpm records po box 282 san pedro, ca. 90731

The PENETRATORS KINGS OF BASEMENT ROCK

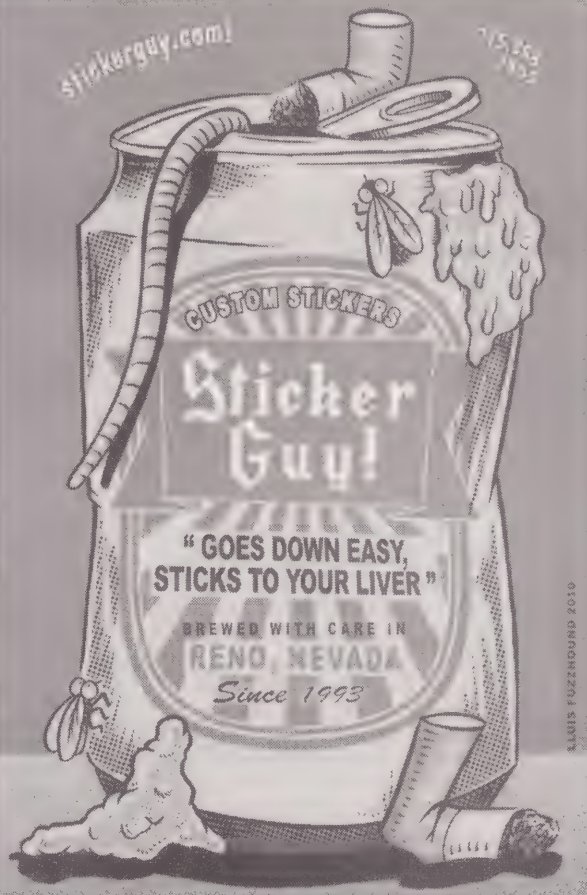


**GARAGE PUNK?? BASEMENT ROCK!!
THE CLASSIC '76 - '84 RECORDINGS ON LP!!!**

Slovenly
RECORDINGS

WWW.SLOVENLY.COM

stikerguy.com



©1993 GIRONI/STICKY



would play to a more Big Eyes crowd than our normal crowd, when all the bands were pretty upbeat and we just sounded like bunch of bummers. You know, when people start leaving when we check levels.

Collin: Taiga, has or does your heritage play a part in your music? Have you ever had any difficulties being of Asian decent?

Taiga: Luckily, I've lived in Washington most of my life, which has a very high Asian population. I wish there were more people of different ethnicity involved with the punk scene here, but there's only a small handful.

Every once in a while I will encounter some closed-minded people on the road. I've played towns in states where people think it's okay to be ignorant, because it's "just how it's done here." That sort of mentality is bullshit, and that's just a poor copout and excuse. We actually played with a few bands

that had Asian members on our last tour, and it seems like its becoming more common, but mostly in areas that obviously have an established Japanese, Chinese, Vietnamese, or Korean communities.

Daryl: Do you have any Asian punk heroes who inspired you over the years?

We never ask for handouts or help, or expect any. We don't have a bar for success, besides going to the bar.

Taiga: I always loved Gauze. I think that band is inspiring because they just keep getting more and more chaotic as they get older. That Channel 3 song, "Manzanar," is one of the first songs that connected with me ethnically, because it's about Japanese internment camps in the U.S. There's a big fair that happens close to town once a year called the Puyallup Fair, and it was called Camp Harmony during World War II. The fairgrounds use to be a Japanese internment camp. My mom would always act weird about taking me there when I was younger, and when I got older I pieced the puzzle.

Collin: What's in store for the future, where does Criminal Code go from here?

Taiga: We finished recording our first LP. It's titled *No Device*. We are all really proud of it and worked really hard and focused on making it our best material. There's also another 7" that needs to be finished recording that will hopefully be out around the same time. When the LP comes out, we will do a long lengthy tour, and go further north and further east. Write to us and help us out with shows.

Collin: What's up with all the fucking squares on your artwork?

Taiga: We're just a bunch of fucking squares, man.

Daryl: What makes *Cold Thought* the "total make out record"?

Taiga: The artwork makes you hard and the music makes you wet.

WHITE MUSKIES

Interview by Todd Taylor and Noah Wolf
Additional questions and layout by Daryl
Photos by Shanty Cheryl



Raw power in all forms has the potential for abuse.

Sexuality is powerful.

Some punks are scared or squeamish of sexuality. There aren't lumps of dolls banging against each other or sex referees during every act of coitus, blowing whistles and brandishing red cards as much as some may wish for it. There are expectations of adult behavior in

civilization. There are codes of consent in equality.

These codes may remind you of this thing called DIY punk: self-ownership, direct communication, and well-established boundaries.

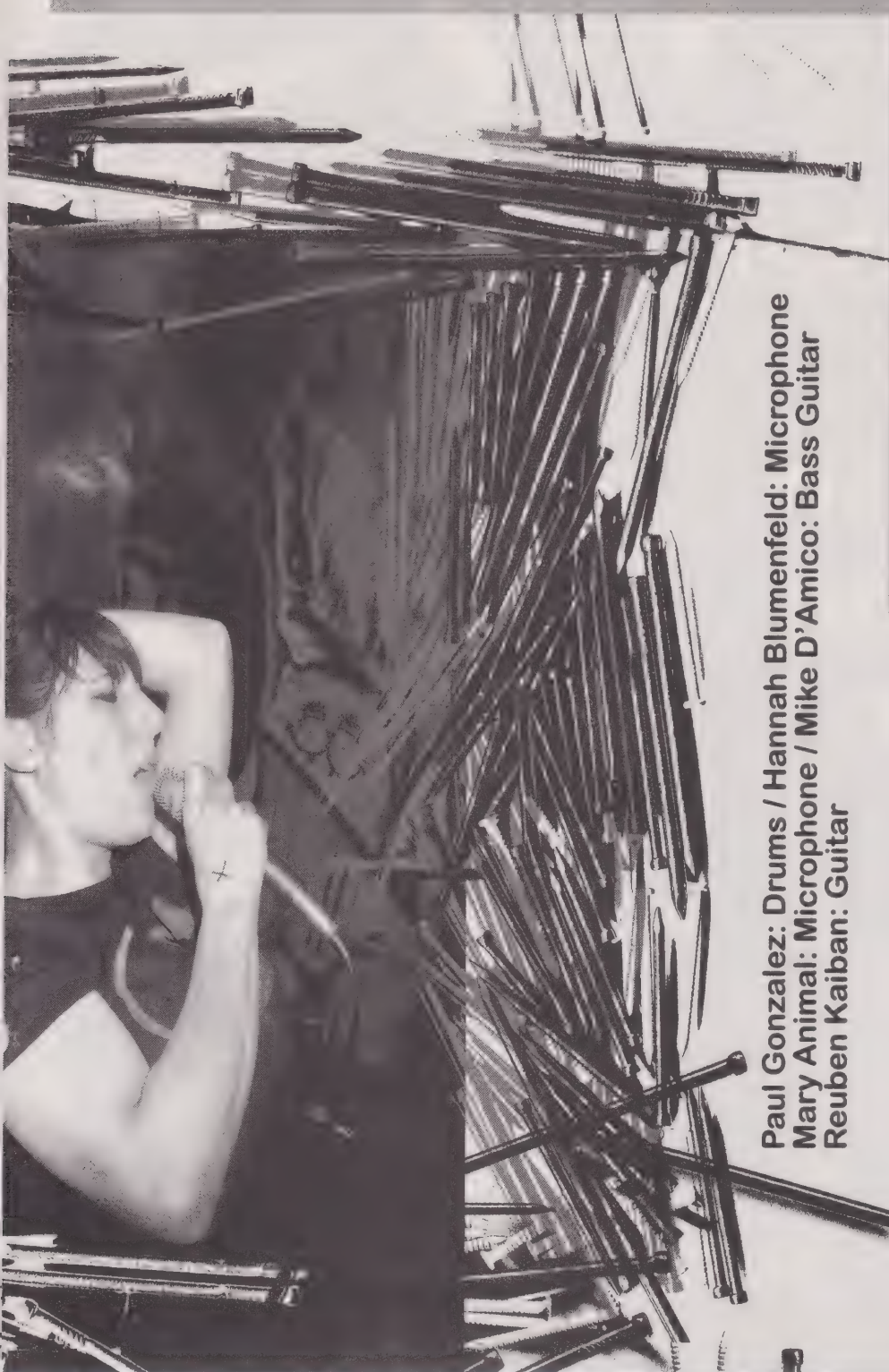
Live, White Murder's sexuality fills the room as real as any body. Both genders. Hannah and Mary are the obvious ones, stalking the room, jumping around, pushing into and over one another,

dancing, screaming, staring, and confronting as microphone cords snake behind. Reuben, Mike, and Paul—although more rooted in space—blast and sweat and steam and pound.

This would be purely academic if White Murder were merely a show, if their music didn't back the juice and strut. Think blistering, unhinged O-fucking-hio-based anxiety punk—The Chargers Street Gang, This Moment In Black History, Pere Ubu, We March. Think Emma Goldman and Le Tigre where body ownership means that fucking's always a two-way street—that your body is your temple and it's your duty to not only defend it, but to call out those who don't respect it.

Lastly, let's not forget that sexuality can often be fun, goofy, warm, considerate, and caring. It's one part of a much more complex system of what it is to be human regardless what's between your legs or on your chest.

That's not a bad headspace to think about when a band starts playing or spins around on a record player. Here's to White Murder, a powerful band carrying on exciting dialogues, dripping with tension. -Todd Taylor



Paul Gonzalez: Drums / Hannah Blumenfeld: Microphone
Mary Animal: Microphone / Mike D'Amico: Bass Guitar
Reuben Kaiban: Guitar

Todd: What role does sexuality play in White Murder—and we can break it into categories.

Hannah: There's so many pieces to that.

Todd: Hopefully, I have useful subcategories for us. Sexuality in performance.

Hannah: Performance, I feel like guys either are watching the guys in White Murder and admiring them—the musicians watch you guys—and there are guys who watch us (Hannah and Mary). I wouldn't call that admiration, but I flip them off when I see those guys watching us.

Todd: How can you tell the difference between admiring you and... something else? When I saw you guys at the Highland Park American Legion, there was definitely a crew of guys that I felt were almost of that category—that came down to the basement just because there were women singing. Period.

Hannah: You can just smell 'em out.

Paul: Milkshakes bring the boys to the yard.
[laughter]

Mary: This is something I think about all the time, but I'm not going to let it change what I do or how I perform or what I'm going to be. I think that sometimes it can be troublesome for me. (Question to self)



I channel
my cat.
She's an
amazing
dancer.

"Should you wear pants because you're going to be upside down?" I want to be me. I'm not dressing this way because I'm a girl or because I'm a boy. I'm a fucking human being and this is what I like and what I do and I really mean that. I'm not trying to be anything. Sometimes, it makes me really mad—"Oh, they're staring at this," or "it's just exhibitionist." Fuck you. It has always been there. Sexuality is always present because it's coming from that place of raging anyway. It's just complicated and it's a fucking crisis that we have, so it's in the air. It's there. It's a topic.

Todd: I think you guys address it very well. It's a very obvious thing when you guys perform. The other category of sexuality I was thinking of is tension. There's an engagement with the audience. There is tension. People are paying attention to different things and responding to different things, too. I think it's way beyond a gimmick or put-on. But it's a really interesting dynamic.

Mary: Absolutely. This band started from tension, from crisis in our lives, personally—what we write about. Who fucking knows if somebody's a lurker or admiring our playing. You don't even fucking get to know.

Hannah: It makes me angry because the other category I was thinking about wasn't what you said, but what it was like as women. Because we're almost a good decade older than a lot of the girls who are in L.A. bands that are popular. The hip bands. We're not in our twenties and we're not doing this to be cute, we do this because...

Mary: ...we mean it.

Hannah: It's what we do. So when guys watch us like that, it just makes me more angry because we're not doing this for you. We're doing it for us.

Mary: And yet, there's this urgency. I feel strong about urgency because I feel that I look around and it's a voiceless piece of our generation. If I have to speak for people my age—women my age, humans my age—who feel the way I do, I have to keep doing it even if it's really uncomfortable. "Oh, fucking stop."

Hannah: But I really do flick them off.

Mary: I'm glad you come from that place.

Paul: I do see creepy people. They post stuff.

Hannah: That hasn't happened in a little while, though, which makes me really happy.

Mary: Personal messages. [Makes shivering sound.]

Todd: I'm glad you brought up age, too. Is there anything textually in your lyrics that addresses the underlying issues of sexuality?

Mary: Well, we have a song, "Bad Sex" that is all based on that shady, fuzzy near-rape area.

Noah: Would you argue that just being women engaged in—or not men—let's say, even, in general...

Mary: You can call me a woman. [laughter]

Noah: Obviously, you two are women. I mean people, in general, who are not men, playing punk rock or playing rock'n'roll...

Mary: ...super strong women.

Noah: That there's going to be a political element to it, just in your action. Does that come into play? Do you feel that way?

Mary: There's a whole generation of people coming up—they're strong and wonderful about being genderless and gender neutral and that's amazing and part of them, too. But, on the other hand, somebody also in every sort of movement has to just stop and start acting like a human being and not having to identify at all. That's where I come from. I haven't actually had this conversation with Hannah, but I kind of feel like you always came from the same place. We kind of grew up before that and I was really proud of people going through transgender issues who are strong and who were really political, but I think the goal and the aim is some day it doesn't have to be, right? We can just live and speak and breathe and fucking express and feel. God, I hope I can just start doing that. Maybe I'm just lucky enough to not feel so oppressed by my gender.

Hannah: This very talented Long Beach female musician posted on Facebook a couple days ago that she was at a show and a guy came up to her and said, "Oh, are you friends of the band or are you just a music lover?" And she didn't know what to say, so she came home and wrote on Facebook about it. "What would you guys say?"—all you other female musicians. It was kind of crazy.

Mary: It happens all the time. Constantly, constantly. It's happened to me so many times in former bands. "Is your boyfriend in the band?" I can't even count how many times there's been a circle of people talking about what guitar or effects they're using and I'm out of the circle. "Hey, fuck you."

Noah: That's kind of what I'm saying. Just by being not-of-the-conformers. It's like a woman going to Home Depot and the way she's treated. There's an established idea.

Mary: I wish I could remember quotes better because Oscar Wilde talks about, "Art as a political statement isn't art. It's sort of unflattering to the artist." That's a strong statement, but it's Oscar Wilde, so you can get away with it. But, for me, I just want to make art that I like and I don't want it to be a political statement because I just want it to be what I create. But I respect people, absolutely, who are fighting hard and making big changes. That's incredible. I don't want to take away from that. It's just not what I do.

Todd: I'm a big fan of equality. So, does the band have a safe word, like, "That guy needs to go" or "We're done."?

Mary: Hannah talks to them all.

Hannah: [makes groaning sound] I don't want to talk about it right now.

Reuben: We're fine about it. It's a conversation about the difference between a fan—a genuine super fan—and a friend who you don't really know. I mean, this person seems nice, but are they there for the wrong reason? Are they genuinely interested in the music and us? It's kind of a fine line to walk on.

Paul: To me, this is a band and I don't think, "Oh, it's two girl singers." We're a band. We play music. We play the way we do. It's from our gut. It's from feeling. What it is is what it is. That's how I feel and if people don't get that, then that's too bad. But there are a lot of

people who do get it. There are some people who don't get it and if they've got a problem with it, well they can talk to one of us, but they won't. [laughter]

Todd: So, Paul and Reuben, do you ever get distracted by Hannah and Mary?

Reuben: I have no idea what they're doing. When I see videos of it, I'm like, "Really?"

Paul: I've never seen them at all. I don't even see them. The only person I really see is Mike.

Reuben: You drop kicked her? [laughter] But, like you said, there is so much tension when I'm playing, I can't get out of that.

Todd: You hid out underneath the cymbal for a while.

Reuben: It was an in the moment kind of thing.

Mary: Duck and cover.

Paul: Crouching tiger, hidden cymbal.

Reuben: Because as soon as we play [snaps fingers] you guys are gone.

Todd: Microphone cables off in different directions.

Paul: If I walked into a place and I saw a band, that's what I would want to see. "Oh shit. This is fuckin' awesome." But it doesn't have to do with them being a girl. It could be a guy doing the same thing. I, personally—like when I see a band—I want to see people go nuts. They go nuts; it doesn't matter if it's a girl or a guy. They wrestle. Clothesline each other. [laughter] Try to punch each other in the face a little bit. I like what they do.

Todd: The power and intensity is palpable.

Reuben: Whenever I'm distracted it's when they crash into me, unfortunately.

Hannah and Mary: Sorry.

Reuben: Broke a string.

Hannah: I fell into his amp once.

Mary: I threw you by accident into Paul's drum once.

Hannah: That happened. [laughter] Someone once wrote a review of us and said—they meant it in a negative way—that we looked like we were having more fun playing to each other than to the crowd—and we were like "We enjoy the five of us just getting in the little bubble of orgasmic music playing, where your head is where your fuckin' orgasm is."

Todd: And it doesn't matter if there's five people in the room, or fifty, or five hundred.

Mary: It makes absolutely no difference. We hope we all have an experience together, no matter what. It's meaningful to me every single show, no matter what.

Todd: I think that calibrates expectations. "If feedback comes, great. If it doesn't, I'm happy with what I just did."

Mary: I just get so mad at bands—I think it's so arrogant—"Oh, there's five people here. It's going to be a shitty show." No.

Todd: Blow their fucking minds.

Mary: We're all here in a room together. What kind of princess are you? You're not the queen of the stage because you stood on the other side of the microphone. You're still in the room with the same amount of people. We're sharing a night together. Let's fucking do something with this night.



Todd: I'm not making fun about this at all. Is there any history in interpretive dance that you guys are channeling?

Mary: Absolutely.

Hannah: **Mary:** Kazu Ohno. He's Japanese. Diego Piñón.

Todd: Is there a direct correlation to what you do in White Murder?

Mary: There is. It's my passion.

Todd: I know nothing about interpretive dance.

Mary: Butoh is a type of dance that spurred out of World War II and the chaos of being bombed in Japan. To rebuild. This crisis and everything's fucked up. It is the dance of death. And it's the dance of light.

Hannah: I channel my cat. She's an amazing dancer.

Mary: I'm glad that this band has let us grab onto all of these different arts.

Todd: Another thing that opens it up is that I think that all the arts are all correlated. Not in stuffy ways. If a band genuinely embraces another form of art, then you can see it and hear it and it adds a lot more texture to the band—tension, dynamics. I like that. It's not like you guys are choreographed.

Mary: With some interpretive dance, they say, "dance with a gazelle." I traveled to this crazy little village in Mexico and ran on the hillside with the goats. I was climbing this cliff and you're looking down at the rotting horse corpse. You're smelling it. The dance is how you make your body get up this

mountain. But, if you fall, you're going to fall into a horse corpse. It was intense.

Todd: Okay, something a bit less heavy. What movie rating would you give White Murder and what would be the smaller titles at the bottom that reinforces that rating?

Paul: I give us a ten. [laughter]

Todd: No, like, G, PG, PG-13. [laughter]

Reuben: Four stars!

Paul: I give us a rated R. The caption would just be "look out."

Mary: "Adult themes and situations."

Reuben: "Language."

Paul: "Life happens. This is what life is."

Reuben: "Get used to it." [laughter] "White Murder."

Mary: "Surprise."

Todd: What L.A. bar best represents White Murder?

Paul: The band started in Long Beach/San Pedro and we wrote a song called "Harold's Place," and I figure Harold's Place is what describes us. It's dark. Awesome bands play there. There's community there. We're like that. We're close. I love San Pedro because the bands there and the people there are really like a community and they stick together and that's how we are.

Reuben: Pedro's L.A. County, right?

Todd: Absolutely. L.A. City. They're not giving up that port money. Fact or fiction—the first time you guys played Harold's Place, someone was taken out in a garbage can.

Hannah: Fact.

Reuben: I do not remember this.

Mary: Pictures were taken of our tampon strings... I had never seen them either.

Hannah: That could be fiction.

Mary: Sexuality mocking piece.

Reuben: The person who wrote that was not at the show... and I love this person.

Mary: It was a really fuzzy night.

Todd: So someone was actually in a trash can?

Mary: Yeah. Lives were changed. Friendships broken/made.

Reuben: Wrote a song about it.

Hannah: Bridges crumbled.

Mary: Punches thrown.

Paul: People pushed.

Mary: That song "Harold's Place" is about that first night.

Paul: Very memorable for a show for White Murder.

Hannah: Except I don't remember it very well.

Mary: I was holding you back and I'm like, "I'm just hugging you." You're like, "Don't hold me back. Don't hold me back. I need to do this. I need to punch him in the face." I'm like, "No, no, no. I'm hugging you."

Hannah: I was barefoot. So trashy.

Reuben: More traction. Barefoot.

Mary: And then she punched him in the face. And then I brought my friend Candice to Paul's house and she stole something.

Hannah: She did?



Noah: It's
not Whites
Murdering.
Mary: That
is correct.
Reuben:
That's what
my Dad
thought it
was.

Mary: She did. Later on, Paul saw what she stole from him in her house. "That's mine."

Reuben: Didn't your friend say like, "Oh, they're like the Sex Pistols"? [laughter] Right? "What do you mean?"

Mary: How?

Paul: I was like, "Really?"

Noah: It's one of the few legendary bands that it's almost bad to get compared to.

Paul: I think we sound more like the Pistols Of Sex.

Noah: White Murder. The name White Murder.

Mary: Man, I wanted to be Machete Spaghetti. [laughter]

Paul: Me and Hannah were thinking of names. We said White Murder before, too, and then I said, "No. Let's do Muerta Blanca." So then Brian Waters of Flash Express—he was guitar player in Jail Weddings—he told Hannah, "No, no. None of that Spanish shit. You just gotta go White Murder." It stuck.

Noah: Sometimes you're just throwing words out. Seeing what sticks, in some ways. But was there a thought process behind it? Did you feel something inside yourself?

Hannah: I've gotten flack from a few people for having such an incendiary name and not having the political lyrics to go behind it, but I don't really think that's a valid argument. One, because I think our lyrics are perfect and they're about what we experience, so how could that not match a political band

name? And two, a band's name and their imagery and mythology and photos and all of that, they come together to form your identity, in a way. I think White Murder's a really good name.

Mary: And it's part of every fabric of everything we walk on.

Todd: Has anyone taken issue with the button, "White as fuck"?

Hannah: No. There are worse buttons. I didn't mean for it to be incendiary at all. I'm not entirely comfortable with it, honestly. But, I like it because I think it's a good name for a punk band.

Mary: It makes me so frustrated that people want it to be so literal. "Oh, this is a band about white murder. Great." If it became a band about white murder, that would be so literal and stupid and it'd be over. We'd have the conversation and now it's done. I don't want to be in anything that's *done*.

Noah: It's not Whites Murdering. [laughter]

Mary: That is correct.

Reuben: That's what my Dad thought it was.

Noah: You can take it a number of different ways.

Mary: And that's why I like it.

Todd: I think it adds to the tension of the band, too.

Mary: That's true. It does.

Todd: My only hesitation was a purely aesthetic one because there are The White Stripes, The Black and Whites, White Night...

Mary: We sounded off with how many "White" bands...

Hannah: So many.

Noah: White Murder, we don't care what color. We're fucking the rainbow and we're with the rainbow. We don't fucking care.

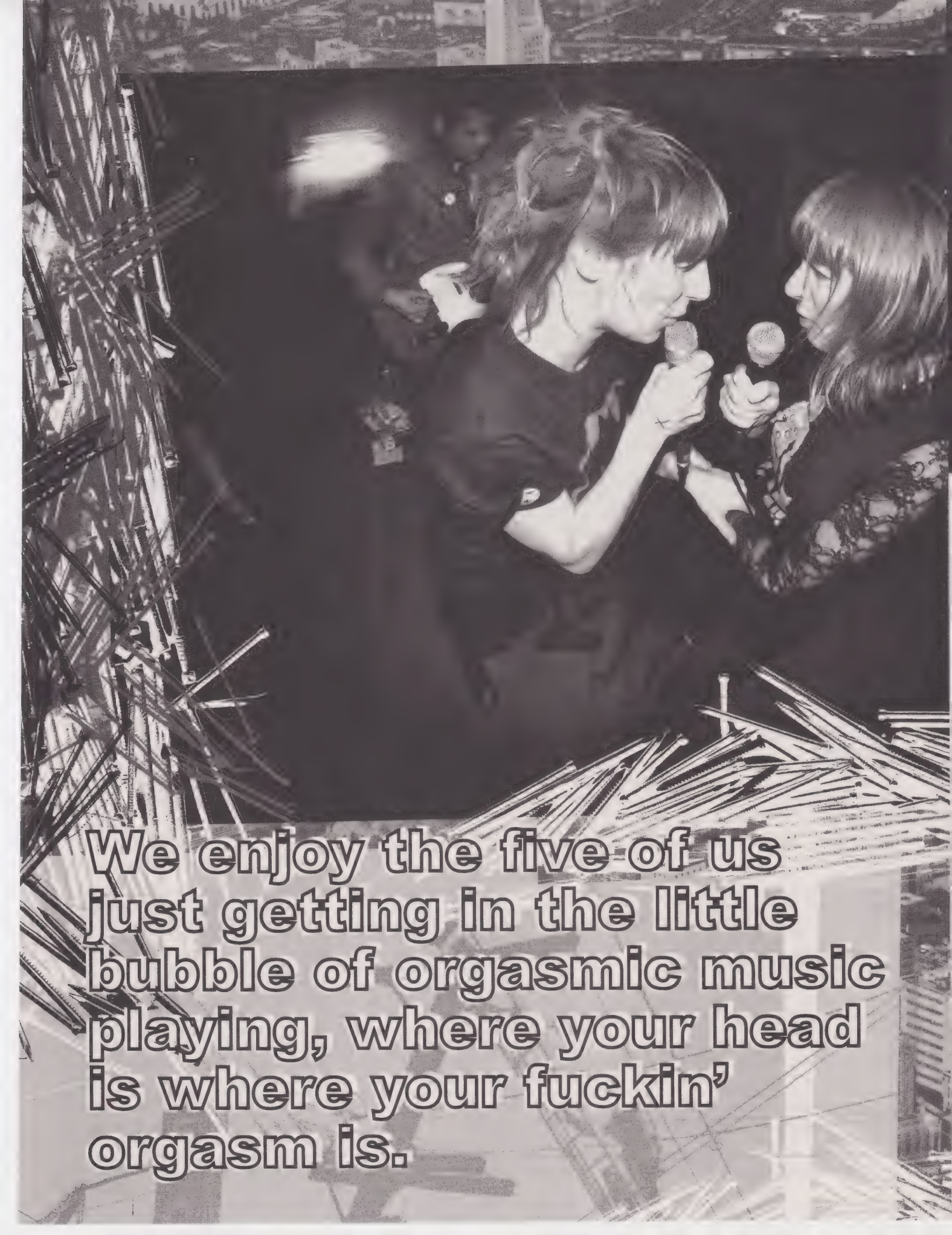
Hannah: We had to do an acoustic set a few times, actually, and we call that Black Murder. It's quiet. We just kind of sit there and sing prettily.

Reuben: That's never going to happen ever again.

Hannah: I want to record it, though. I think it sounds good.

Todd: So, Mary, you've made a reference to the term "ontological terrorism" and I was wondering how that applied to White Murder, if it does at all.

Mary: To me, it does because I think, coming from a place, well—how do you know what you know? How did you become who you are? What made you—because we come from so many different perspectives. We talked about it with sexuality and again with race with White Murder—people make so many assumptions and that's why White Murder makes me think of ontological terrorism because, "Oh, is this really a band having a conversation about race?" No it's not. "Is this a band having a conversation about girls?" Actually, no. It's not. Why do you think that? What makes you think that? And writing lyrics that can be taken in numerous ways, related



We enjoy the five of us
just getting in the little
bubble of orgasmic music
playing, where your head
is where your fuckin'
orgasm is.



to yourself in different ways, and just make you question, "Why are you standing here? What the fuck are you doing?" all the time. Again, it's crisis. Crisis, crisis, crisis. And somebody has to wake up or wake you up.

Hannah: Wake yourself up, bitch.

Mary: Wake yourself the fuck up.

Todd: Take you out of comfort zones.

Mary: Right. I think the people who did that for me, saved me and that's all I want to do.

Todd: I'm glad it's not such a specific thing because really specific things become really dated or people can discard it easily. "This thing you gave me, I don't want it." But if it's more of a concept, more nuanced, I think it has a lot more power. And power in staying.

Mary: I think the lack of nuance is what makes things so frustratingly one-sided, boring, not lasting. Crumbling.

Todd: Black and white.

Mary: We value printed magazines very much. [laughter] We need nuance. The conversation should not end.

Todd: Going off of that, when you're given free reign to both write lyrics or write music for White Murder, what themes and/or tones do you find yourself coming back to?

Hannah: Conflict. That's what we write about.

Reuben: Anxiety.

Hannah: It's really personal. Our lyrics are personal. They way they play is personal.

Mary: I always think of the horror movies that are the most horrifying. I love the ones with lots of blood and gore. But also the ones that are truly horrifying. The one that starts with the baby falling out the window. That's fucking horrifying. The conflict with that.

Todd: That's the other thing that struck me, too—in a lesser band, it would sound like there are five different conversations going on musically. Because in White Murder, not everybody is doing the exact same thing. It could be a mess. I remember Paul when you fronted the Red Onions. You were called "The Mexican James Brown."

Paul: They were fuckin' wrong.

Reuben: It's just a lot of trust. Because when Paul told me he was playing drums in this band, I was like, "I'm in, because you're not a drummer. You're a singer." That's going to allow a lot of ease for writing music. He's not showing off over there.

Todd: He's paying attention.

Mary: And he's thinking like a singer on drums, which is a great thing for us. Makes it so great for us. His drum lines make it so easy to write really great, rhythmic melodies.

Reuben: I wouldn't have been interested in an established drummer.

Paul: Mike adds a lot, the bass player.

Todd: Talk about tension. He brings an amp-ful.

Paul: It's like a big, giant tension ball. It's going, going, going. It's a back that needs massaging. A back that needs happy endings.

Mary: On your face. [laughter]

Todd: At what point did you stop consciously imitating the style of music that you were playing? For some musicians, that day never

comes. "Oh, you like Johnny Thunders? [sarcastically] Really? I couldn't tell."

Hannah: The first band that I was in was a punk band in Cleveland and I sang for them. Terrorist Other. And I did not listen to good music before that. I had shitty taste in music. Flogging Molly.

Todd: I was thinking you were going to say Mudvayne or something.

Paul: I thought you were going to say Blues Hammer.

Hannah: I listened to the Misfits. It wasn't that bad.

Reuben: Who didn't?

Hannah: It's true, it's true. I don't mean this to sound egotistical. I don't see myself following that vein.

Reuben: What? Flogging Molly? [laughter]

Paul: What people do, I don't necessarily think that they try to imitate somebody. Usually, people that see shows, they always want to put a picture to that person so they'll say, "They sound like that. They act like this."

Todd: Sex Pistols. [laughter]

Paul: The Pistols Of Sex.

Reuben: "The Sex Pistols meet Flogging Molly." [laughter]

Todd: You guys are writing my intro for me.

Paul: Everybody's got to start off somewhere.

Reuben: There is no shitty taste.

Hannah: No, there is.

Todd: No, no, no. There is.

Reuben: Unless you listen to Mudvayne or something.

Mary: I fucking competitive tap danced to 311.

Noah: Sounds difficult.

Mary: I had shitty taste.

Todd: But what age were you?

Reuben: Twenty-three.

Mary: Probably when I was sixteen. There is bad taste.

Noah: I think this all relates to the opportunities we get to critically think about music, or art in general.

Todd: You're very generous.

Noah: People agree more—say, in the fine art world—on what's bad and good, a little more generally because you're supposed to critique fine art. And music, there's this wall of, "I want to shut down and not have to think about it."

Hannah: So true. There is good stuff and bad stuff. There are good songs by bad bands. There are bad songs by good bands.

Paul: It's easier to find the cool music now.

Mary: I think there's so much now that you need an editor more than ever to help you navigate it. I think it's easy to get lost.

Noah: It's easier to find music that's been branded as cool.

Mary: Right.

Paul: Back then, when I was younger, I wasn't on a computer, "Oh, this band sounds good." It's easier to find what's cool now. Back then, you just had what you had.

Mary: That's true. I guess you were a little more limited then. Now, it's an avalanche. It can be awesome and it can be a big problem sometimes.

Noah: Before, we were in the wild.

**The
Happiest
Place
On
Earth**

LAS VEGAS
4640 Paradise Rd

NEW YORK
14 Avenue A

**DOUBLE
DOWN
SALOON**

doubledownsaloons.com



**IF IT AINT
OLD SCHOOL,
DROP
OUT**

**DR STRANGE
RECORDS**

SPECIALIZING IN
RARE PUNK VINYL & CDS
EVERYTHING FROM
ADOLESCENTS TO ZOUNDS

7136 AMETHYST AVE ALTA LOMA, CA OPEN 11 - 7 DAILY (909) 944-1778
ORDER ONLINE AT WWW.DRSTRANGE.COM

**LISTEN TO
TANKCRIMES
PUNK AND METAL
RECORDS, TAPES
AND CD'S**

AND IF YOU LIKE THEM BUY THEM



ONLINE AND IN STORES
WORLD WIDE

FROM OAKLAND TO CREEPSYLVANIA
TO WEED ISLAND AND BACK

WWW.TANKCRIMES.COM

FULL CATALOG STREAMING PLUS CHEAP
AND FREE DOWNLOADS DIRECT

TELL A FRIEND



We're not in our twenties and we're not doing this to be cute.

Todd: Now, we're in the static.

Reuben: How is that a bad thing, though?

Paul: Are you into heavy metal? Instead of listening to Slayer first, you just listen to Celtic Frost first.

Reuben: Are you breaking down the difference between doom and thrash?

Hannah: He gives the best metal lessons.

Paul: These kids are just listening to all these bands that were before these bands. It's easier to find those bands and those are the bands that, back then, were underground bands.

Hannah: But music, right now, there's so much shitty music.

Reuben: There's a lot of good stuff, too. It's just more in our face now.

Hannah: Because I live in L.A.

Paul: There is no such thing as shitty music.

Noah: Maybe it's harsher but maybe there's not such a thing as shitty music so much as tasteless people. People who don't take the time—or the desire—to think critically.

Reuben: Or they're unaware.

Mary: They don't know if anything's better. They listen to the same shitty songs. They don't know anything beyond that.

That's what I was saying before. An editor. Someone to lead you or dig out the shit. How do you know?

Noah: You want somebody to think when they listen to your music?

Hannah and Mary: Yes.

Mary: But, I also want to not have to think, too. I want them to be stuck in their head and taken beyond. I aspire. "Oh, the Mona Lisa." But don't you feel moved when you know when you connect to something? You're hoping that that unnamed thing happens. You're actually making a thing that connects to people but it also has technique and there are also things underlying it. The internet has no editor. You can search for something and you're just going to find a bunch of things. If you never learned how to edit it or know what's good or don't have any filter built in, didn't go to art school, how are you going to know what's good? Some people are magically born that way and I envy those people. I owe everything from people who told me and showed me things and showed me, "This is amazing."

Reuben: I think it's a feeling thing, for me.

Mary: Yeah. Sometimes you can feel it. You have amazing intuition. You dreamt of this place. Some people don't have that. That's why editors are so necessary.

Hannah: All the boring-as-fuck indie boys playing surf rock. Certain editors are telling people...

Paul: It's their opinion. Maybe they really like it.

Todd: There's also a conversation about commerce, too. "If I can package this and be part of the packaging process and I can make a hundred thousand people believe this, as an editor, I've done my job to make these people money."

Mary: That's the McDonald's editor.

Todd: Right.

Noah: That's why I think art ties into critical thinking.

Todd: Razorcake's not a DIY operation just because it's fun. It's because we really believe in it. It's a difficult process. And it's difficult being a truly DIY band because you have to make your own records and to do that, you have to know what the process is. And a lot of it is not fun.

SOLID M.F.G. • Manufacturing. Made Easy.



**Vinyl Records • Compact Discs
Printed Parts • Band Merch**



SOLID-MFG.COM • (631) 487-7513

Mary: And you have to be committed. Hannah does so much and works so hard. Everybody in this band works so hard and sacrifices shit tons.

Todd: There's not a button for, "Someone very unfortunate is going to do this task I don't want to do." No. You're the unfortunate person.

Mary: When somebody loves your band, it makes you so grateful. "They get it." And we worked so hard to make this thing that we believe in and we sweated and cried and bled over.

Paul: We drive each other crazy.

Mary: That's the DIY thing. It's almost hard not to love something that somebody labored over that intensely, or at least respect it.

Todd: And, also, if they do like it, it's a hundred percent yours. I understand it's nice to break even.

All: [Nervous laughter.]

Paul: What's that?

Todd: Hannah, how did you get into playing violin on hip hop albums?

Hannah: I have played violin since I was ten and I moved to L.A. to play violin in Jail Weddings and then, very luckily, I fell into the whole Future Music crowd, which is a guitar/amp shop in Highland Park and I met A.J., Adrian Younge, the producer of his own music and a bunch of current hip-hop stuff and he brought me in to play violin with Noah.

Todd: What's been the most surreal experience?

Hannah: Getting to meet RZA on the set of a Ghostface Killah video that I got to be in. It was pretty amazing. I didn't know what to do.

Todd: What did you do?

Hannah: I shook his hand and kind of stared at him and then I Instagrammed about it. It was a picture of me. Just my face. "I met RZA tonight."

Todd: Finish this sentence. "The Kids are..."

Mary: "...aall right!"

Paul: [Makes honking sound.]

Mary: "...born to be wild."

Paul: "...fucked up."

Reuben: "...why? Why?"

Paul: Have you seen outside lately?

Mary: The kids are sticky if you're a parent.

Hannah: "...terrifying. Yeah."

Mary: "...smelly, so smelly... the kids are uptight."

Todd: Perfect.

We do this
because...
we mean it.



TOP FIVES

RAZORCAKE



Aphid Peewit

- CULO, *My Life Sucks and I Could Care Less* 12"
- Pussy Riot: *A Punk Prayer for Freedom* (book)
- Andy Kaufman, *Andy & His Grandmother* CD
- Marshall McLuhan, *The Medium Is the Massage* CD
- Slim Whitman, 1923 - 2013

Art Ettinger

- Nunslaughter / ANTiSEEN, split 7"
- Templars / Agent Bulldogg, split 7"
- Zeitgeist, *Mind Cure Records Single of the Month* 7"
- Antagonizers ATL, *Hold Your Ground* CDEP
- The Jetty Boys, *Let 'Er Rip* LP

Bianca Barragan

Top Five Zines I've Read This Year in No Particular Order

- *As You Were: A Punk Comix Anthology*, Issue #1, compiled by Mitch Clem
- *Gag Me with A...* #9 by MC Sunflower Jones Productions
- *Lady Problems* by Emily Hillburg
- *I Think of Demons / Sticky-Icky-Icky* by Box Brown
- *Where Are You Going?* by Red Velvet and Catfish Koifish

Bill Pinkel

Top 5 Songs That Mention Babies (At Least in My iTunes Library)

- Scared Of Chaka, "I'm Atomic Baby"
- Plasmatics, "Butcher Baby"
- Against Me!, "Baby I'm an Anarchist"
- The Reatards, "Pretty Baby"
- Cursive, "The Lament of Pretty Baby"

Bryan Static

- Diarrhea Planet, *I'm Rich beyond Your Wildest Dreams*
- California X, Self-titled

- Ovlov, *Am*
- Superchunk, *I Hate Music*
- Japanther, *Eat Like Lisa, Act Like Bart*

Camyille Reynolds

Top 5 Shows at This Is Not a Step: Celebrating 20 Years of More Than Music

1. Los Crudos
2. Hysteries
3. Big Crux
4. No Statik
5. Neon Piss

Candice Tobin

1. Rumspringer, *Stay Afloat* LP
2. Crusades, *Perhaps You Deliver This Judgment with Greater Fear than I Receive It*
3. Night Birds, *Born to Die in Suburbia* LP
4. Kalashnikov, *Living in a Psycho-Chaos Era* LP
5. Frozen Teens LP

Cassie J. Snider

Top Five Creepiest Songs to Receive as Side 1, Song 1 of a Mix Tape

1. "I Wanna Be Your Dog" by The Stooges
2. "I'm in You" by Peter Dinklage
3. "Seasons in the Sun" by Terry Jacks
4. "Happy Birthday" by Gary Glitter
5. Anything by the Police

Chad Williams

1. Criminal Damage, *Call of Death* LP
2. Night Birds, *Born to Die in Suburbia* LP
3. Hard Skin, *On the Balls* LP
4. Symbol Six, Self-titled 12" re-issue
5. Terrible Feelings, *Backwoods* 7"

Chris Mason

1. Hard Skin, *On the Balls and Why Do Birds Suddenly Appear* LPs
2. Nona, *Through the Head* LP
3. Dark Rides, *Walk the Floors* LP
4. Nervosas, Self-titled 2 x LP
5. Oblivians, *Desperation* LP

Chris Terry

1. Blood Buddies, *Tree & Bird* 7"
2. Chestnut Road LP

3. Watertank, *Sleepwalk* LP
4. Run The Jewels, free internet album
5. Kirkus gave my novel *Zero Fade* a starred review!

Christina Zamora

Top 5 Bands I Can't Stop Listening to Lately

1. Upset
2. The Salteens
3. Sonic Avenues
4. Benny The Jet Rodriguez
5. Hole, *Live Through This*

Craven Rock

1. Olytopia Camp at Autonomous Mutant Festival
2. Kylea and Blood Sacrifice at The Triple Rock
3. *Down All the Days* by Christy Brown (book)
4. The Unauthorized Readings: Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself" at Fremont Abbey
5. Minneapolis, MN

Daryl Gussin

- Rumspringer, *Stay Afloat* LP
- Blank Pages, Self-titled LP
- Sundowners, *Larger Half of Wisdom* LP tie with Sick Sick Birds, *All the Fins in the Sea* 7"
- Dark Rides, *Walk the Floors* LP
- Christbustlers, *I Ain't Afraid of No God!!!* EP

Designated Dale

1. Thee Cormans at Alex's in LBC. Shaved Ape (their drummer) is the punk rock Don Rickles. Awesome personified, fuck the naysayers.
2. Molotov at The Conga Room in downtown L.A. The greatest musical backhand out of Mexico City. Bands that can forge monster tunes using the words "titties" and "chocolate chip ice cream" in the same song are a-okay in my book.
3. Charm Machine's summer rampage, from Hermosa to Long Beach. The power of burritos and rock compel you!
4. The Noble Gasses at opening day of ScareLA. You'll fall head over heels all over again for instrumental jams straight from the hip of these cats.
5. Nightmare Boyzzz new track, "Shivers." Can not fucking wait 'til their full-length gets wrapped up and ready for aural domination!

Evan Wolff

1. Dark Rides, *Walk the Floors* LP
2. Wet Spots, Self-titled tape

3. Nude Beach, "What Can Ya Do" b/w "I'm Giving Up" Single
4. Goners, Self-titled EP
5. All Dogs / Slouch, split tape

Ever Velasquez

a.k.a. The Girl About Town

1. Sebadoh at Bootleg Theater
2. Death at Amoeba music
3. J. Mascis at Amoeba music
4. Egyptian Lover at Amoeba Music
5. Queens Of The Stone Age at Jimmy Kimmel Live

Gabe Rock

Top 5 Songs for a Mixtape #2

1. Mobb Deep, "Survival of the Fittest"
2. The Clash, "Police on My Back"
3. The Dutchess & The Duke, "Out of Time"
4. Compulsive Gamblers, "Stop and Think It Over"
5. Johnny Thunders & The Heartbreakers, "Get Off the Phone"

Garrett Barnwell

1. Classhole, Demos cassette
2. Success, *We Are the Elitist Generation* CD
3. Elephants, Self-titled CD
4. Dennis Wilson, *Pacific Ocean Blue* CD
5. OLD, *Formula* CD

George Rager

Top 5 Seinfeld References That Should Also Be Night Birds Song:

1. "Rochelle, Rochelle"
2. "Serenity Now!"
3. "Low Talker"
4. "Master of My Domain"
5. "Look Away, I'm Hideous"

Jennifer Federico

Top 5 Shows That Left a Mark

- Voivod (Baltimore, 1990)
- Metallica (Washington, DC 1988)
- Slayer (Baltimore, 1988)
- X (San Francisco, 2011)
- Hoax (San Francisco, 2011)
- Cockney Rejects (Oakland, 2013)

Jimmy Alvarado

Five Swell Things

- Mike Solis Memorial Party with Thee Undertakers, Decry, Our Band Sucks, et. al at Dilettante Art Gallery in DTLA
- Gospel Truth, *A Lonely Man Does Foolish Things* LP
- Spontaneous Disgust, *The Hipster-Friendly Obscure Media Platform* EP, computer punch card

computer punch card

- Peer Group, *Rhetoric and Hands 7"* EP
- Nervous Gender rumored to be working on new recordings!

Jim Joyce

Five Ways to Enjoy Fall

1. Watch the 1959 horror comedy, *A Bucket of Blood*, starring Dick Miller
2. Listen to the Coast to Coast AM radio show and hear about cryptid sightings
3. Hear Tweens' song "Be Mean" and wait impatiently for a 7" or something
4. Grab both volumes of *Thai Horror Comics* through Quimby's in Chicago
5. Behold the Halloween aisle at Walgreens

Joe Dana

1. Bang Sugar Bang secret reunion show at the Kibitz
2. *In Heaven There Is No Beer* DVD Release Party, Night One: The Randies, Silver Needle, Bang Sugar Bang, and Midway
3. *In Heaven There Is No Beer* DVD Release Party, Night Two: Waking Hours, King Cheetah, and the Letter Openers
4. Razorcake's Second I <3 Drinking Beer and Listening to Records event at Bar 107.
5. Death for free at Amoeba Records

Jordan Anne Jacobi

1. Big Muff, *Soul'd Out of Character*
2. Ben Weasel, *Fidatevi*
3. Sleepwalker, *Untitled 12"*
4. Peach Kelli Pop, *Peach Kelli Pop II*
5. Very Rare, *Demo (2012)*

Juan Espinosa

- Milk Music, *Beyond Living 12"*
- Sick/Tired, *King of Dirt LP*
- Violent End 7" tie with Illegal, *Callejon Sin Salida 7"*
- Framtid, *Defeat of Civilization LP*
- Dyscontrol, *Mo'ai Melodies CS*

Keith Rosson

- *The Inverted Forest* by John Dalton (novel)
- *Send Me Work* by Katherine Karlin (short stories)
- *Double Feature* by Owen King (novel)
- *Sag Harbor* by Colson Whitehead (novel)
- *Every Love Story Is a Ghost Story: A Life of David Foster Wallace* by D.T. Max (biography)

Kevin Dunn

- The Karloffs, *"Never Again" b/w "Didn't Want You/Wreck" 7"*
- The UnGnomes, *Grape Drink EP*
- The Fur Coats, *Goddamn, I'm a Handsome Man! 7"*
- Rev. Nørb, *The Annotated Boris* (book)
- Sean Carswell, *Madhouse Fog* (book)

Kurt Morris

1. Red Animal War, *Polizida*
2. Boards Of Canada, *Tomorrow's Harvest*
3. Julie Doiron & The Wooden Stars, *Self-titled*
4. The Reatards, *Grown Up Fucked Up*
5. The Reatards, *Teenage Hate*

Mark Twistworthy:

- Terry Malts, *Nobody Realizes This Is Nowhere LP*
- Royal Headache, *Stand & Stare 7"*
- Running, *Vaguely Ethnic LP*
- Condominium, *Carl 7"*
- Destruction Unit, *Two Strong Hits 7"*

Marty Ploy

- Superchunk, *I Hate Music LP*
- Nato Coles & The Blue Diamond Band, *Promise to Deliver LP*
- Dark Rides, *Walk the Floors LP*
- Radio Faces, *Party at the Bushwick Hotel LP*
- Having Rational Anthem in Southern California for a week.

Megan Pants

- Top Punk Covers of Nonpunk Songs*
- Leatherface, "Can't Help Falling in Love" (Elvis)
 - 7 Seconds, "99 Red Balloons" (Nena)
 - Pinhead Gunpowder, "Theme from Mahogany (Do You Know Where You're Going to)" (Diana Ross)
 - Hanson Brothers, "Get It Right Back where We Started from" (Maxine Nightingale)
 - Feederz, "Have You Never Been Mellow?" (Olivia Newton-John)

Mike Faloan

1. Sean Carswell, *Madhouse Fog* (book)
2. Mickey Hess, *The Novelist and the Wrapper* (book)
3. Miss Tess, *Sweet Talk LP*
4. Night Birds, *Born to Die in Suburbia LP*
5. Toys That Kill / Future Virgins, *Split 7"*

Mike Frame

1. Guy Clark, *My Favorite Picture of You LP*
2. Nona, *Through the Head LP*
3. Public Enemy, *Most Of My Heroes... LP*
4. Black Sabbath, *13 LP*
5. Off With Their Heads, *Home LP*

Naked Rob

Radio Valencia 87.9FM SF

- Hickoids, *Hairy Chafin' Ape Suit LP* (Texas cow punk)
- Pat Todd & The Rankoutsiders, *14th & Nowhere CD* (L.A. punk'n'roll)
- Maximum RnR, *Rough Side of the Dial CD* (Canadian rock'n'roll!)
- Pins Of Light, *The New Sun 7"* (San Francisco metal/punk/prog)
- Big Boys, *Fun Fun Fun* Re-issue LP (Classic!)

Nardwuar the Human Serviette

1. *Pork Fanzine*
2. *Glad to See the Back of You* photo book by Ricky Adam
3. Greenback High, *Bombs Away 7"*
4. Metal Postcard Records artists, especially Pairs from Shanghai!
5. R. Stevie Moore, *Glad Music LP*

Nicole Macias

- *Exploding Buffalo zine*
- Bikini Kill, the CD version of the first two records.
- Descendents, *Somery*
- Anything by Haruki Murakami
- *The Riot Grrrl Collection*, by Lisa Darms and Johanna Fateman

Nighthawk

- Chill Dawg Cove Summer Concert Series
- Rockin' The Dock at Land Between The Lakes State Park, Kentucky
- M.O.T.O., *Bad Dates*, *Rat Heart* at Blank Space, July 18, Saint Louis
- Learning to drive a stick shift at age thirty-two
- Tight Bros, *The Turkletons*, *Raging Nathans*, *The Haddonfields* at 15th Haus, July 20, Columbus

Paul J. Comeau

Top 5 Songs I Listen to in 2013 Which Make Me Think of the '90s

1. Snapcase, "Caboose"
2. Adamantium, "Funeral of Silence"
3. Madball, "Set It Off"
4. Earth Crisis, "Firestorm/Forged in the Flames"
5. H2O, "Sacred Heart"

Rene Navarro

1. Rata Blanca, *Magos, Espadas, y Rosas CD*
2. Fugazi, *Red Medicine CD*
3. Dead Moon, *Strange Pray Tell LP*
4. Spokenst, *Wreck Of The Zephyr*, and *Jawzzz!!* at Permanent Records
5. Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu, any grappling that works

Rich Cocksedge

- Five Releases Rocking My Metaphorical Boat*
1. Lemuria, *The Distance Is So Big*
 2. Night Birds, *Born to Die in Suburbia*
 3. Muncie Girls, *Sleepless*
 4. Careers In Science, *Cowards*
 5. Good Grief / BUZZorHOWL, *Split 7"*

Ryan Nichols

1. Reno
2. Elephant Rifle
3. Spitting Image
4. Plastic Caves
5. Thee Indoors

Sal Lucci

1. Thee Mighty Caesars LP re-issues
2. The Hussy, *Pagan Hiss LP*
3. *Jerk, Boom, Bam*, Volumes Three and Four
4. Pow Wow, *We're Dead CD-R*. Featuring members of The Midwest Beat, Uh Oh, and The Perennials
5. M.O.T.O., *A Golden Quarter Hour of M.O.T.O. 7"* EP

Sean Arenas

- Roman Candles, *Riley Versus Jason in the Land of Gracious Living LP*
- Tobias Fünke, *Read More Cassette*
- Snow What, *So White LP*
- Tony Molina, "Disseminated and Dismissed" LP
- You Me & Us, *Stay Inside CS*

Sean Koepenick

- Most Prized Rock Memorabilia*
1. Signed Joey Ramone "Poison Heart" CD single
 2. Signed CJ Ramone photo
 3. Signed Tommy Stinson poster
 4. Handwritten lyrics to "Smithers-Jones" by Bruce Foxton
 5. Signed Mission Of Burma poster

Steve Adamyk

- Top Five Thin Lizzy Songs for Summer '13*
1. "Sweetheart"
 2. "That Woman's Gonna Break Your Heart"
 3. "Waiting for an Alibi"
 4. "Toughest Street in Town"
 5. "Cowboy Song" (*Live & Dangerous* version)

Toby Tober

- Top 5 Movies I Have Recently Enjoyed*
1. *Richard Pryor: Omit the Logic*
 2. *Rectify*, Season 1
 3. *Birth Story: Ina May Gaskin and the Farm Midwives*
 4. *How to Make Money Selling Drugs*
 5. *From the Back of the Room*

Todd Taylor

- *Madhouse Fog* by Sean Carswell (book) tie *1Q84* by Haruki Murakami (book)
- Dark Rides, *Walk the Floors LP*
- Oblivians, *Desperation LP*
- Rumspringer, *Stay Afloat LP*
- Frozen Teens, *Self-titled LP*
- Gateway District, *Old Wild Hearts LP*
- White Murder, "Arteries Are Flexible" b/w "Shutter Speed" 7"

Tommy Vandervort

- Top 5 D4th of July*
1. Neutral Boy
 2. Tenement
 3. Pegboy
 4. In Defence (Thanks for the CDs and patches you left on Pegboy's gear.)
 5. All the bands. Best two days I'll have this summer.

Ty Stranglehold

1. Big Boys, *Fun, Fun, Fun... 12"*
2. Night Birds, *Born to Die in Suburbia LP*
3. Rations, *Martyrs and Prisoners 7"*
4. Deep Sleep, *Turn Me Off CD*
5. Class Of 1984 / The Excessives, *Split 7"*

Yvonne Drazan

- Top 5 Acts I Saw at the 2013 LAMC (Latin Alternative Music Conference)*
1. Alex Anwandter (Santiago, Chile)
 2. ViniloVersus (Caracas, Venezuela)
 3. Carla Morrison (Tecate, Mexico)
 4. Los Master Plus (Guadalajara, Mexico)
 5. Astro (Santiago, Chile)



AC4: *Burn the World*: LP

In a world where too many bands try to out avant-garde one another, or mix and match genres in a vain attempt to be new or groundbreaking, AC4 proudly wave their middle fingers at all of that. The Swedish hardcore punk heroes return with their second full-length record, sixteen tracks of the furious, straightforward hardcore punk attack they've been known for since their inception. Founding members Dennis Lyxzén, Karl Backman, and Jens Nordén all return on this recording, with Christoffer Röstlund Jonsson of DS-13 replacing David Sandström, and bringing a stronger presence to the band's bass duties. There's enough blazing riffs on this album to keep you circle pitting for days, provided you take breaks for record flipping. Lyxzén's lyrics tackle typical punk themes, but his distinct vocals and the ferocity of his delivery can make even the most mundane of topics exciting. Hipsters can cry all they want about this band being formulaic, but if $E=MC^2$, then AC4=Awesome! —Paul J. Comeau (Deathwish/ Ny Vag)

AGE OF WOE: *Inhuman*: LP

This is a heavy listen in more ways than one. Yes, it's crust-on-the-verge-of-metal, but it's also emotionally heavy. There was a moment during the song "Cold Cycle" when I heard—no, not heard, felt—a grinding reaching out of my speakers, trying to wear me down, trying to instill in me the desperation, the last gasp, hanging-from-the-edge-of-a-cliff-by-the-fingertips-with-skull-adorned-spikes-below feeling. I wasn't prepared for such a bludgeoning. I am now. —MP Johnson (Suicide)

ANCHOR, THE: *Party!*: 7"

The Anchor is another one of those bands that I have to thank *Razorcake* for turning me on to. Great poppy-yet-gravely punk that takes me waaaay back to my late twenties. *Party!* is the name of the record and that is exactly what I want to do when I hear it. I said it before, and I'll say it again. Beer, pizza, and The Anchor... a perfect fit. —Ty Stranglehold (La Escalera)

APACHE DROPOUT / THREE MAN BAND: *Split*: 7"

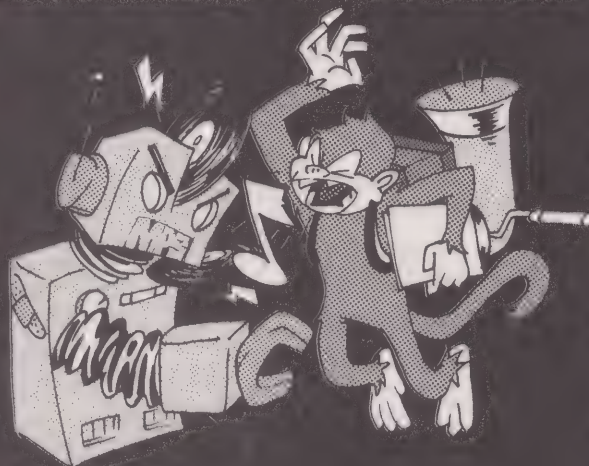
Apache Dropout play simple rock guitar riffs laid over slightly overdriven bass lines. It's good, raw rock and roll with a Stooges influence. "Soul Sucker" doesn't disappoint. The Three Man Band song has a similar thing going on, a dronier, space rock feel to the music and more screaming in the vocals. It's a good pairing. —Billups Allen (Glory Hole, gloryholerecords.com)

RAZORCAKE RECORD REVIEW GUIDELINES AND FAQs

• The address to send all review material is *Razorcake*, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042. You may address it to specific reviewers. Just make sure they're active.

• Full album art is required for a review. Pre-releases go into the trash. Don't treat us like second-rate citizens. We're all volunteers here.

RECORD REVIEWS



"Simultaneously the coolest thing and the curse of punk rock is its lack of a definition."

—Ty Stranglehold

BIG BOYS, *Fun, Fun, Fun...*: 12" EP

BABY GHOSTS: *Ghost in a Vacuum*: 7"

I love Slurpees. When I go running, I pass the 7-Eleven on my route and sometimes I get so obsessed with the thought of a Slurpee that when I make it home, I change out of my track suit into something with pockets, grab my wallet, and ride my bike back to 7-Eleven to get one. I've been known to pass a couple 7-Elevens on a long, drunken bike ride from downtown and buying a Slurpee at each one. I like the extra-large Slurpees, but sometimes all that syrup gives me a stomachache sitting in my guts in a painful indigestible glob. I stick to a medium Slurpee these days. So it is with much regret I can say I have an understanding of sugar overkill. I got a Baby Ghosts CD a while back to review and it was just that—sweet, cute over-saturation. This time I got a 7" and I have to say they're a lot better in moderation. It's easier to digest their girl-harmonizing, lollipop pop songs on a four-song 7" without feeling like it's overload, but when it really comes down to it, times are hard and I want more than cute. —Craven Rock (Drunken Sailor)

BARGE: *No Gain*: 7" EP

Jeezalo, dunno who pooped in these guys' potato salad, but this is some seriously pissed-off racket they're dishin' out. Eight tunes, nine minutes, played at speeds my homie Ralo from

No Comment would nod approvingly at, and delivered with the same tact as a mean kid rubbing yer mug with sandpaper, then chucking a pitcher of lemonade in yer mug. —Jimmy Alvarado (Grave Mistake)

BFG: *Blue*: LP

This is a reissue of the final release by this '80s Manchester, U.K. band, originally released in 1989. With its gothic tendencies, dance music beats, and English baritone vocalist, comparing this to Joy Division is the easy thing to do upon first listen. But, if you look past the vocalist's delivery style, this actually doesn't sound like Joy Division at all. Instead, this reminds me more of the lighter side of Killing Joke, Ministry, or Sisters Of Mercy. I'm sure there's a market for this with the darkwave crowd, but I didn't find it all too exciting. —Mark Twistworthy (Drastic Plastic, drasticplasticrecords.com)

BIG BOYS: *Fun, Fun, Fun...*: 12" EP

Simultaneously the coolest thing and the curse of punk rock is its lack of a definition. Cool, because we are left to write our own story and a curse because so many people feel the need to define it. Well, I'm going to plant a foot in each camp here because I will proclaim right here, right now that Big Boys' *Fun, Fun, Fun...* EP is the definition of punk rock

because it has no rules or definitions. There is hardcore, there is funk. There are singalongs with all their friends. This record literally encompasses it all, yet never feels strained or stretched thin. To me, this record feels like riding a skateboard down a deserted street in the middle of the night. The warm breeze on your face and the smell of pavement in your nostrils as the sound of your wheels echoes off the buildings. It is the soundtrack to endless freedom and possibility with a hint of danger. It's not hard to tell that I take Big Boys seriously and I'm sure glad I'm not the only one. 540 Records has reissued this must-have record with the love and detail that Big Boys deserve. The massive booklet is exploding with the amazing visual art that has always been a huge part of the band's identity. A hilarious and lovingly written piece by Beth Kerr (who, in all honesty, should be considered a member of the band in my opinion) is the perfect way to kick it off. It is amazing that the band's material is being reissued on various labels. There are few bands out there that deserve heaps of praise more than Big Boys and the thing is they could care less about praise. They only care about having fun... That's why they rule! —Ty Stranglehold (540)

BIG EYES: *Almost Famous*: CD

Third issue in a row I've scored something new from these kids, and I'm stoked as hell. Fuggin' choice poppy punk (or punky pop, if that suits ye better) here with hooks up the hoo-ha and hints of (good) '70s rock around the edges to give it some stomp. They're an official selection for summer/fall 2013 around these parts and I highly recommend you add 'em to your rotation as well. —Jimmy Alvarado (Grave Mistake)

BISHOPS GREEN: *Self-titled*: CD

Bishops Green hail from Vancouver, BC, and they play that brand of punk rock for the "boots and braces" set. Call it "oi" or "street punk" or whatever. All I know is that these guys do it well. The songs are catchy, urgent, and clearly sung. You can drink your pints and sing along with your pals. You can hear that there is some serious musicianship going on here, and the production is great to. An all-around great package here. This usually particular subgenre of punk rock isn't usually my go-to, but I am really digging this disc. They're great live, too. —Ty Stranglehold (Rebellion)

BITS OF SHIT: *"Meat Thump" b/w "W.W.Me": 7"*

Degenerate, sleeveless, tooth decay, strangulated surfing music at the worst beach possible. Cigarette butt

• Are you really sending us a download card or a link to review? Seriously? That's weak. Many of our contributors don't have fancy computers. Nope, we won't review 'em.

• You're sending us a CD-R of a piece of vinyl you're releasing to cut on costs? Please don't pull that stunt with us. We know mail's expensive, but we send full copies of the zine as a thanks to all who send us material to review (if your address is provided).

• It is very important to put a postal address on each and every piece of music sent in. Many packages get separated and given to different reviewers.

• Over a decade of music reviews can be found at razorcake.org. Use our handy "search" function on the site to see if your music has been reviewed. Tight.

• Reviews may take six months. Be patient. We're bi-monthly and have reviewers worldwide.

KISS OF DEATH

Now:

PRETTY BOY THORSON & THE FALLING ANGELS "An Uneasy Peace" LP
RATIONAL ANTHEM "Whatevermind" LP
PALE ANGELS "Primal Play" LP

Soon:

OLD FLINGS / LATE BLOOMER "Split" 7"
PINK MINK "TBA" 7"
RESOLUTIONS "TBA" 7"

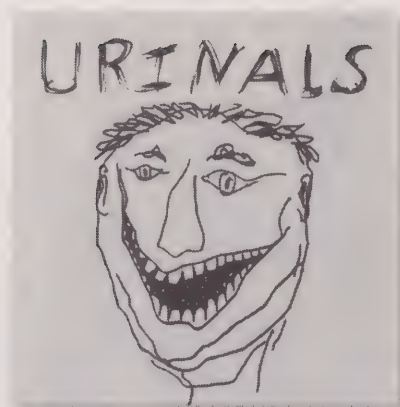
Then

The NEW LOWS "I Couldn't Sleep" LP ~ ARTERIES "Restless" 12" EP
RATIONS "Martyrs and Prisoners" 7" ~ BANGERS "Good Livin'" 7"
SUNDIALS / TATLINS TOWER "Split" 7" ~ INK & SWEAT / CASERACER "Split" 7"
CHEMICAL ACHE / FERAL BABIES "Split" 7" ~ PLOW UNITED "Act Like It" 7"
ARMS ALOFT "Saw Dust City" LP ~ NEW BRUISES "Chock Full Of Misery" LP
TIMESHARES "Bearable" LP ~ The SLOW DEATH "Born Ugly Got Worse" LP
MAYFLOWER / JEFF ROWE "Split" 7" ~ BIG MIKE "Sometime, Somewhere" 7"

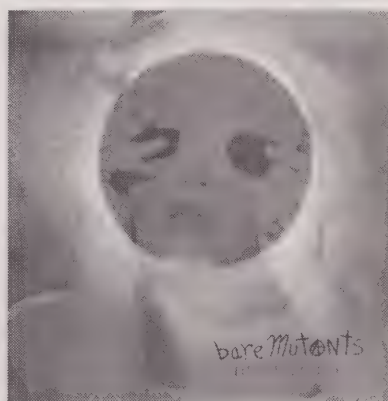
WHOLESALE & DISTRIBUTION WORLDWIDE THROUGH NO IDEA RECORDS | KISS OF DEATH RECORDS | PO BOX 75550 | TAMPA, FL 33675 | KISSOFDEATHRECORDS.COM



...out now on IN THE RED



URINALS
Negative Capability
LP / CD



BARE MUTANTS
THE AFFLICTION
LP / CD



TV GHOST
Disconnect
LP / CD



www.intheredrecords.com

sand. Kids puking on seagulls. Adults puking on each other. The seagulls are smoking. Green foam washes in on the waves. The ocean is a massive toilet—spent condoms and dirty needles lap up on shore. Is that someone burning a dog carcass? Is it old tires? Scalding hot beer. Chewed bubblegum-looking bodies. This is the landscape that Australia's Bits Of Shit paint for me, and I couldn't recommend it more highly (along with their debut full length, *Cut Sleeves*.) They make the Cosmic Psychos sound like the *My Little Pony* soundtrack. (I kid.) If you need a genre to stick inside a pigeon's hole to get your bearings, think blown-up garage punk, post apocalypse. —Todd Taylor (Total Punk)

BLACK HOLE KIDS/HOLINESS CHURCH OF THE VALLEY: Split: Cassette

A brutal crust split between two similarly vicious acts, each of which churns out two tracks for a total of four ear splitters. The Black Hole Kids side is great, with almost a Dis Sucks vibe, a compliment I don't throw around lightly. The Holiness Church Of The Valley side isn't as striking, but the vocalist certainly wouldn't fit in at church, which is of course a good thing. —Art Ettinger (Wess)

BLACK LIPS / MARK SULTAN: Split: 7"

Black Lips are a little more pop oriented these days compared to their raw beginnings. I still follow them with much enjoyment. "I Wanna Dance with You" is a spacey rocker utilizing

low quality recording in the best way possible. It's a good song and a winner for those who like to say things like: "I like their old stuff." The Mark Sultan track, "Oh Summertime," contains quality fuzz with good keyboards and a heavy '60s surf influence. Good record. —Billups Allen (Hozac)

BLANK PAGES: Self-titled: LP

Whoah, this is kind of a dream record. Part Masshysteri, part Wreck Of The Zephyr, beautiful art, and heavy packaging. The guitar leads push this record from start to finish, but the vocal melodies etch themselves into your psyche. I recently heard Wreck Of The Zephyr described as equal parts Mission Of Burma and Billy Bragg, and add Masshysteri's Euro-svart-ness and hopefully I've described something you know you need in your life. Because this is a fantastic record. —Daryl (Hardware)

BREAK ANCHOR / UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN: Split: 7"

Okay, that's enough. The bearded, gruff melodic punk stuff can come to an end right now. I like Hot Water Music as much as the next guy, but when I get a split between two clone bands that I can't even tell apart, that's where I draw the line. If these bands continue to emote this hard, they're going to give themselves hernias. Ripping themselves apart inside literally and metaphorically. It's gonna be gross, so just stop. Everyone stop. —MP Johnson (Underground Communiqué, undercomm.org)

CAPTIVE BOLT: Gary Francione: 7"

Captive Bolt is a militant vegan hardcore band from Florida. Each side of this record has a ninety-second song, followed by a couple minutes of talk from animal rights theorist Gary L. Francione. "Hardcore record where the political soundbites are longer than the songs" sounds like a scenerester in-joke, but there ain't nothing funny about the music: two catchy, dynamic blasts of hardcore with a touch of crust. —Chris Terry (Dead Tank)

CAROUSEL KINGS / REAGANOMICS: Split: 7"

Reganomics are absolutely great, sounding like Face To Face, with a vocalist reminiscent of B.A. from Sloppy Seconds. Both of their songs included here are beyond solid pop punk tunes that any fan of that subgenre will go for. Carousel Kings play more contemporary poppy punk, the sort that was big about a decade ago on Warped Tour stages. An excellent split all around, but the main benefit for yours truly is that I'm now all about this Reganomics band, although I have to be careful about talking about loving Reganomics. I wouldn't want anyone to get the wrong idea. —Art Ettinger (CI)

CAVES: Betterment: CD / LP

This is the sophomore album from the U.K.'s Caves and although it retains the band's distinctive and slightly chaotic sound, it has taken a swing away from having a bit of a poppy edge to something that has a


bit more grit and grime; laced as it is with more of a garage punk quality, at times, yet without losing the melodic bent that has always underpinned the band's music. It's still undoubtedly a Caves recording but, hell, the gears have been shifted somewhat to create an all-consuming sound (aided by a quality production job by the current "go to" guy here, Pete Miles) that slays from start to finish—even the acoustic number packs a punch. What I love more than anything are Dave Brent's drums. They crash, they bang, and they most certainly wallop, as he performs in a way that Animal would be proud. Don't worry, it's all part and parcel of the songs, nothing is gratuitous but it really stands out to me. With Jonathan Minto slapping his bass around whilst adding vocals here and there, the rhythm section provides the structure that allows Lou Hannam to give her all, scratching away at her six strings whilst using her cacophonous voice to drive home the songs. If this band were from the U.S.A., us Brits would be urging them to come over and play for us. As it is, we're proud to say they're one of ours and all eyes should be looking to this tiny island. Although as frequent visitors to the U.S.A. for The Fest and a handful of other shows, Caves should not be missed if you get the chance to see them. The CD is available via Bombed Out and the LP via Yo-Yo. —Rich Cocksedge (Bombed Out, steve@bombedout.com, bombedout.com/Yo-Yo.yoyorecords.de)



RAT TOWN RECORDS

Label/Mailorder/Distro

PUNK • HARDCORE • METAL



NEW AND USED VINYL • CDS
T-SHIRTS • STICKERS • TAPES
DVDS • VHS • POSTERS

Fiercely D.I.Y. Since 1992'

www.rattownrecords.com
 P.O. Box 50803 Jax Beach, FL 32240 USA
info@rattownrecords.com
 (904) 246-0428

THE BEST IN HOMEMADE PUNK!

PEER PRESSURE

SOUNDS
(A.K.A. MUSIC)

Deluxe double 7" set with the collected works 1979-1980 from this legendary two-man Punk/D.I.Y. band! With "Sound of the '80s" as heard on KBO #12!

M.O.T.O.

GOLDEN QUARTER HOUR OF M.O.T.O. 7" EP

8 songs of all new 4-track recordings in 15 minutes on a 7 inch record!

Co-released with our friends
 Blast of Silence Records - Turku, Finland
europa.orders.info@blastofsilence.org

...plus other high quality reissues and archival releases of '70s-'80s Punk and lowbrow Rock from St. Louis and beyond!
 M.O.T.O., Screamin' Mee-Mees, VOM, Welders & more!
 We also carry Punk reissues from other labels & used stuff!

...and our St. Louis only label

Rerun Records

BDR RECORDS

Info and Orders: RerunRecordsSTL.com

Reality is a Cult



reality #013

WE MUST DISMANTLE ALL THIS - DECATHECT LP

reality #012

FALTER - DESCENT 7"

reality #010

CHEAP ART - DESOCIALIZED 7"

reality #001

KATA SAKKA/BODDICKER SPLIT 7"

plus more at:
www.realityisacult.com

BUY RECORDS. READ BOOKS. TRUST NO ONE.

CELEBRITY GRAVES:

Can't Get Away: LP

This is feeling bad music. This is the music you put on when you get in your shitty car and hate-drive to where the fuck ever. You take your hands off the wheel to play air guitar to the solos and let your car careen into oncoming traffic and you shout along so loud you can't hear the horns of the cars that are wildly darting out of the way and into each other so you can live, 'cause you do want to live, at least to get to the next song. —MP Johnson (National Dust)

CELEBRITY INTERNMENT CAMP:

Self-titled: CD

There is no other way to say it—this CD is a total head scratcher. What you have here is thirty-six tracks of instrumental trip-hop peppered with vignettes that loosely narrate a war in America which results in all of our celebrities being rounded up in an internment camp. Curiously, I found the concept to be larger than what this CD could deliver. I could totally see this being adapted into a movie or graphic novel, which seems to be the direction that the creators were moving towards with this release, as it includes a nicely illustrated, full-color, fold-out comic that fleshes out the story a bit more than the vignettes and their titles. For some reason, the whole enchilada reminds me of what Richard Kelly was working towards with his criminally overlooked *Southland Tales* graphic novels and feature film from 2006 (well worth checking out if you are into dystopian

near-futures), even though there are few thematic similarities. 86'd Records should be commended for taking a risk for putting out something like this. —Garrett Barnwell (86'd, 86drec.com)

CHEAP ART: Desocialized: 7"

Fourteen tracks of dual vocal female/male fast hardcore punk from Atlanta. Blurring riffs, snapping snare, and vocal cacophony that stampedes into momentary, pummeling breakdowns. It's always impressive when bands can write this many songs—that are this short—and make them still stand on their own, rather than just coming off as a ten minute aural assault for the sake of being a ten minute aural assault. Topics explored: minds depraved, the scene, senseless bullshit, queering the mosh pits, shitty parties, and more! —Daryl (Hygiene, hygienerecords@gmail.com / Reality Is A Cult)

CJ RAMONE: Reconquista: CD/DVD

CJ returns with the first record under his own name (if you missed Bad Chopper then you need to correct that error pronto) and enlists some excellent players to assist with the album. Steve Soto (Adolescents) and Jose Medeles (The Breeders) are the core band. Guests galore drop in: Billy Zoom (X), Dan Root (One Hit Wonder), Frank Agnew (Adolescents, Social Distortion), Marcus Hollar (Street Dogs), and Jay Bentley (Bad Religion), to name a few. The DVD is a sweet primer for the record. The highlights include some of the guitarists

shreddin' through their guitar solos in the studio. "Three Angels" is a heartfelt tune about his bandmates that are now gone from this earth. "You're the Only One" has almost a "Needles and Pins" feel. For the head on rockers—"King Cobra" and "Low on Ammo" are the coolest and will keep the kids rocking this summer. Useless trivia fact—CJ's cover of "Waitin' for the Man" came up as "Waitin' for My Mom" on my computer. Ritchie Ramone better have his chops up if he wants to top this later this year. —Sean Koepenick (Pirates Press, piratespress.com)

COELACANTH: Self-titled: CDEP

Whoa! Very cool blackened thrash ala early Bathory/Celtic Frost/Hellhammer, but with a tougher, almost Danny Lilker-band type attitude. Awesome raw, heavy, but totally audible production with the requisite 'verbed-out vocals and gang shouts. Kinda like Toxic Holocaust—pre-Relapse budget—but y'know, tougher. Bummed that there are only four tracks! Killer. —Dave Williams (Self-released)

COLD CIRCUITS: Self-titled: 7"

Cold Circuits appear to be a brother band to Synthetic ID, but their sound is just about as different as it is similar. The icy, anxiety-ridden post-punk is replaced by agitated, salivating thud punk. Less twitching, more pogoing; but still ravaged by the mounting dissolution and paranoia. A rhythm section bound for glory, but still bound by the white hot darkness. Cold and bleak, but bouncing

in defiance, with sporadic tinges of fear. —Daryl (Satellite Visions, cruciavibe@gmail.com / Erste Theke Tonträger, vaukajott@gmx.de)

COLD COMFORT:

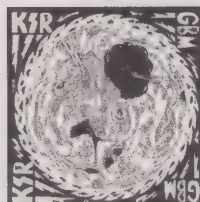
Sometimes It's Nothing: Cassette

Five songs of late '80s D.C.-style stuff for fans of Ignition, Fugazi, and Lungfish. Fans of Killing Joke or Joy Division-style dark post-punk would probably like this as well. —Mike Frame (Subject, subjectrecords.bigcartel.com)

COLIN'S GODSON: Greatest Hits: CD

Two Glaswegians who have brought back either the 3" CD format or the Chu-Bop® (I'm not sure which, but it wasn't very flavorful nor chewy. Which, come to think of it, probably means it's a Chu-Bop®) and sound like either the Kung Fu Monkeys doing Flop covers, Jazz Butcher doing Toy Dolls covers, or Snuff doing songs off those weird Kung Fu Monkeys records about the peppermints. *Undistorted guitars! Things that sound like harpsichords!* Probably some merry-go-rounds, a powdered wig, and a half-pipe in there, too. *Pass the Opal Fruits®!* BEST SONG: "Garry Bushell's Ostentatious Beard" BEST SONG TITLE: "Brian May's Intergalactic Tax Dodge Tactic" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Comes appended to an issue of the *Colin's Godson meet the Spook School* comic book and looks like a Queen record. —Rev. Norb (Puzzled Aardvark, colinsgodson.com)

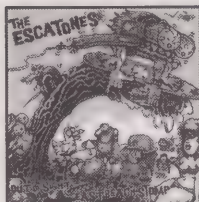
YOUR SUICIDE IS NOT ENOUGH



**Ken South Rock /
Giant Battle Monster
split 7"**

Japan/NYC noise rock duo
meets intense math rock
experiment. Glowing vinyl!

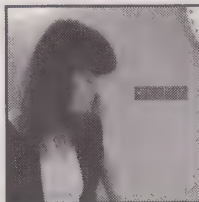
\$5



**The Escatones
w/ Paul Leary
7"**

Surf / garage rock from
Texas with Paul Leary on
lead guitar. Red vinyl.

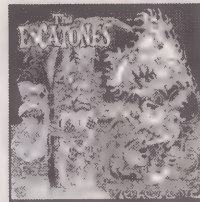
\$5



**Cinerama
7"**

Cinerama (aka The
Wedding Present) Their
first 7" in 10 years! Pink
vinyl. One time pressing.

\$5



**The Escatones
7"**

Surf / jangle / garage
rock. Download version
includes 3-song Charlie
Manson jam. White vinyl.

\$5



**Funeral Horse
cassette**

Stoner metal from Texas.
Yes, it's a cassette! Six
songs, 30 minutes.
Epic marijuanana jams!

\$4.20

Prices do not include postage. Please check
our bandcamp page for release availability
and details on shipping charges. M'kay?



Artificial Head Records & Tapes

artInstitute.bandcamp.com

facebook.com/ArtificialHead

COMMON GOAL: A

Blessings and Battles: CD

Man, I am really bothered by a band with an agenda, especially one as overt as this one. The band makes no bones about it—they are straight-up Christian punk. The message of working hard and doing good might not be such a bad thing, but when cloaked in these trappings, it just comes off as judgmental preaching. To be fair, I would feel the same about a band with any obvious agenda. That said, the music cannot seem to escape the dogma, kind of half-heartedly chugging along, content to tow the Christian line. I don't know, man. I grew up on punk that inspired me to challenge ideas and notions of religion and politics and stuff like this just seems anathema to my core beliefs. Sorry dudes, I just can't objectively recommend this release to anyone. —Garrett Barnwell (Thumper Punk, thumperpunkrecords.com)

CULO: My Life Sucks and I Could Care Less: LP

Culo again lays the smackdown on an unsuspecting public. As on previous releases, they spend a good portion of the time assaulting the listener with their patented full-bore, full-speed thrash attack, but just when you're on the ropes praying to be counted out, they clothesline from the top of the cage, slowing things down and even throwing in some keyboards when you least expect it. Whole thing comes on heavy and is over before you have a chance to get your mind around what

just happened and, being the masochists you inevitably are, you'll flip the wax over and begin the pummeling all over again. —Jimmy Alvarado (Deranged)

CURMUDGEON: Amygdala: LP

Blistering early '90s SoCal-style power violence in the vein of later No Comment, Despise You, or Lack Of Interest. I love this band because on the modern poverviolence playing field that stresses excessive speed or sludge, Curmudgeon are okay with having good riffs that are mid-tempo and even, at times, hit straight hooks. The music is dark and brooding, but the lack of concern with sounding "like" a poverviolence band adds a whole different sonic level. The lyrics are printed on one side of the insert with explanations on the other. I used to hate it when bands did that because I felt it excused writing vague lyrics, and...well, I kind of still feel this way, but I've also learned that you can't really judge someone because of how they choose to express ideas, so if they feel they need explanations to address the issues they need to address, that's fine. The design of the sleeve and insert felt really cumbersome at first, but the more time I spend with the record, the more I appreciate the label going out of their way to make the packing engrossing and interesting while the record spins and you read through the lyrics. —Ian Wise (Not Normal, notnormaltapes@gmail.com)

DARK RIDES: Walk the Floors: LP

"What's real is the voice when somebody talks, not the hum of circuits in a box."

If you're not a robot, a sycophant, or merely a capitalist in convenient punk clothing, there's a time when you either walk away from punk (it was just a phase, or if not a lot of people are into it, neither are you), or you dig deeper. Paradoxically, the journey goes far beyond the music, to its nourishing roots—to who you consider family, to food choices, to friend choices, actively, daily fighting for a life you want to live. We're talking beyond the first phase of a punk's life to when its initially bright colors have wilted and its loud tastes begin to sound muted.

"Well here's to those who didn't stop at the guitar. You're the reason we stand apart. You change it all, with an open heart." But punk without music is not something I'm interested in. Those are high expectations for a band and it's a question of ingestion. What will you spend time to seek out to nourish you when all the lights go out? For me, it's not about musical convenience and fast food of the mind, but bands that give and take, that buy in much more to their music and its meaning than they worry about how their record's selling. Dark Rides is from Chattanooga and is part of that amazing Future Virgins, ADD/C, Hidden Spots, Black Rainbow, Tulsa universe. It's emotionally intelligent, generous, and hidden in plain sight. "So don't you worry about the hereafter. The angry gods up in the rafters. Listen to the river's gentle laughter. We are one with all matter." An amazing debut LP. —Todd Taylor (Do Ya Hear We)

DAVE SMALLEY: Punk Rock Days: CD

Occasionally it takes some time before you are willing to peel back the onion and see what's under the skin, versus just going in for a big, juicy bite. Thankfully some artists are not afraid to go for broke. And that's exactly what we have with this record by Dave Smalley—songs that discerning music fans have played over and over again to continued enjoyment. This time stripped back to an acoustic setting. The fire and skill in the songwriting shines through here. Dag Nasty and Down By Law favorites are featured. Guest players include Brian Baker and Sam Williams III. The other half of the record features new Smalley efforts and a traditional Irish ballad. My favorite of the new songs is "Beau Geste." This is an incredible record and the talent is evident from start to finish. A must-have! —Sean Koepnick (Self-released, punkrockdays@gmail.com)

DAYLIGHT ROBBERY: "Distant Shores," "Annexed" b/w "Disruption": 7"

I celebrate Daylight Robbery's entire catalog and they continually grow. I feel that their sound is like noir cinematography, but unmistakably punk. They create with shadow almost more than with light. They give the shape to their songs almost like a crime-in-progress. There's tension, drama, plot. They make haunting music, not spooky music. But the morning sunlight breaking through thin drapes, a new version of Daylight Robbery shows itself on this 7". I hope it doesn't

OUT NOW:



Means Well

don't dream CS

COMING SOON:

Totally Slow LP
Museum Mouth LP
One Another LP
Viewfinder CS



Still Available: Old Flings, Oddczar, Late Bloomer, Center of the Sun, and more
www.selfawarerecords.com

SNAPPY
LITTLE
NUMBERS



3 new 7" records
for your summertime
listening pleasure

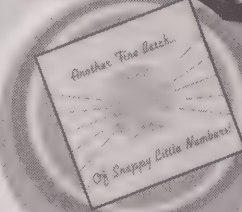
SPELLS



EMPTY PALACE



THE KNEW



snappylittlenumbers.blogspot.com

shut up
records

P.O. Box 4208
Chico, CA
95927

SEVERANCE
PACKAGE

\$6 cd EP

FROZEN
TEENS

split
45

STREET
LEGAL

\$5 split 7"

www.shutuprecords.com

sound corny, but I kept coming back to these two words with this batch of songs: jubilant and galloping. Tasteful splashes of color fill their typically wintry musical world. Blood pumps under skin, a sweat breaks, and it sounds great. Recommended. —Todd Taylor (Poison City / Dirt Cult)

DEVO: *Hardcore Volume 1: LP*

It's funny to me when a CD becomes a valuable collector's item. Anyone searching for these ludicrously out of print volumes of Devo's early output on Rykodisc over the past ten plus years likely found them priced for around eighty dollars. Devo finally let loose the reigns, making their early four track demos available. Gems include unreleased early output like the emotionless robot anthem "Mechanical Man" along with slowed down versions of motorized masterpieces such as "Jocko Homo" and "Mongoloid." Devo's distinct sound arose from their ability to manipulate analog creaks and groans created on homemade equipment. The band's personality is cemented in these early examples of Devolution. While it's easy to consider this a fan-only release, the creativity of Devo's early songwriting is essential and worth studying for any music fan. Both volumes of *Hardcore* present the ultimate lesson in proto punk. —Billups Allen (Superior Viaduct)

DIRT BIKE ANNIE: *Hit the Rock! LP*

Holy smokes, Mutant Pop CDs from 1999 are getting re-released on vinyl!

What next, Oreo® pancakes? I loved Dirt Bike Annie back in the day! They had a light man, doing stuff with the lights! And synchronized dance steps! And a hot bass player! People didn't seem to know if they were a pop punk or a power pop band, but i don't know that they were actually either one... they were more like a cool rock band with pop and punk elements, like the Muffs, or the second Generation X album, or a punked-out version of Pilot or something. The straight-ahead rockers here like "Grape Crush" "Rat Fink" and "Come On! Come On!" still hold up, fourteen years later; the more expressive numbers like "Are You Ready to Dance?" make me long for synchronized leg kicks. I tried improvising my own dance routine in the living room but i hurt my foot on the VCR. The Dirt Bike is willing but the foot is geek. BEST SONG: "Rat Fink" BEST SONG TITLE: "Grape Crush" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: I once ranked Dirt Bike Jeanie as #41 in my Top 50 Hottest Rock Chicks of All Time list, and you'd be surprised how slowly a thing like that erodes from pubic memory in some sectors. —Rev. Nørh (Whoh Oh, whoahrecords.com)

DISABILITY: *Rockandrolitigers: Cassette*

Sludgy slowcore with annoying, shouting vocals, reminding me of a sexually repressed Henry Rollins. The first song has these weird time changes into noodley Joan Of Arc-type riffs before the sludgy riffs drop in again. That's the

most interesting it gets. From there it's just dragging riffs with little feedback or distortion to fill out the sound. Too much testosterone, too few ideas. —Craven Rock (Common Thread)

DISSEKERAD: *Self-titled: LP*

Prime-grade Swedish hardcore. These kids shake things up by mixing the usual Discharge influence with maybe a bit of crust to give it some apocalyptic heft. Add some laryngitic vocals and you has yerself fun for the whole family guaranteed to get lotsa spins at yer next bridge party. —Jimmy Alvarado (Skrammel, skrammelrecords.se)

DÖDSVARG: *Om Det Där Med Omänskliga Relationer: CDEP*

Not really what I was expecting. The name and black-on-black layout had me convinced I was getting a straight-up Skitsystem/Martyröd "stadium crust" clone. Those comparisons might actually be apt as far as vocals and guitar tones go, but the big picture is more a crusty-industrial-sludge-metal that's both quite unique and rather good. Definitely maintains the bleak atmosphere of the aforementioned Scandi-crust, but injected with a metallic, mechanic, cold, plodding vibe. Very cool. —Dave Williams (Suicide)

DOPAMINES, THE: *Vices: CD*

I've seen their name a billion times in the It's Alive ads, but somehow have never actually knowingly heard these cats until now. It's a shame, really, as these guys are top notch. What sticks out

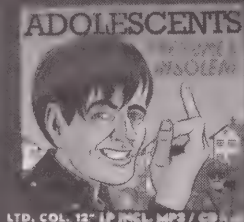
to me is the multidimensional nature of the band. Casual listening reveals a band very comfortable within the parameters they give themselves to work with—a poppy blend of Midwestern-styled, mid-tempo punk rock, but the subject matter takes a strong turn toward the deeply personal entries of a long-lost diary. Depression, alcohol, and broken love are all hauntingly touched upon in some of the happiest-sounding sad songs I have come across in recent memory. —Garrett Barnwell (It's Alive, itsaliverecords.com)

DRAGON TURTLE AND ERIC DE JESUS: *"The Second Summer of Love" b/w "The Leaves on the Trees Were Green with Youth: 7"*

This 7" is one of the more interesting releases I've come across in the last year. Dragon Turtle is a collaboration between musicians Brian Lightbody and Tom Asselin, playing synth-y, ambient shoegaze. Dragon Turtle provided backing music for some of spoken word artist Eric de Jesus's live readings, and this record presents studio recorded versions of two of those live collaborations. The music Dragon Turtle creates serves as a great backdrop for de Jesus's spoken word musings, particularly on "The Leaves on the Trees Were Green with Youth," which has great lines such as "The air was dusty, it felt like humidity and unemployment." My only complaint with this is that I wish de Jesus' voice was a bit more prominent in the mix, and not quite as muddy and hidden

CONCRETE JUNGLE RECORDS

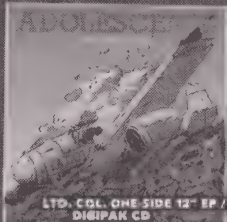
ONE OF EUROPE'S FINEST PUNK + HARDCORE LABELS FINALLY AVAILABLE IN THE U.S.!



ADOLESCENTS "PRESUMED INSULT" (THE BRAND NEW ALBUM FEAT. FOREVER SUMMER)
LTD. COL. 12" LP INCL. MP3 / CD



ADOLESCENTS "THE FASTEST KID ALIVE" (ALREADY A CLASSIC!)
CD ONLY



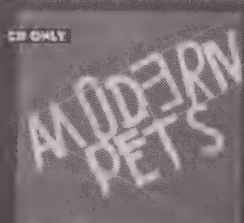
ADOLESCENTS "AMERICAN DOGS IN EUROPE EP" (FOUR NEW TRACKS!)
LTD. COL. ONE SIDE 12" EP / DIGIPAK CD



THE GENERATORS "THE DECONSTRUCTION" EP (FOUR NEW TRACKS + TWO LIVE SONGS)
LTD. COL. ONE SIDE 12" EP / DIGIPAK CD



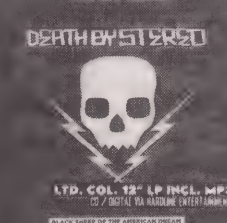
THE LEGENDARY RAW DEAL "BADLANDS MUD..." EP (RELEASED ON MUTANT ROCK RECORDS)
DIGIPAK CD



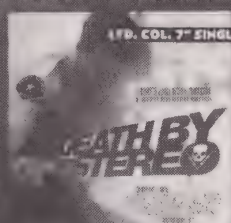
MODERN PETS "SAME" (SMUTTY 77 PUNK COMPARED WITH PISSED-OFF LYRICS!)
CD ONLY



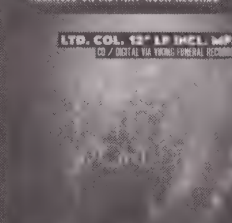
MODERN PETS "SORRY, THANKS!" (BRAND NEW STUDIO ALBUM!)
CD ONLY



DEATH BY STEREO "BLACK SHEEP OF THE..." (THE CURRENT STUDIO ALBUM ON VINYL)
LTD. COL. 12" LP INCL. MP3 / CD / DIGITAL PA HQDUNE ENTER! AMEN



DEATH BY STEREO "CROWING HUMPS" (INCL. A COVER VERSION OF BAD RELIGION'S MODERN MAN)
LTD. COL. 7" SINGLE



VERSUS THE WORLD "DRINK, SING, LIVE, LOVE" (THE CURRENT STUDIO ALBUM ON VINYL)
LTD. COL. 12" LP INCL. MP3 / CD / DIGITAL PA HQDUNE ENTER! AMEN

COBRASIDE DISTRIBUTION, INC.

www.CONCRETEJUNGLERECORDS.com
Facebook.com/concretejunglerecords



in the middle of the music. That said, if you're looking for something with a different vibe from the usual, do yourself a favor and check this out. —Paul J. Comeau (La Société Expéditionnaire, la-soc.com)

DRUGLORDS OF THE AVENUES:

New Drugs: CD

The second recorded installment by this long-running side project of Swingin' Utters frontman Johnny Peebucks. While I have never particularly been a fan of the Utters, I have to say that this outfit suits me just fine. Fifteen tracks of scrappy, beer-swillin' goodness. Well, fourteen as there is one half-hearted reggae-tinged song that probably should have been scrapped. All this plus a pretty awesome holiday track! Holiday songs can be a mixed bag, but the Druglords manage to deliver one of the better examples of the form. —Garrett Barnwell (Red Scare)

ELEPHANTS: Self-titled: CD

Fiery mix of Dinosaur Jr. meets My Bloody Valentine-style guitars with a sprinkle of vintage Letters To Cleo on top. Some of the lead guitar noodling gets a little repetitive and the vocalist kind of relies upon the same phrases, but, fortunately, the energetic delivery and good songs more than make up for any of those relatively minor quibbles. I expect to see good things in the future from these folks, for sure. —Garrett Barnwell (Self-released, elephant.the.band@gmail.com)

ELWAY: Leavetaking: CD

Ten years ago, I could see this band being really popular. It's melodic, heart-felt (emo?) punk rock. Additionally, there's the one obligatory acoustic tune and a quote inside the album by Sylvia Plath. Nowadays? I can still see it being big, but I can also see more people being jaded by this catchy, Alkaline Trio-sounding pop punk. Then again, there are still lots of teenagers nowadays, so who can say? —Kurt Morris (Red Scare)

EX NUNS: Dead of Zero: 7"

Kinda hard to get a bean on this one. Inside an almost AmRep clanging 'n' banging is an industrial vibe as interpreted by early Sonic Youth, with droning single string leads dueling against each other while someone moans a melody and sings unintelligible lyrics. The flip, "Crash Meditation," is more of the same, with a bit more lyrical clarity while not letting the boot off yer neck. Definitely a band to keep an eye on. —Jimmy Alvarado (25 Diamonds, info@25diamonds.com)

FACE TO FACE:

Three Chords and a Half Truth: CD

So the card trick after the first reunion record (or hiatus or whatever you want to call the five-year break), is to keep the momentum rolling. Some bands can do this—like Mission Of Burma, for example. Other bands just are not up to the challenge. I'm happy to report that this is not the case with this record. We get a lot of varied

sounds and different styles here, along with the Face To Face anthems of the future. It's obvious a lot of effort was put out on this one. "Skyscrapers and Smokestacks" and "Jinx Proof" were some of the standouts. But it's clear that this band can still make a solid album from end to end. Now it is all up to you. —Sean Koepenick (Rise)

FAITHLESS SAINTS:

State Dependent Learning: CD

While they show a lyrical astuteness and fearlessness to question the world around them that puts them in stark contrast with the lion's share of their contemporaries, the mélange of modern pop punk, modern ska, and assorted uninteresting stops in between sounds like waaaaay too many others and renders this virtually unlistenable. Noble attempt to mix things up a bit, but you gotta start out with Kool-Aid that ain't already watered down if you want it to taste like Purplesaurus Rex and not stale water. —Jimmy Alvarado (Irican, iricanproductions.com)

FROZEN TEENS: Self-titled: LP

Frozen Teens aren't one thing. Fancy people piss themselves over the complexities of wine. (Tastes like: "Raspberries, oak, chocolate, and NPR's high rotation music." No thanks. I'll take the spacebag that tastes like: bad decisions, headaches, forgetting, bruises, and armpits.) Fancy people can fuck themselves. But I like it when punk bands are pulling from several parts of the musical spectrum and they stitch the bubbles together. I think this band's

pretty young, but they're wizened. Musically, the holes in their shirts weren't there when they bought them. Sure, I've heard little bits of Frozen Teens before in the Replacements, Drunken Boat, and Bent Outta Shape, but it's more of a spirit, a general sense of journey than, "Whoah, that sounds a lot like 'Alex Chilton' or 'Rudes and Cheaps.'" It's not like that. There's a bittersweet, smoke-like quality that surrounds Frozen Teens. You put your music pants on in the morning, and sure as shit, you can smell the Frozen Teens songs all around you, as real as you'd been sitting next to a campfire. It's this fluidity, this happy sadness that I take away from Frozen Teens and I both like and appreciate it. It's one of those things I don't want over-explained, over-precious-ized. It's just really, really good music, you know? —Todd Taylor (Maule By Tigers / Do Ya Hear We)

GARBAGE DAY / MAKESHIFT:

Split: Cassette

This is a cool lo-fi garage rock split from a Buffalo-based label. Each band is a three piece, with two overlapping members. Garbage Day may or may not take its name from *Silent Night*, *Deadly Night Part 2*, but I'm going to pretend it does to make this tape seem even hipper. Solid packaging, a pro made cassette, and a free online version seal the deal. —Art Ettinger (Ut)

GAS RAG: Human Rights: 7" EP

Chicago hardcore that's raw as all get out, almost to the point of sounding like

FLAG of DEMOCRACY - "23"
FOD
CD/LP/CA/DL
1988 LP
REMASTERED
THRASHING
PHILLY
HARDCORE

PSYCHIC TEENS - "COME"
CD/LP/CA/DL
HEAVY
DARK
AND
GLOOMY
POST
PUNK

SRA records
also available:
FOD "SHATTER YOUR DAY" 2xLP/2xCD/CA/DL
+HRS+ "FIRST 100 SONGS" CD/LP/CA/DL
FOD "HOME LOBOTOMY KIT" CD
soon:
AUTISTIC BEHAVIOR "SHATTERED CATTLE" (82)
SRArecords.com IL.distro.com

CHECK OUT WEAK TEETH & BEST PRACTICES LIVE!
BOTH HAVE LIMITED FEST-ONLY MERCH

STILL NEW & RAD:
RATIONS - MARTYRS & PRISONERS 7"
TYLER DANIEL BEAN - EVERYTHING YOU DO SCARES ME 7"
THE TEN YEAR WAR: TJR ANNIVERSARY DVD

TON JOHNSON RECORDS
more records, tapes,
cass, shirts, videos,
zines, posters, etc
available online
www.tonjohnsonrecords.com

LET'S GET RAD!
COMING SOON ON STIFF HOMBRE

RATIONS
MARTYRS AND PRISONERS 7"

ANGRY SNOWMANS
BLACK COAL FOR ROTTEN CHILDREN

AK-47
GARDEN CITY 7"

INFLUENCE:
A TRIBUTE TO BIG BOYS
A 20 SONG TRIBUTE LP FEATURING:
NIGHT BIRDS, RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS
LOW CULTURE, TOYS THAT KILL
MIND SPIDERS, NEIGHBORHOOD BRATS
DRUNK INJUNS, NEGATIVE DEGREE
THE JUNK, DEATH CRISIS, JFA
LOS OLVIDADOS, WHIFF, DITCH PATROL
+ LOTS MORE

STIFF HOMBRE
67 SIMS AVE
VICTORIA, BC
V8Z 1J9, CANADA
STIFFHOMBRECORDS@GMAIL.COM
FACEBOOK & TWITTER TOO

some obscure Scandinavian hardcore gem, zippy without being silly about it, and pretty much unintelligible. They keep things short, endearingly sloppy and full-tilt, as well they should. — Jimmy Alvarado (Beach Impediment)

GATEWAY DISTRICT:
Old Wild Hearts: LP

While fans of The Soviettes and Rivethead will get exactly what they are wanting musically from Gateway District, two things bring *Old Wild Hearts* to the top of the heap. The packaging on this LP is so simple, it's stunning. The simple diagram graphics are hypnotic, keeping the cover glued to my hands while the wax is spinning. The only things that break that spell are the lyrics. A typical listening experience is following along with printed lyrics sheet as the songs unfold and blare through the speakers. I started this LP that way, then found I couldn't marry the words to the tunes. I kept reading straight through. They are poetry or short chapters of a book I can't put down. I actually read the lyrics sheet without the music playing after spinning the record. Just fantastic. —Matt Seward (It's Alive, itsaliverecords.com)

GOSPEL TRUTH: A Lonely Man
Does Foolish Things: LP

It'd be easy as pie to shorthand this as noise rock. Given the echoes of Butthole Surfers and other groups not exactly known for being averse to skronking things up a bit, I'd say it'd

be the natural go-to for most looking for a two-words-or-less descriptive. Things become a bit more problematic; however, the more one listens. While they are definitely adept at ratcheting up the racket, they are also just as versed in the dynamics of *when* to ramp things up, and have the sense to bury in their sound shades of the Gun Club's swampy blues, swinging rhythms, and even a cello. The resulting songs retain a singularity and sophistication that is too often lost in the underground's "play to a pigeonhole/template" overarching mentality. Don't let the cheesy quasi-metal cover dissuade ye, this is definitely worth a spin. —Jimmy Alvarado (12XU)

HAMMER AND THE NAILS: "Rome Is Burning" b/w "A Product of the Modern Age": 7"

When I was a kid, skinheads had the best taste in music. I mean, the *best*. They owned soul music, obscure British mod rock, ska music that sounded like it was recorded inside a tin can, and the late-'90s crop of U.S. oi like The Trouble, Patriot, and the Templars. But as the years wore on, the older guys moved on and a lot of the people who replaced them were, sadly to say, less than zealous. For a subculture that was supposed to be a cut above the rest, we sure did churn out a lot of really lame clunkers. The past couple of years has seen a little bit of a resurgence of oi and, while there are still plenty of lame "drink beer, have sex, fall down" coming out to

sate the masses, I've noticed a few really great releases in the past couple of years that I don't feel embarrassed to share with my friends with more hair than me. Hammer And The Nails put out one of those records in the form of a 12" EP a couple of years ago, and I have (along with a lot of others) been waiting on the follow-up since. This sucker is only two songs, but drives the point home harder than if they'd pulled for more tracks in the grooves. The A side is a dense, lyrically-driven track that is at least as good as any of the more thought-out "high art" punk, without the pretense, while the B side is driven more by the beat than the lyrics. The best thing about this band is that for all the nods they give to bands like Section 5, Sledgehammer, Breakdown, and a lot of others that you've probably never heard of, they have a sound that is cohesive and unique. You can pick up odes to old styles in their sound, but they don't pander. If you pick up one band from this oi revival, let it be this one. —Ian Wise (Rock n Roll Disgrace)

HATRED SURGE: Human Overdose: LP

The first time I heard Hatred Surge I felt like my mind got blown out of the back of my skull. All that stuff I'd heard coming out of Texas in the early 2000s was right there in their sound, but it was some sort of mutated version of it. Imagine the scene in *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II* where Shredder pumps those poor animals full of ooze and they come out these fucking insane, lumbering beasts. Well,

Reason Of Insanity and Race Against Time were the sweet little animals and Hatred Surge were their mutated counter parts, at once evolved and degenerated. But what struck me about Hatred Surge is that they kept fucking pummeling me with every release. The split with fellow Texans Insect Warfare was just the beginning of their Gulf Coast assault, and a couple years later I heard this insane collaboration record with Iron Lung. What a monstrosity! And here we have their latest outing. I've missed their last two EPs, but if I had been paying attention I may have seen this coming. Is this some bid for commercial success? Are these riffs dumbed down for a reason or did they just phone this in? This record *sounds* fantastic, the production is massive and so clean and crisp, but the riffs are more metallic, more simplistic. They remind me a little of Mammoth Grinder, but Mammoth Grinder own this style. Why ape it? The B side is has a different feel, and seems to make more sense as a Hatred Surge record. Is this a band at odds with itself? I just looked the band up and found out they now share a member with Mammoth Grinder. I hope that, eventually, they can integrate their styles in a way that sounds fluid, but for now this feels rushed and undeveloped. —Ian Wise (Iron Lung)

HEMORRHAGE: Chapter One: CDEP

At the end of the day, when the horses are corralled and the circus clowns have all gone home, Hemorrhage plays

RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS

FIRST TIME IN LP
SELF TITLED ALBUM BY
THE RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS
WITH NEW ARTWORK. PREORDER
NOW AND RECEIVE LIMITED PATCH &
ENTER TO WIN A TEST PRESS

RECORDED MESSAGES

RECORDED-MESSAGES.COM

SORRY STATE RECORDS
Fall 2013

New records from:

- RULETA RUSA
- JOINT D
- THE #1s
- THE LOVE TRIANGLE
- WHATEVER BRAINS
- SICKOIDS
- MANIPULATION

Check out our mailorder
for thousands of punk
and hardcore records
<http://www.sorrystaterecords.com>

hardcore. Apparently not content with being just another hardcore band, they bandy about some interesting song structures and throw in some woozy guitars here 'n' there. Could also possibly be the first band I've come across to reference *Game of Thrones*, if "Winter Is Coming" is indeed a reference. Pretty danged good all 'round. -Jimmy Alvarado (Abduct Tape, abducttaperecords@gmail.com)

HUFF STUFF MAGAZINE:

Sugar Mountain: LP

Pardon the genealogy and history lesson. It's a good record, instantly likeable. Bouncy. Pop-informed without inflicting musical diabetes. Huff Stuff Magazine sound like if Tenement grew up in Oakland in the late '90s and shared a house, or at least a practice space, with Bent Outta Shape. Definitely not what Tommy Deadbeat's been concentrating his efforts on lately (a lot of high quality, high-revving garage releases), but don't forget that Tommy cut his teeth on his *Viva La Vinyl!* comps. The first one in 1994 featured Tilt, J Church, Sicko, Bouncing Souls. So, it's not too surprising that Huff Stuff Magazine sounds like the upper tier of Lookout! before it turned its back on pop punk and bet the farm—and lost—on The Donnas (\$40,000 music videos with a tiger) and boring nonsense like The Oranges Band. (Punk empires fall at the sound of unpaid royalties. It's an old tune.) Engaging and sloppy-tight, *Sugar Mountain*, takes its name from

where it was recorded, Hammy's (Fleshies, Pigs) studio. Features Barker of Ringers (RIP) and Neon Piss (RIP). -Todd Taylor (Deadbeat, huffstuffmagazine@gmail.com)

HUGH BEAUMONT EXPERIENCE:

Cone Johnson: 7" EP

A reissue of this venerable Ft. Worth band's sole solo wax release (their track on the *Cottage Cheese from the Lips of Death* comp and other assorted comps and bootlegs notwithstanding), originally released in 1981, and again available in all its gritty glory. Those lookin' for something akin to the musically learned, well produced pap that seemingly assembly lines its way out in droves these days will be immediately put off by the first note of the first song, "Zyklon B," these kids (word is they were maxing out at the ripe ol' age of sixteen when this was recorded) serve up here. You'll find the shit's raw, sloppy, and utterly brilliant if you hunker down and just let it sink its teeth into you and, yes, you will go back for seconds. And thirds. As is the way with these reissue-type thangs, this is limited to five hundred copies, so start scrambling. -Jimmy Alvarado (Cheap Rewards, cheaprewards.net)

HUSSY, THE: *Pagan Hiss: LP*

Clothes Mountain: 10"

I think the 10" actually came out before the album, even though the album has a song called "Clothes Mountain Pt. 2." Sonically, *Clothes Mountain* sounds like it could have come between The

Hussy's first two albums, *Cement Tomb Mind Control* and *Weed Seizure*, stomping fairly straight forward and blown-out. The artwork puts me in a time machine and takes me back to 1997. I don't know why, exactly. Is it the color scheme? Maybe the Dobermans? "Beanbag" has weird tape shifts and changes that I find disarming, which I'm sure are the band's intentions. *Pagan Hiss* continues with the sound layering experiments I first noticed on the *Weed Seizure* LP. The Hussy continues to mix proto-punk riffage, psych elements, and damn catchy pop-informed tunes. "Rezhand" and "Hate This Town" stand next to "Stab Me" (from *Weed Seizure*) and "Sexi Ladi" and "Wrong/Right" (from *Cement Tomb*) as certifiable road trip mix worthy singalong jams. Bobby Hussy is able to wrangle some scorching tones out of his guitar, which makes the band really stand out among its garage/punk/psych peers. I really think they should be on In The Red. Vocals are a little less drowned in reverb than their previous album (not a criticism, just an observation). As great as these records are, The Hussy really should be experienced live. -Sal Lucci (Southpaw, southpaw-records.com / Red Lounge, redloungerecords.net)

IGGY & THE STOOGES: *Ready to Die: CD*

There are some subtle differences between this and *The Weirdness*, the last Stooges record since their reformation. Iggy is front and center on the cover and the back. Way in the back cover

photo, and out of focus, are two figures who I can guess are Scott Asheton and James Williamson. Mike Watt? You have to open the insert to see any sign of him. Okay—first, Mike has played in the band for ten years now. Second, this is an ex-Minutemen we are talking about for chrissakes! Okay, I'm calmed down now. The music certainly has more texture than the rough-as-hell Ron Asheton era. Whether that is a good or bad thing is up to the fans. Williamson is still on his game, but I'm not hearing a riff as memorable as "Penetration" here. "Dirty Deal" finds Williamson mining old territory to good effect. Sax and backing vocals are more prominent, but the music still has bite. There's even acoustic guitar on "Unfriendly World." It all fits together, but it's not the same band, I guess is what it comes down to. Worth checking out, but you are not going to play this more than *Raw Power*, that's for damn sure -Sean Koepenick (Fat Possum)

ILLS, THE: *Get It: 7"*

Sloppy, poppy, raunchy fun. Moments of minuscule connection and blasts of dangling emotions. These are not songs to consider; they say what they mean to say and leave quickly before anyone has a chance to object. The songwriting is barebones even if there is a keyboard, a usual sign of a song wankery. These simple tunes echo the likes of White Lung or God Equals Genocide. There might be a few times where you can guess where the song is going with complete accuracy, but the



CREATIONISTS
full length LP
"HOLY WISDOM"
available now!!!!

Only \$13 including Pay Pal
fees and shipping (US ONLY)

For more information,
please contact
supersecretrecords@hotmail.com
especially orders from abroad

 super secret records
www.supersecretrecords.com



METALLEG

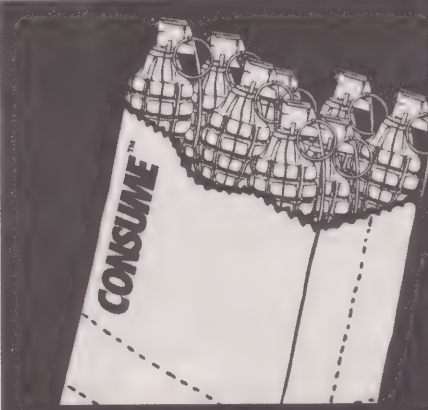
Hit of the Week 45 RPM 12"

limited edition color vinyl
with free download

SONNY VINCENT 7" EP
AND THE BAD REACTIONS



TREND IS DEAD RECORDS



TRUST

WWW.TRUST.ZONE.DE

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING -
IT'S WHAT YOU
ARE BUYING"

delivery does each predictable move with justice. Never underestimate a road that has already been mapped. Grade: B+. —Bryan Static (Shake, experienceshake.com / No Front Teeth, nofrontteeth.co.uk)

IRON LUNG: *White Glove Test*: 2 x LP

It's been well over twelve years since I first witnessed long-running powerviolence juggernauts Iron Lung opening up for Spazz's last show at Gilman St. I can still remember how utterly amazed I was with the duo's ferocity and tightness as well as being equally disappointed with the fact that they had no demos/records for sale. Luckily for me, they've been constantly releasing new records left and right since then, including a multitude of splits, two full lengths, and even some live cassette-only recordings pressed in insanely limited quantities. *White Glove Test* is the band's third full length and their newest material since their *Brutal Supremacy* compilation tracks from 2011. Setting a new standard for innovativeness and maintaining the good name of the often tainted name of the powerviolence genre has been the Lung's business ever since and this new album is continued evidence of just why Jon and Jensen are the undisputed kings. Twenty tracks of Crossed Out-styled stop/start beat-downs lovingly crafted and thematically centered around the unseen horrors of the medical/health industry, ultimately outlining why there's absolutely nothing left for you

to do but tag your own toe and shuffle on down to the morgue after you become gravely ill. Depending on how lucky you are, there are two versions of this album: the limited copies (this being one) come with a companion LP, which features some unsettling noise and sound collage arrangements designed to be played simultaneously with the first disc. An adventurous experiment if you're so equipped with two turntables, but still worth owning for the first disc which should only be played at two volume settings: loud and seismograph inducing-ly loud! —Juan Espinosa (Iron Lung / Prank)

JOINT CHIEFS OF MATH, THE: *Wires*: LP

The music you'll hear on *Wires* is instrumental post-rock or math rock, but if you feel like that's a bland-dry, genre you just might be pleasantly surprised by The Joint Chiefs. They free the post-rock sound from its boring constraints by throwing all sorts of things into the mix. Be it electronics or a scattered horn through a song, or a jazzy bit here and there, they create a sound that's always changing, never falling into the trappings of look-how-tight-we-are wankery or the soundscapey doldrums of what boring people fuck to. It's intelligent music that's also exciting and engrossing. The drummer is fucking insane sick; the only constant thing you can rely on while listening to *Wires* is his crazy-ass beats. It's the perfect kind of music for writing or something equally

cerebral. It changes things up enough to be mentally stimulating if you want more than background music but don't want to be continually jarred out of your thoughts. If you're into stuff like Explosions In The Sky but think they're a one trick pony or you like Touch And Go, Don Caballero-type math rock, but wish they kept it more exciting you'll probably like this. Even if you have the most passing taste for instrumental post-rock, but don't care to dig through all the bird- and nautical-named redundancy, do yourself a favor and check out The Joint Chiefs Of Math. —Craven Rock (Ranch, ranchrecords, bigcartel.com)

JUNIPER RISING: *Self-titled*: Cassette

If you know anything about Burger Records you'll know that they're pretty big on that huge Phil Spector-style production, which works really well with the kind of power pop and '60s revival bands they've made popular. So what if they put out a country band? Same fuckin' thing—huge, shimmering, surfy (Surf twang? Country twang? Who's counting?) reverberated guitars, with a steel guitar in the mix as well. The female vocals are high in the mix, lackadaisical and airy, and best when they all harmonize. It's an upbeat, pleasant listen, in spite of the crying in your beer lyrics. —Craven Rock (Burger, burgerrecords.org)

JUVENTUD CRASA: *Self-titled*: 7"

This is some well played punk hailing from Puerto Rico. I especially liked

how a specific song could go from being a singalong, into some off-beat vocals, then get really aggressive out of nowhere. It doesn't stick to one über-specific genre of punk, which I really appreciated. I was hoping for a lyric sheet or insert, not just to decipher the vocals, but to get some more insight into what this band's all about and see some more cool art. The wolf playing a flute on the cover is pretty great. Regardless, I really enjoyed this and it's been on regular random rotation for a few weeks. If they swing through your town, go to the show and tell me what it's all about. —Rene Navarro (Juventud Crasa, juventudcrasa.bandcamp.com)

KICKER: *Not You*: CD

I looked at the CD, I listened to the music. I would have sworn that this was a long-forgotten band from U.K. circa 1982 or '83. I was wrong. They are from Oakland and are circa now. With a little bit of internet researching I found out that some of the members have played in bands such as Filth, Neurosis, and Dystopia. I've never been a follower of those bands, but I know many who are. I think those same people would like Kicker. Hell, I really like Kicker. It's angry. Like, really fucking angry! Sometimes life makes you need to smash shit. This is your new soundtrack to that. —Ty Stranglehold (Tankcrimes)

KOMODINA 3: *Self-titled*: LP

Wow, what a surprise! This is a lo-fi garage rock'n'roll record that sounds

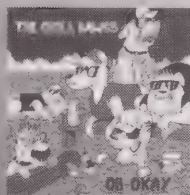


HEY! THAT'S MY COPY OF DUDES MAGAZINE, YA FUCKIN' COUNT!

\$5

ISSUE 20 OUT NOW! 80 PAGES 8 1/2 x 11
INTERVIEWS WITH: GUITAR WOLF & ANDREW W.K.

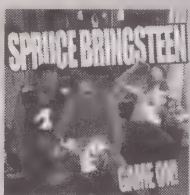
www.dudesmag.com | dudesmagazine@gmail.com
facebook.com/pages/Dudes-Magazine/274647355969213



5-song 7 inch | \$5
dawschillthebandcamp.com



3-song 7 inch | \$5
coolmutants.bandcamp.com



11-song 10 inch | \$10
thesprucebrincksteen.bandcamp.com

do what? RECORDS

6819 Minnesota Avenue Saint Louis, MO 63111
dowhatrecords@gmail.com



DROP THE NEEDLE BOSTON PUNK ANTHOLOGY



SMEGMA AND THE NUNZ
GANG GREEN (1985)
MALLET HEAD
SCRATCH
CELEBRITY DEATH CERTIFICATE

Former & future members of
THE FREEZE, GANG GREEN and STOMPBOX
13 rare or unreleased punk rock, hardcore &
rock songs from 1982-1995.

Trev Records: bostonpunkrock.com

like it should be been recorded in the early '90s. Imagine early Oblivians mixed with the Spits through a 1992 budget rock filter. Make whatever you think that would sound like be from Greece, and whatever you're left with is like Komodina 3. This was actually apparently recorded in 2005 and only first released now on vinyl for the very first time. It's primitive, raunchy, and, honestly, really fucking good. —Mark Twistworthy (Slovenly, slovenly.com)

KRANG: *Broken Waves: 7"*

Part of the current Profane Existence Records Limited Edition Single Series, this perfect record from Chicago crust kings Krang is absolutely essential. On the faster end of crust, there's not a second that gets spared in this quick whirlwind of a record. Continuing to tour heavily, Krang is not to be missed if they play your town. Till then, this record won't disappoint. Profane Existence proves once again that they have their fingers firmly on the pulse of all that's magical in hardcore. —Art Ettinger (Profane Existence)

LA FLINGUE:

Kleb-Stoff Zéro-Deux: 12" EP

Word on the street is that this band contains at least one former Hatepink ((as if, somehow, all the hot pink duct tape on the cover wasn't enough of a context clue)), which makes perfect sense, as La Flingue take the mess left us by the Hatepinks ((sort of a crash between a French Spits and a pink Zodiac Killers)) and mutate it

into even more gloriously heights of Franco-Anglo-Deutscho '70s punk retardo-insanity. If you've spent the last twenty-five years of your life looking for the next "Bummer Bitch," I'm pretty sure "Hass Hass Hass" has just ended your quest gloriously. *Viva l'eyefuck!* BEST SONG: "Hass Hass Hass" BEST SONG TITLE: "Ton Cuir Noir de Merde" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: The front cover consists of the *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* cover, almost-but-not-quite covered in hot pink duct tape with a white duct tape border. The back cover repeats the process with the other side of the jacket, but this time it's white duct tape with a hot pink duct tape border. I salute their even-handedness. —Rev. Nørb (P.Trash, ptrashrecords.com)

LEMURIA: *The Distance Is So Big: CD*

One of the interesting things about punk's first few runs was watching which way the waves broke in the mid-'80s—at the risk of waaaay oversimplifying things for the sake of a lame metaphor, one direction went the way a crappy glam metal, one went the way of speed metal, and yet another laid the foundation of what became known as "alternative rock." Those that chose the latter—Hüsker Dü, Soul Asylum, Die Kreuzen, Replacements, Minutemen, M.I.A., Washington DC's hardcore faction, and many, many others—took the intensity and creativity that fueled so much of those early first waves and

added liberal doses of art-rock, roots rock, and pop to come up with varied hues of sound with the only unifying factor being a desire to push beyond the boundaries that the puritanical hordes had tried to fence everything in with. Though not always with the exact same results, subsequent waves of punk have ultimately bred similar moments when clusters said "fuck the rules" and strived for something off the beaten path. Lemuria falls squarely in this tradition. Melding hardcore left (you can almost feel the weight of their guitars when they kick in) with egghead structures, effective vocal interplay, and delicate pop hooks, they deliver a full-length's worth of tunes filled with fun contradictions—heavy but light, intense but laid back, complex but accessible. I imagine Bridge Nine regulars looking for something to succeed the thick-necked virulence of Agnostic Front's most recent endeavor will likely be put off by "wimpy" shit like this at first blush, but those who take a moment to actually digest what's going might actually find much here to keep them coming back. —Jimmy Alvarado (Bridge Nine)

LILLINGTONS, THE:

Shit out of Luck: Cassette

As they say, hindsight is 20/20. I must admit that I have never really been a pop punk aficionado and had therefore managed to navigate around the Lillingtons and their body of work. Turns out that strategy was pretty weak as this, a cassette re-issue of their debut

album from 1996, could probably rank as one of the finest examples of the genre. Buzzbomb guitars and tongue-in-cheek lyrics abound. This is an essential release and don't be stupid like me—pick this up now if you don't already own a copy. —Garrett Barnwell (Jolly Ronnie, jollyronnierecords.com)

LINK: *Self-titled: CD*

Heavy, melodic Euro-crust that doesn't bring *too* much innovation to the table, but I'm a sucker for this shit, and there are heaps of The Spectacle-esque chord choices and sprawling, epic sections that suggest an urgency found more in the anarcho-hardcore world as opposed to the too-often rehashed Wolfbrigade/Tragedy-clone side of things. It's definitely the melodic sensibility here that sets it apart from a hugely oversaturated subgenre. If, like me, you're always on the lookout for a band from this world that doesn't blend completely into the background, then I recommend checking this out. Great stuff. —Dave Williams (Distro-y, distroyrecords.com)

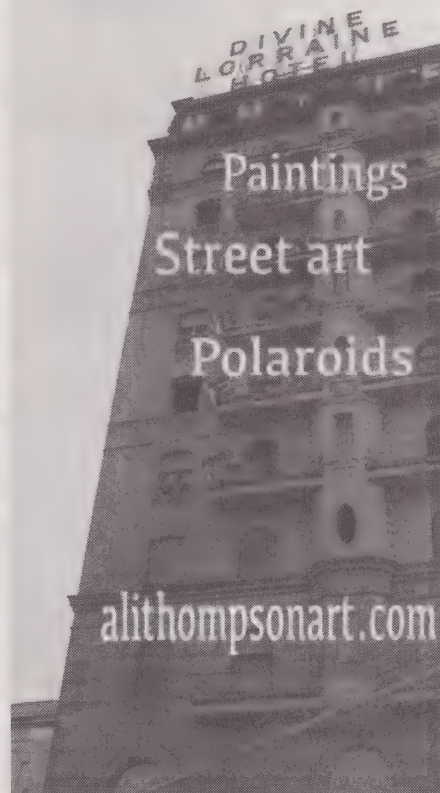
LIPSTICK HOMICIDE / TURKLETONS, THE:

We're Gonna Need a Bigger Coat: 7"

Two bands playing catchy pop punk with hooks galore and energy to spare. Lipstick Homicide has the leadoff spot and hits two winners out of the park with their female vocals and propulsive beat. The Turkletons have male and female vocals and are every bit the equal on this split single. A definite



art you can afford



keeper that makes you love pop punk all over again. —Rick Ecker (It's Alive!saliverecords.com / John Wilkes Booth, johnwilkesboothrecords.com)

LIVIDS: *She Likes Zits: 7" EP*

Lotta history packed into the members of this garage supergroup, and it shows on this wax slab. The three tunes here strut, swagger, and stomp with equal parts trash, punk, and high-octane rock'n'roll and leaves ye jonesing for more, more, more. Was starting to believe this genre had seen its best days fade in the rearview mirror. This just shut my big mouth up right quick. —Jimmy Alvarado (Twistworthy)

LIVIDS:

Your House or the Courthouse: 7" EP

When the New Bomb Turks packed their bags for good, it marked the end of an era. The aforementioned garage punk pioneers left a significant footprint, leaving many wondering if they'd ever surface in another form. Off hand, I can't think of any ex-NBT side projects at all, for that matter. Either way, after hearing rumors of Livids playing around Brooklyn for some time, frontman Eric Davidson is back in the fold. The mid-tempo, title track has a solid hook, not terribly distant from something most 'Turks fans would hope for. "Zilch," is over in the blink of an eye (around thirty seconds) and hits you harder than you'd expect. Tight and catchy enough to put the needle back on the same grooves again, to spot what you missed the first

time around. The flip finishes off with a cover of Iggy Pop's "New Values," hand claps and all. Fans of Davidson's previous work won't be ready to bury this single in the back pile. Strong enough to make you wonder what's next. Slovenly's a consistent label and this 7" fits right in with the standard. —Steve Adamyk (Slovenly)

M.O.T.O.:

Golden Quarter Hour of MOTO: 7" EP

The low-rent genius and Crusher-like good looks of Paul Caporino returns for eight songs recorded on four tracks pressed onto seven inches of vinyl, which is 1.143 songs per inch, 0.875 inches per song, and 0.571 tracks per inch per song. To keep things streamlined, Mr. Caporino has eliminated some of the clutter of past recordings, including backing musicians, recording studios, and verses, delivering his clever and hopelessly catchy bits directly into the listener's nervous system with a modicum of fillers and buffering agents. Song subjects include the usual fare: Rock ("Rock Rock Rock Rock Rock Rock Rock the Nation" "Dial M for Rock"), pussy ("Tight Feline Vegetation"), and the great unknowable ("AC7YIAR"). "Suck on this lump of coal and make me a diamond?" Balderdash! This diamond comes pre-sucked! BEST SONG: "Rock Rock Rock Rock Rock Rock Rock the Nation" BEST SONG TITLE: Yeah, you guessed it: "Rock Rock Rock Rock Rock Rock Rock the Nation" FANTASTIC AMAZING

TRIVIA FACT: Rise up in dismay, this record clocks in at barely fourteen minutes!!! —Rev. Nørb (Rerun / Blast Of Silence, rerunrecordsSTL.com)

MAGUMA TAISHI: *Self-titled: 7"*

If Bloodbath And Beyond is a burrito... gah, I can't do it. Maguma Taishi features Hideo and Matthew of Birthday Suits, Mike Park of Asian Man Records, and Paddy Costello (who named the Strike record, *Conscience Left to Struggle with Pockets Full of Rust*, also in the Arrivals and D4). I like the idea of Mike Blind Shake recording them, too. But, really, it sounds like someone else is in charge of the remote on a TV tuned to a language I can't understand. When things get interesting—"that Orca's gonna fuck up that seal..."—onto the next song. This took only three hours to record and it sounds like it. I wish they fleshed it out, spent an entire weekend, perhaps a little preplanning. So, in summation: Melt Banana cutting off Cleveland Bound Death Sentence mid-sentence? A pop punk-leaning Merzbow? I'm just grabbing at straws now. —Todd (Asian Man)

MAKE-OVERS: *"Surfbored" b/w "Will It Ever Grow Back": 7"*

I'm gonna throw my hat in the ring for stupidest thing ever said in a record review by claiming that this sounds like a garage rock version of Bikini Kill, except when it sounds like the Urinals ((not just the Urinals, but "Surfin' with the Shah," no less!)), which is

mostly just at the beginning and the end. Oh well, I guess you can take the Urinal out of the girl, but you can't take the girl out of the urinal. BEST SONG: "Surfbored" BEST SONG TITLE: "Will It Ever Grow Back" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Unless I've been cruelly misled, this band is from South Africa. —Rev. Nørb (Hozac)

MANIPULATION: *Untitled: LP*

I feel like Manipulation is the odd-band-out on the Sorry State catalog. Like the rest of the bands the label puts out, they have that total "we are hardcore record collector nerds putting out music for hardcore record collector nerds" vibe that seems to be the one common tie that binds the label's aesthetic, but instead of trying to push a lot of different influences into one big meta grinder and seeing what comes out, Manipulation have honed in a pretty specific idea and are picking it apart. While the varied sounds of the other bands on the label seem to work for them, for Manipulation trying to break away from a sound that they already do so well may be detrimental, so I'm happy they don't try to please too many people. For a band that isn't "crust" in terms of fashion or cookie-cutter politics, they're a band that does the style at least as well their contemporaries ingrain in the genre. There's a fresh approach to the sound, and while they may not craft the best individual songs, every individual record they've put out has held up well

collision course records

the Ejector Seats

say sorry LP/CD

collision course records

neat 'o bluey/greeny/orangy/purple splattered vinyl

collisioncourse records.com

collision course records

MILLION MACHINES

A MILLION MACHINES

new cassette tape single! >DIGITAL FACE<

https://www.facebook.com/millionmachines

GRID RECORDS p.o. box 27353 los angeles, ca 90027

EX-BOOGYEMEN

"THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF AT AN EX-BOOGYEMEN SHOW. DRINKING CHEAP WINE, SURROUNDED BY LEATHER JACKETS AND TATTOOS. GETTING THOSE INEXPLICABLE SPINS. IF IT'S YOUR FIRST TIME SEEING THEM, DON'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU WAKE UP IN A DITCH COVERED IN AMNIOTIC FLUID. YOU WILL BE REBORN." — LEAD US DOWN

APPEARING LIVE AT:

FEST

thefestfi.com theexboogeymen.bandcamp.com

Available Now: January 11 Ceremony CD/Download!

as a *whole*, clearly better than the sum of its parts. I was a little apprehensive going into this because I didn't know if the ideas presented in their 7's would translate to an LP, but I'm happy to say they've pulled it off. -Ian Wise (Sorry State, sorrystaterecords.com)

MARTIN REV: *Self-titled*: LP

As one half of rock'n'roll's most confrontational acts, Martin Rev was recognized as dangerous in an already dangerous scene. While The Ramones quibbled with each other on the CBGB stage, Suicide brandished bicycle chains at the audience. They combined the abrasive aspects of punk and electronic music into a sound that's still ahead of its time thirty years later. Rev's solo efforts carry on where Suicide left off with overdriven electronic riffs framing minimalistic poetry. Rev's deadpan vocal delivery over electronic pings and swooshy keyboards is reminiscent of the best of the dronier aspects of the Silver Apples. He's not afraid to let the music spin out of control into a noisy mess. Rev captures a late night quality with his music that could be the soundtrack to shopping in an overnight deli. -Billups Allen (Superior Viaduct)

MIGHTY CAESARS, THEE: *Beware The Ides Of March / Acropolis Now / Thee Caesars of Trash / Wise Blood*: LP

With the addition of these four LPs, I now have seven Mighty Caesars albums. This is one more album than I have of Headcoats albums. Billy Childish, what are you doing to

me? Thee Mighty Caesars and Thee Headcoats are two of his most notable acts, and other Childish bands like Thee Milkshakes, Buff Medways, and Spartan Dreggs all take up much space on my shelves. Childish has been one of my favorite musicians for many years (my one and only tattoo is based on one of his art pieces) and it is near impossible to keep up with all of his recorded output. In the '80s, Thee Caesars served as inspiration to garage punkers the world over to move past the "paisley underground" dreck and Troggs it up. 1980's and 1990's garage punk was all the better, sonically, for it. (Think: The Mummies, New Bomb Turks, Crypt Records.) Even for a Childish-o-phile like me, it's hard to distinguish between some of his bands. Thee Caesars lead into Thee Headcoats logically, but Thee Caesars use some extra instrumental flair and were less angry than Thee Headcoats. You can hear the band progress through these re-releases as the guitar and bass develop increasing bite (*Beware...* has the muddiest mix, almost drowning out the frantic drums.) I won't tell you who did the originals of all the covers. Part of the fun is finding out for yourself. -Sal Lucci (Damaged Goods)

MIKE KROL: *Trust Fund*: 10"

This certainly isn't your parents' power pop, but it surely could be your siblings'. Channeling Wavves, The Thermals, and The Oh Sees, Mike Krol's new record, *Trust Fund*, allows blistering, fuzzy guitars and bass soaked in disdain

(and distortion) to provide cover for what, at their heart, are a set of raw and unguarded songs. If Mike has a leather jacket, I guarantee you there is a cassette of the Promise Ring in the inner pocket. From the well executed and attractive but purposely obtuse cover (the lyrics are entirely in English, where much of the sleeve is written in Japanese) to the rough and tumble sound coating every corner of this work, the first things we notice about this piece of art seem to be a bait and switch to either hide the gooey center or to help wrench it out. If you are planning to throw on your cardigan and punch a hole in the ceiling in distress over your current state of affairs, this could be a great soundtrack. I wouldn't blame you either. -Noah (Counter Counter Culture)

MORTO PELA ESCOLA:

Raiva Do Mundo: 7" EP

Brazilian hardcore that starts at a relatively mid-tempo seethe and builds up as it goes along. As the title, which translates to "rage of the world," would imply, the lyrics and music are laced with anger, but the band maintains a level of sophistication to their attack with well structured tunes and lyrics more poetic and less blunt than others might employ. -Jimmy Alvarado (Zuada, eduardo_maia@hotmail.com)

MR. ELEVATOR & THE BRAIN HOTEL: *"Dreamer" b/w "Are You Hypnotized"*: 7"

A trio of keyboard, drums, and bass, Mr. Elevator And The Brain Hotel have an

aggressive psych-pop sound that could double as the soundtrack to a haunted house. Both songs have a carnival feel with Nuggets-style riffs and the vocals are snotty and upbeat. Anxious to hear more. -Billups Allen (Resurrection)

NASALROD: *Steward*: 7" EP

There was a time when punk bands strove to sound completely different from the bands before and after 'em on a given bill, and it's clear that these cats are very much on that wavelength. Working from a punk base, they slather on heaping gobs of free jazz, art rock, and a buncha other shit and end up with songs dense with rhythmic shifts, time changes, and the ability to make what they're doing sound both partially improvised and worked out to the smallest minutiae. I imagine folks will inevitably trot out the Fear comparisons 'cause their drummer is none other than Mr. Spit Stix, but, honestly, these cats have a sound all their own, and I for one am chuffed they do. -Jimmy Alvarado (Nasalrod, nasalrod.com)

NEW BOMB TURKS:

Tape Worm Blues: 10"

!!Destroy-Oh-Boy!!: LP

Man, unreleased tracks from the Turks! This is the second 10" I picked up in less than a month, which is cool 'cuz I likes me some 10" records. It's a blast being able to listen to demos that would go on to be future NBT releases, in their original slower incarnations. I remember an old Crypt Records catalog (circa late '90s) that used the same artwork as the

SIX NEW SONGS FROM THE LEGENDARY NYHC PUNK BAND

YUPPICIDE




ALSO AVAILABLE:
ANTHOLOGY '88-'93
 2 DISCS, 58 SONGS!
 COMBO DEALS
 T-SHIRTS
 STICKER PACKS

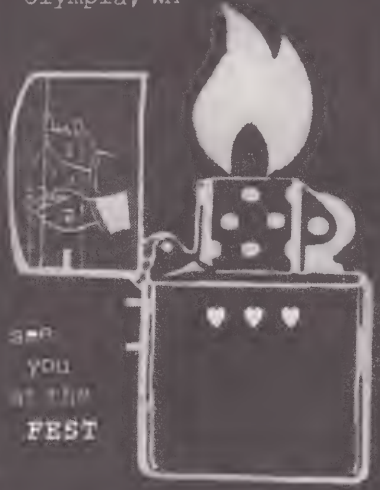
WWW.YUPPICIDEMERCH.COM

campfireisland

5 years of celebrating
 punk, post-punk
 and hardcore...

and over 80 videos of
 awesome bands...

find us online or on the
 radio at KAOS 89.3FM in
 Olympia, WA



3PM
 YOU
 AT THE
 FEST



ALL AGES RECORDS
 LONDON'S ONLY INDEPENDENT
 PUNK & HARDCORE RECORD STORE

OPEN EVERYDAY 11:30AM - 6:30PM
 27A PRATT STREET, CAMDEN, LONDON NW1 0BG, UK
 TEL: (+44) 1 207 267 0303

www.allagesrecords.com
shop@allagesrecords.com

cover of *Tape Worm Blues*. Liners by "Irving Azlik, Jr." himself, who was Crypt's favorite fictional whipping boy for all things they hated music biz-wise back then. I love *!!Destroy-Oh-Boy!!*, think it's one of the great punk albums of all time, but NBT always shined brightest as a live band (and I actually think their best album was the *Pissing out the Poison* singles comp.) NBT still plays the occasional show, and I got to see their recent twentieth anniversary gig celebrating the release of *!!Destroy-Oh-Boy!!*, in their hometown of Columbus, OH. In case you were wondering, NBT still kills it live. —Sal Lucci (Crypt)

NEW IRON FRONT: *Street Sessions*: CD

This is a demo of songs that are going to be on their debut full length album, and if this is any indication, it sure will be one awesome set of songs. Song after song of hard-hitting, gritty punk rock that I just had to keep listening to over and over again. The band rages through these eight songs and really left me wanting to hear more from them. Now I really have to hear their full length. This is the kind of punk rock that really gets me going. I love blistering solos and angry vocals. It all feels like you are standing in front of the speakers at their show, swallowed by one giant wave of energy. —Rick Ecker (1332, 1332records.com)

NEW YORK WANNABES:

Loud and Proud: 12"

With this band name and the record titled *Loud and Proud*, I thought for

sure this was going to be bad NYHC. I'm glad to say that I was very wrong! While this formula has been done before, not often does a band get it right like New York Wannabes have here. The band is a two-piece, male and female garage rock band from Germany that worship at the altar of Lux and Ivy. Musically, they play fucked up blues rock'n'roll, from the heart, without an ounce of pretentiousness. Anyone who is into primitive garage rock like Oblivians or the Gories should seek this out! —Mark Twistworthy (P.Trash, trashrecords.com)

NIGHT: *Gunpowder Treason*: 7"

This is straight-up '80s-flick-workout-montage music. Those with a soft spot for The Scorpions, and others of their ilk, might find room for this record in your collection. I just can't listen to music like this without imagining John Brannon standing in the corner of my room watching me and shaking his head disapprovingly. —Daryl (Gaphals, gaphals666@gmail.com)

NO MORE ART / DOOM TOWN: *Split*: 7"

The term "world music" strikes me as racist; it's a genre based on the premise that the U.S. is at the center and the "world" is out there somewhere. It's all one world, no? No More Art: This is a slam dunk without even getting off the couch. Think Masshysteri, Vanna Inget, Assassinator, Knugen Faller, slower El Banda. (If you just had five question marks pop up in your thought bubble, please check them out.) The guitars

lay out the spools of barbed wire, the bass builds the wall of the prison, the drums are the truncheon in a deranged guard's hands, and the voice is like a dove of hope flitting above the gulag. Tension, forced captivity, iced-over earth, and that sliver of hope that keeps us all from offing ourselves right here and now. Doom Town: The Red Dons' fingerprints are all over this but they're not at the crime scene. (Haji mastered it, Will did the layout.) I'm fine with the osmosis, that eerie ethereality rebared in heavy chunks of concrete, that paranoia and concision—all of it is all evident. Excellent split. —Todd Taylor (Man In Decline)

NOISEM: *Agony Defined*: CD

Sweet fucking mercy. Why hasn't anyone else nailed this so hard? Equal parts early Slayer, Scott Burns Florida death metal circa '89-'92, and first-wave Swedish Sunlight Studios metal, all executed with such genuine accuracy and baffling talent (late-teens to early-twenties... *funuck*) that even the most jaded metal folks will be duly impressed. I could go on all day, but I won't. If you dig pre-studio trickery, dark, brutal metal, go and get this shit immediately. —Dave Williams (A389)

NOMAD: *Self-titled*: 12" EP

New York has always been a hotbed for stand-out hardcore bands. In the past few years it has proved it once again, overflowing in all areas of hardcore. Nomad is a great addition. Nomad nails the crasher crust/noise sound and leans

it toward traditional d-beat. Kawakami would be fist pumping in his grave at the early Discharge perfection. I was pretty stoked on the lack of vocal effects, considering the majority of the newer bands in this genre have been overdoing it. It's an overdone trend. This 12" EP is a breath of fresh nuclear air—raw d-beat and doing it right. Cutting like a saw, and buzzing—like your ears should be after listening to this. —Adam Mullett (Toxic State)

NONA: *Through the Head*: LP

Now we're talkin'. This record is great! Really solid and tuneful indie pop that fans of Lemuria will want to be all over. Hints of everything from the Spinanes to some of the Big Eyes stuff can be found here and it is excellent. This is what I would call a perfect Fall-time record, just right for those crisp October nights just before it gets really cold. Some of my favorite music of all time falls into this category and Nona are very much in that realm. I am an absolute sucker for this style and can never find enough, but even given that, Nona are truly an amazing band. Highest possible recommendation for this record for any fan of poppy, mid-fi tunes with fantastic melodies. —Mike Frame (Mandible)

OBLIVIANS: *Desperation*: LP

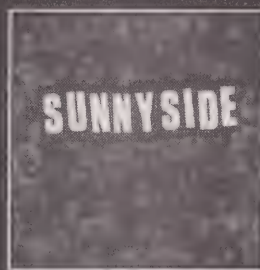
I have a story I love to tell about missing The Oblivians on what turned out to be their last tour during their active period. It was February 1997 and I lived in New Jersey. The Oblivians

EAGER BEAVER is a records label and a mailorder.

EAGER BEAVER RECORDS

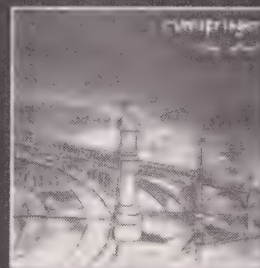


Madison Bloodbath / Worthwhile Way - Split 10"

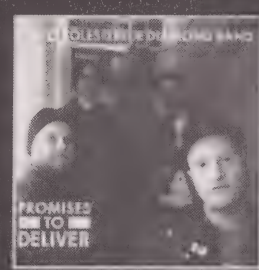


Sunnyside

Welcome To San Diego LP



Rumspringer - Stay Afloat CD



Nato Coles & The Blue Diamond Band

Promises To Deliver CD/LP



Rations - Martyrs and Prisoners 7"

For more information go to

eagerbeaverrecords.bandcamp.com

were scheduled to play at Maxwell's in Hoboken on a weekend when I already told my mother I would come home from college to visit for her birthday. I didn't want to spend the gas money, or time, to drive all the way to Hoboken from my parents' house (probably thirty miles each way) after driving from my apartment to their house (probably seventy-five miles.) I figured I would just catch them on their next pass through the area... which didn't happen until 2010! By that point, I was living in Indiana and had seen them play a reunion show in Detroit in 2009, but to be able to see The Oblivians at home, I had to make the trip! I love The Oblivians, have since first hearing them circa 1995. They had such an intense anger I identified with at that time. I'll put it this way, and maybe it sounds dickish, but I never had a "hardcore phase" like many of my friends, and The Oblivians were the angriest band I listened to at that time. Some internet message boards that I frequent debate the merit of the sound of this new album. (As an aside, I find it one of life's funny contradictions that people use the technology of the internet to complain that something isn't "lo-fi" enough.) *Desperation* doesn't sound like any other Oblivians album, just like *Soul Food* doesn't sound like *Popular Favorites*. And none of these albums sound like the shit they did with Walter Daniels. The songs on *Desperation* are just as solid as any other album (I actually like *Desperation* better than *Play Nine Songs...*) and several songs

are contending for a spot on my next road trip mix CD. "Pinball King" looks like the winner. A reliable source says that one of these recordings is actually left over from 1994. Just buy this record and enjoy the fact that you get to even listen to new Oblivians songs. -Sal Lucci (In The Red)

OBNIX: *Corrupt Free Enterprise*: 2 x LP
Frantic, one man low fi project recorded with so much white noise that it's impossible to pick out the weirdness going on beneath. It's a shame, because this guy makes Jay Reatard sound chill. I wish I could play it without getting a fucking migraine. -Chris Terry (12XU)

PAINT FUMES: *Sally Smoked Dope*: 7"
This is a noisy and uncompromising three-song rock'n'roll platter from this North Carolina band sure to please any fan of the Goner/Hozac/In The Red Records rosters. Think early Oblivians or Cheater Slicks showered in reverb and turned up to eleven. Killer. -Mark Twistworthy (Slovenly, slovenly.com)

PEACH KELLI POP: *Self-titled*: LP
I was flipping through the new arrivals at my local record store and stopped when I saw this one. I knew the band name was familiar to me but I couldn't recall where I'd heard it. It turns out they took their band name from the title of a Red Kross song. The cover photo of singer/guitarist Allie posing on the beach wearing her pastel-colored guitar covered with sparkly stickers

took me back to the early '90s when we first started to see bands featuring young women playing pastel-colored guitars covered with sparkly stickers; the band Cub comes to mind. I liked a lot of that music back then and was pretty sure I would like this group today. This particular copy of the record was autographed by Allie inscribed to a chap named Bryan. I decided to take a chance and plunked down my nine dollars plus tax. It turns out that Bryan's loss is my gain. This album features ten songs of '60s-style pop with Allie's slightly distorted vocals drawing me in. The production is suitably trashy and lo-fi. The one slow song here, "Tough Stuff," actually reminds me of The Kinks' "Waterloo Sunset" which is high praise in my book. -Chris Peigler (Bachelor)

PEEPLER WATCHIN':

***Somethin' Ta Tell Ya*: Cassette**

Right out of the gate, the bass and the drums are pure energy; the guitars are loud and maybe even a little proud that there are so many *really* good riffs throughout the album. Better still, it seems like everyone in the band sings on every track, which for me is an undeniable invitation to sing along, as well. Even though this is sonically cheery and bright, lyrically I found it to be pretty bleak. That said, isn't it more interesting to hear people sing about sad shit with energy and power? I think so. If I were in a pit of despair, this would be the soundtrack to my triumphant escape from it. -Bianca (Reality Is A Cult, realityisacult@gmail.com, realityisacult.com)

PEER GROUP:

***Rhetoric and Hands*: 7" EP**

I'm often exasperated at the myopia that plagues L.A. punk history. So many creative people, bands, and musical experiments get lost in the shuffle and the populace is treated to yet another Circle Jerks or Black Flag reissue while mountains of wicked cool stuff collects dust in some dank corner, unknown and criminally unloved. Water Under The Bridge has been kind enough to shine a little light into San Pedro punk's historical dark corners, (re)issuing crucial recordings by the Reactionaries, Minutemen, Saccharine Trust and the release currently under discussion. An obscure act (my recollection is one track on an SST comp and that's about it), this, along with the four tracks included with the complementary MP3 download code, comprise the sum of their oeuvre, with what's on wax apparently being an EP that New Alliance never quite got around to releasing back in 1981. The sound is somewhere between the erudite, flanneled "Thinkin' Joe" hardcore of the Minutemen and the art-punk minimalism of 100 Flowers, translating into "aggressive but still pretty goddamned weird." Being old enough to remember and appreciate the musical melting pot L.A. punk once was, it's great to see/hear some lesser-known talent getting some long-overdue love. -Jimmy Alvarado (Water Under The Bridge, waterunderthebridgerecords.com)

ALMOST READY

LIQUOR STORE
In The Garden
CD/LP
The New Jersey
assault continues
8 new crunchers

ATLANTIC
THRILLS
A Day At The
Beach 7"
Garage punk from
Providence, RI

SNEAKY PINKS
I Can't Wait 7"
Reissue of retarded
bubblegum fuzz
punk classic

AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES
EVERYWHERE -or- ORDER DIRECT
www.almostreadyrecords.com

Bad Daddies split 7"
w/ Lögnhalsmottagningen
on EMOTIONAL RESPONSE

Bad Daddies *Bad Year* 7" ep
on CENTRAL DISTRICT

Blue Cross

Out now:
-Blue Cross 3rd full
length LP - Conspiracy

Still hot:
-Asile - Self Titled - 7"
-Bad Influence - Preaching
To The Perverted - LP

Out next:
-Dekoder - 2nd LP
-Dethfox - Debut 7"

www.chaosrurale.com
orders@chaosrurale.com

PIÑATA PROTEST: *El Valiente*: CD

Getting releases like this reminds me of why I love reviewing music in the first place: The opportunity to hear and be blown away by music from unexpected quarters. In that context, Piñata Protest deliver the goods with nine tracks of punk-infused, Texas-style border music. This disc literally drips with the steaming humidity of San Antonio on a sweltering day mixed with the taste of sweat and warm Lone Star. Some tracks are in Spanish while others are in English and the band isn't afraid to tackle the odd Mexican classic either. Having a cookout on an hot, sunny day with a cooler full of beer? This is your soundtrack. —Garrett Barnwell (Saustex, saustex.com)

PINK SMOKE: *No Party*: Cassette

Some great mid-tempo punk residing somewhere between the good company of Marked Men and Bad Sports. Coincidentally or not, these songs also happen to be recorded by Mark Ryan and Jeff Burke of Marked Men. That's not to say these fellas can't rely on their own merits, no sir. The songwriting seems to reach the level of outstanding on the second side when traces of the Dead Boys' menacing punk anthems are woven into their already infectious style. I'm looking forward to hearing more from Pink Smoke because I know it's only a matter of time before they're offered a proper release. —Juan Espinosa (Jolly Ronnie, kurtbaker.bandsonabudget.com/pinksmokeband)

PISS TEST: *Self-titled*: 7"

I've been hearing a lot about this band lately, so I'm glad I finally got the chance to check this out. I just gotta say, "believe the hype!" This instantly perked my ears up. It's got that jangly, snotty combination that seems to crawl out from the moss-covered rock up in the Pacific Northwest. I want more... I need more! —Ty Stranglehold (Jonny Cat)

PRIMITIVE HEARTS: *High & Tight*: LP

The songs on this album employ a variety of retro-style riffs. The bubblegum influence works at every speed. "Lone Wolf" moves at the pace of The Queers. "Keep Me Around" and "Wandering Eyes" have more swing to the pace and a hint of '50s song structure. Primitive Hearts keep the musicianship high. Guitar, bass, and drums are all solid. The vocals have high-pitched sincerity with a hint of attitude and are backed up with lots of good oooing and aaaaing. It's a good record for those who like the rock'n'roll with the punk and whatnot. —Billups Allen (FDH)

PROPAGANDHI: *Failed States*: LP

It's been said before that this band defies genre classification. *Failed States* further emphasizes this point. A seamless blend of punk, hardcore, and thrash, Propagandhi perfects what was begun on *Potemkin City Limits* and *Supporting Caste*: the melding of their early melodic punk origins with their even earlier thrash metal-

worshipping youth. *Failed States* is as musically aggressive and progressive as the previous two records, but differs slightly in the more personal nature of the lyrics. Perhaps it's the fact that the venerable Jesus H. Chris (Hannah) is now a father, perhaps it's the sign of men reaching their forties, perhaps it's one Canadian winter too many. No matter, songs like "Devil's Creek" and "Things I Like" are two of the most direct, personal sets of lyrics this band has ever committed to tape. When you begin a song with "I like Kurt Russell as Captain Ron," and you're a much respected ultra-leftist political activist and songwriter, that line had better lead somewhere other than Municipal Waste style comedy-thrash (and that is not a dig on the Waste). And of course it does, giving the listener an intimate account of what makes him tick, all weaved into a flowing, heavy punk rock epic. Other songs like "Status Update," the riffy sub-minute thrash-punk masterpiece, get back to hardcore basics: fast and loud. The usual Propagandhi humor and wit are deftly incorporated into these songs, be it a concise study of self ("Failed States") or an autobiographical recounting of a bicycle accident as analogous to a particle accelerator ("Hadron Collision"). *Failed States* perfectly melds everything into cohesive, aggressive, urgent, heavy music with riffs and lyrics that only a band with Propagandhi's pedigree and musical ambition could even attempt to write. This musically varied and deeply

engaging effort just might be their best yet. And without a suitable name for this subgenre of heavy music, I propose that "crossover" be redefined, with this record as its flagship. —Chad Williams (Epitaph, epitaph.com)

RADIATOR HOSPITAL: *Something Wild*: CD

Listening to Radiator Hospital's album *Something Wild* makes me want to slam adult sodas and go for a Frisbee date in a midnight Walgreens parking lot. At its best, the band offers up that summertime yay music, the type that mixes light guitar fuzz and nonthreatening dude vocals of the Clap Your Hands Say Yeah and more upbeat Weakerthans variety. Still, for all thirteen tracks, *Something Wild* stays a few degrees lighter than the pop punk that it, at times, recalls. In fact, you could probably slice the album into two different mixes. One mix for folked-out twee pop (I mean, they have a foppy acoustic rock song called "Big Cloud" about being bummed and strolling under rainclouds with more rainclouds in your head) and the other mix for tracks like "The Great Escape" and "Ghost Story," songs that'd sound inline alongside the likes of Scared Of Chaka, Big Eyes, Pink Razors, or Swearin', as Allison Crutchfield drops in to give some guest vocals. If you wear a lot of black T-shirts and want the rock, Radiator Hospital might not be your thing. But those who are looking for music that is feelings-heavy while still having occasional kicks of lo-fi

OUT NOW ON toxic pop records

DEAD MECHANICAL
OK NIGHT

Dead Mechanical
"OK Night" LP

3rd LP from
Baltimore's favorite
indie-pop-punkers.
These guys get
better with each
release!

Capitalist
Kids

Capitalist Kids /
Tight Bros
split 7"

Pop-punk from
Austin, TX meets
catchy punk rock
from Columbus, OH.



www.toxicpoprecords.com



independent
LABEL DISTRIBUTION

EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORS FOR:

AFTER MUSIC RECORDINGS
ANCHORLESS
BEER CITY
CAVITY
CHUNKSAH
CI
DEEP SIX
DIONYSUS / BACCHUS ARCHIVES
FRONTIER
JAILHOUSE
PATAC
PROFANE EXISTENCE
RIOT FEST
RIOT HOUSE
RODENT POPSICLE
RIPPING RECORDS
SRA
SIX WEEKS
SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY
TANKCRIMES
TO LIVE A LIE
TRIBUNAL / DIVEBOMB

WWW.ILDISTRO.COM

QUALITY COUNTS!

pop punk will want to check this out. —Jim Joyce (Salinas, salinasrecords@gmail.com)

RAINBOW GUN SHOW:

Cinderella Sizzle: 7"

Some fairly strong Slumberland Records-style twee on this single from Hozac Records. Fey vocals and strong melodies with just the right amount of organ/keyboard. I would be very interested in hearing a full length from this band to see if they could maintain this level of great songs. This is well above average for synth pop, and there has been a ton released in recent years. Highly recommended for fans of Pains Of Being Pure At Heart, The Clean, and '80s soundtrack music. —Mike Frame (Hozac, hozacrecords.com)

RATIONS: *Martyrs and Prisoners: 7"EP*

Are those blind basket weavers on the cover? I think so. Is that a city laid to ruin on the insert, but someone is standing at the crossroads of the rubble with an umbrella? I think so, too. Rations follow suit. This is music made from an earnest place, a place of struggle and concern. I don't think those blind basket weavers are having the best time, but it looks like they're making something useful and they're not shackled. It takes a certain amount of skill and patience to bend the reeds, but then there's always another basket to be made right after you finish. It's a craft as much as work, bending these notes together. Even if the landscape is

decimated by medical malpractice, rampant militarism, all the leaves are off the trees, and there's so much decay, it does good to appreciate the little things that haven't been stripped away. Not getting sunburned. Keeping the rain off your head. Not giving in. Decades ago, Strawman threw a stone into a pond. Rations are a ripple from that rock bouncing onto shore. —Todd (86'd sent this to us, plus a boatload of labels.)

REAL NUMBERS:

Only Two Can Play: 12" EP

Well, this comes outta left field. These kids are well versed in trebly U.K. post-punk, twee pop, West Coast proto-pop punk, and how to meld them all together in such a way that it not only works, but it sounds fresh, fun, and relevant. Results sound like some long-lost U.K. minimalist group covering the Simpletones. Weird, yet stunning release here. —Jimmy Alvarado (Three Dimensional, facebook.com/threedimensionalrecords)

RICH CROOK: *"Tonight Alright": 7" EP*

Total burner! "Tonight Alright" is a great slab of power pop; fans of Alex Chilton and Shoes pay attention. Rich Crook (Lost Sounds, Lover!) is a hell of a songwriter. "Tonight Alright" is kind of Baroque pop. The B side includes a Swamp Rats cover ("I'm Going Home"). Four songs—all well arranged—played at 33 1/3. Probably the biggest no-brainer of the bunch. Well worth the price of purchase, whatever

it is. Pressed on red vinyl, to boot. Fuck, man, this 7" rules. —Ryan Leach (P. Trash, ptrashrecords.com / Ghost Highway, ghosthighwayrecordings.blogspot.com)

RISE AGAINST: *RPM 10: CD/LP*

This tenth anniversary of Rise Against's "breakthrough" album, *Revolutions Per Minute*, doesn't really seem that special. It's got some additional liner notes and the CD version comes with the demo versions of all the songs on the album tacked on right after the original album. The demos sound pretty close to the original versions, so it's like hearing the album twice in a row. The LP comes with a digital download for the demo tracks. Otherwise, you know what you're getting with Rise Against: passionate, political, melodic punk rock. While I normally like those constituent parts, this just isn't my thing. Regardless of whether you're a fan, this doesn't really seem to be worth your time or money unless you're obsessive about owning everything the band has released. —Kurt Morris (Fat)

ROMAN CANDLES: *Riley Versus Jason in the Battle of Gracious Living: LP*

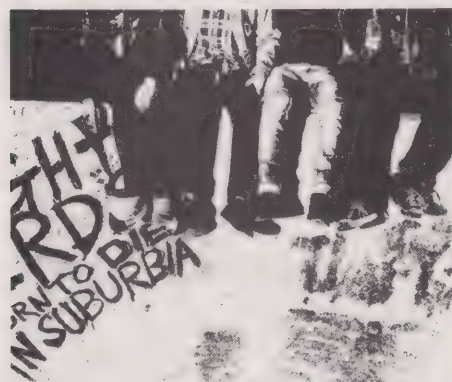
Sincerity is difficult to measure, but when it is heard, it's a statement more powerful than any back patch, denim jacket, or neon pink mohawk. Chris Gordon, aided only by his acoustic guitar, oozes earnestness on every track of his first full length—appropriately released by Plan-It-X. The album was wisely recorded in one sitting and the

raw urgency of each song is driven by Gordon's spastic and melodic voice that is often painfully sympathetic. It would be an oversimplification to call it folk punk—as he never dabbles in gruff Tom Gabel impersonations, and it'd be too easy to compare him to other Plan-It-X songwriters like Paul Baribeau or Chris Clavin—because Gordon possesses a wide range of vocal hooks. Furthermore, Gordon's lyrics aren't ambiguous or riddled with cryptic metaphors. Given that he resides in sunny and conservative Yorba Linda, CA, the songs are all rooted in a sense of place. He is critical of his hometown and of how he has spent his time in the Land of Gracious Living. Gordon sings about Yorba Linda being the birthplace of Richard Milhous Nixon, the home of a million damn Mormons, and a place of complacent, wealthy youth, yet it is also the location of an admirable group of friends and musicians. The album is as much a personal history as it is a testament to a cardinal principle: Even if your hometown is a hellhole, it doesn't mean you have to become an asshole. Chris Gordon is living proof of punk perseverance overcoming ignorant adversity. The LP includes a zine that provides an extensive history of Roman Candles and lyric explanations. —Sean Arenas (Plan-It-X, planitxrecords@gmail.com, plan-it-x.com)

ROOFED RESISTANCE:

Terminal Hangover: CD

Just going off the band's name, photo, song titles, and packaging ((Zapf



NIGHT BIRDS / "BORN TO DIE IN SUBURBIA"

OUT NOW

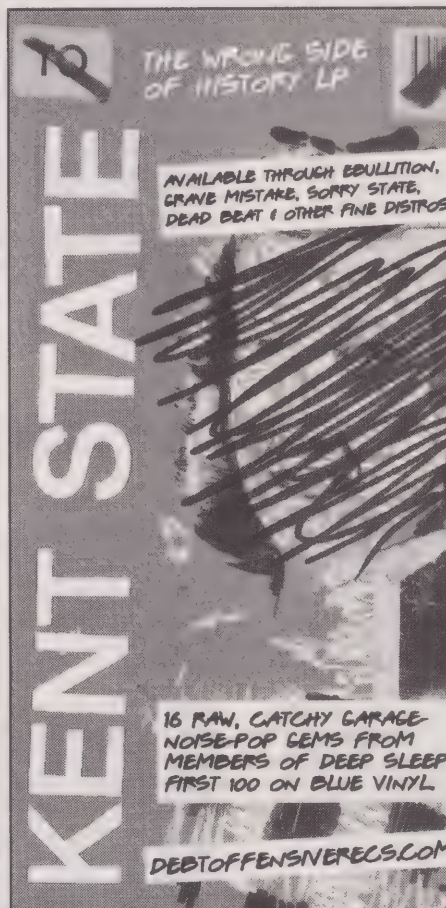
STILL AVAILABLE:

- 062: KREMLIN "Will You Feed Me?" 7"
- 060: SECTARIAN VIOLENCE "Upward Hostility" LP
- 059: BIG EYES "Almost Famous" LP/CD
- 058: STRIKING "No Name" 12"
- 057: BIG EYES "Demo 2010" 7"
- 056: THE SERICS "S/T" 12"
- VOOOI: BARGE "No Gain" 7"

OUT LATER:

- 060: 86 MENTALITY "Gain Wherever Part" 12"
- 063: STRIKING DISTANCE "March to your Grave" LP
- 066: RED DONS "Notes on the Underground" 7"
- 067: COKE BUST "Confined" 12"

GRAVE MISTAKE
RECORDS
P.O. BOX 12482 RICHMOND, VA 23241
WWW.GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.COM

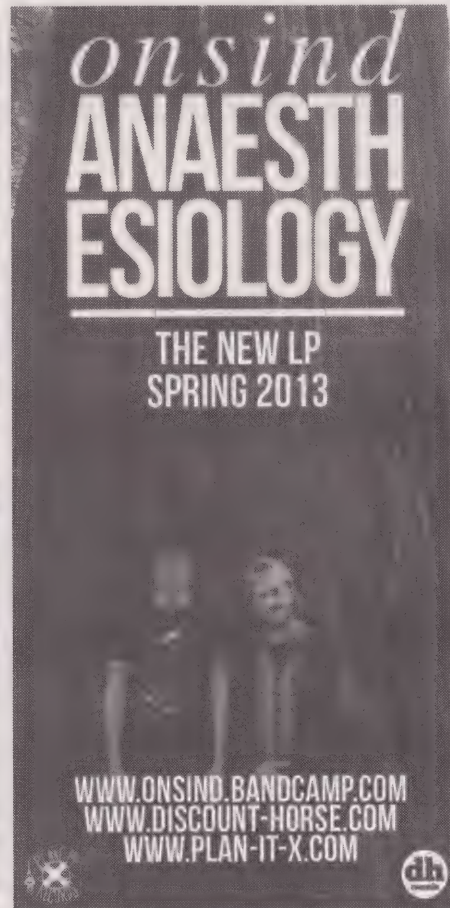


THE WRONG SIDE
OF HISTORY LP

AVAILABLE THROUGH EBULLITION,
GRAVE MISTAKE, SORRY STATE,
DEAD BEAT & OTHER FINE DISTROS

16 RAW, CATCHY GARAGE-
NOISE-POP GEMS FROM
MEMBERS OF DEEP SLEEP.
FIRST 100 ON BLUE VINYL

DEBTOFFENSERECS.COM



onsind
ANAESTHESIOLOGY

THE NEW LP
SPRING 2013

WWW.ONSIND.BANDCAMP.COM
WWW.DISCOUNT-HORSE.COM
WWW.PLAN-IT-X.COM



Chancery! Comic Sans! Myspace!)), i assumed that this was going to be a bunch of incompetent slobbs playing beer punk for their ten friends and weird girlfriends. Oddly, it's nothing of the sort—it's actually a quite competent mish-mosh of Bay Area style ska-punk and Chicago style pop punk, with breakdowns and a twangy bass and a guy who probably doesn't want to be told he occasionally sings like Billie Joe occasionally singing like Billie Joe. I suppose a couple of these songs could be on the radio, if they still play songs on the radio. I'm not crazy about this, but i do give them credit for not appealing to me in completely different ways than in the ways in which i had initially assumed they would not appeal to me. BEST SONG: "Make It Bleed" BEST SONG TITLE: "Sloppy Joel" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: I honestly do not remember the last time i saw Zapf Chancery used to typeset a link to a band's MySpace page. —Rev. Nørð (1332, 1332records.com)

RUBRICS: *Apathy Is an Institution*: LP
I luckily dragged myself out of my home coma to catch Rubrics touring through Alabama with Burning Bridges last year. Their show was in a short-lived storage warehouse where they played to about fifteen kids and one creeper old guy (me). I've been looking out for this full length to be released with only a split 7" to tide me over, but the LP has been worth the wait. Rubrics blast out an exuberant

noise that would have sat well on a Very Small comp (somewhere between Econochrist and 23 More Minutes would have been good) and keep their lyrics on the ideological Fifteen side of things. You may agree on many, but not all (the song out child immunization sticks out for me) the stances Rubrics have decided to take up, but there's enough energy, passion, and thought behind them that you'll applaud them for doing so. Grab one of these up and get moving. —Matt Seward (Lost Cat, lostcatrecords.org)

RUINED FAMILIES: *Blank Language*: LP
Some uneasy listening here—lotsa racket-making, varying tempos from thrashy to more brooding, screaming, and a dense, almost inaccessible delivery. Soundtrack to yer next migraine. —Jimmy Alvarado (Adagio 830, adagio830.de)

RUMSPRINGER: *Stay Afloat*: LP
In 2013, it's become disarmingly clear that "beard punk for the conveniently jaded" has become a punk subgenre. Do not make the mistake of lumping Rumspringer in with such hosers. Sophomore full-lengths are fraught with danger, especially after your first record was *Empty Towers*, a record that has been played at Razorcake HQ hundreds of times. *Stay Afloat* covers two main expectations. First, it sounds unmistakably Rumspringer—bright music tones and heavy emotional shading in the lyrics. Shit, *Stay Afloat*'s a veritable barometer of music. The

hydrostatic pressure caused by the weight of existential considerations palpably envelops the room when the record's spinning and music fills the air. Invisible but omnipresent. The second challenge bested is that dreaded conversion from initial expectation and promise as a band to maturation (without being boring or pretentious). *Stay Afloat* is a brave record with exquisitely pretty parts. The music Wes, Mikey, and Matt crafted takes its time to inhale deep breaths and calm down. There's more space on *Stay Afloat* than in *Empty Towers*. It's also an explicitly anti-slacker, anti-insta-jaded record. (Three quick lyrical examples: "I don't want to be bored forever." "You can stay afloat or stay in bed." "... somewhere between acknowledgement and giving a damn.") As a result, it's a profoundly questioning record, one that I'll be spinning for years to come. Here's to the curse of the quiet beauty of Arizona sunsets setting the tone of a record... and DIY punks making some of the best music on the planet. —Todd (Dirt Cult, dirtcult.com)

SECTARIAN VIOLENCE: *Upward Hostility*: LP
An unbelievable alliance of international hardcore powers (a Yankee, a Swede, and three Englishmen walk into a bar...) yields some ragingly brutal hardcore punk. The influences are quite obviously that of classic American staples (Negative Approach, SSD, Cro-Mags) but there is also a hint of later-period Voorhees belligerence staring

you right in the eyes. Try as many may, few can succeed in delivering a full-length's worth of pure hardcore delight such as Sectarian Violence effortlessly do with repeated blunt force blows to the heads of timid hardcore wusses. I listened to this over and over and kept looking over my shoulder to make sure no one was going to sucker punch me in the neck. Not recommended for Touché Amoré fans: get da fuck outta here with that shit! —Juan Espinosa (Grave Mistake)

SHARING MASS GRAVES: *Evil Death*: LP

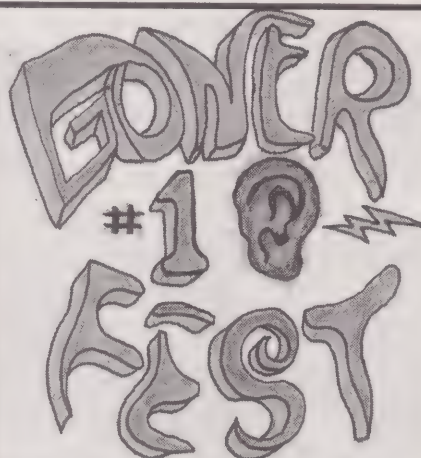
Ready to feel kind of icky? Check out these lyrics: "*Rip it! Wear the flesh! Climb inside you! Become one! See through your eyes when I cum!*" That's from the song "Buffalo Bill," inspired by *Silence of the Lambs*. Those aren't even the most fucked up lyrics on this record. It gets much worse when they get into the songs about John Wayne Gacy and Jeffrey Dahmer. This sickness is set to choked-out vocals over thrashy hardcore. Don't be surprised if you find yourself headbanging and vomiting simultaneously as you listen. —MP Johnson (Blind Spot)

SHARK PACT / CUSTODY BATTLE: Split 7" EP

Shark Pact is two members of Hail Seizures!, one on drums and one on synthesizer. These two have a couple of the most moving and emotive voices in punk right now and their passion just pours off the record. I've been following

double
down
radio
com

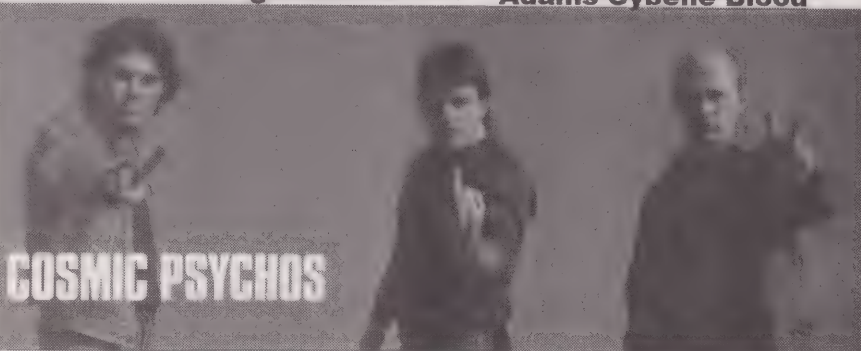
Local Las Vegas Music
&
MORE!



gonerfest.com

SEPTEMBER 26-29 MEMPHIS, TN

Mudhoney Cosmic Psychos
Guitar Wolf Wreckless Eric
Human Eye Destruction
Unit Ex-Cult Quintron Tyvek
Catholic Spray Octa#Grape
Spray Paint Sugar Stems
Wizzard Sleeve CC Riders
Onyas Autodramatics Blind
Shake Gino & The Goons
Hemingers Jackpot Martin
Savage Gang Head Cheap
Time Viva L'American
Death Ray True Sons Of
Thunder Buck Biloxi & The
Fucks Manatees Digital
Leather Harlan T Bobo
Cuntz Heavy Lids Talbot
Adams Cybelle Blood



Down On The Farm / Cosmic Psychos / Go The Hack
LPs & CDs coming in September

GONER

Olympia punk pretty closely these days and it's partly a result of what these two have been contributing to its sound. I had been playing Shark Pact's last album a lot before getting this 7" to review and I wasn't disappointed. I love the darkness of their lyrics that are confrontational to the head-in-the-sand positivity of their liberal arts town. They're unafraid to deal with real depression and despair. Their sound is odd. It isn't pop new wave, nor is it noisy like Nervous Gender or the punk-without-guitars sound of a band like The Screamers. It's kind of like if the band Europe were dirty punk with crashing, grandiose keyboards, vigorous shouting and fervent, angry, drumming. It's not catchy. It takes some time to digest. At first, it might seem like a dis to compare them to Europe, but think about it... a punk-as-fuck Europe? C'mon, you're curious. Sometimes I spin the Custody Battle side and sometimes I don't. I'm definitely not as enthusiastic about them, but there's nothing wrong with their three songs of drunken, filthy punk or their despondent, hungry lyrics. They sound like one of those short-lived Chattanooga bands that slipped through the cracks and that's fine with me. —Craven Rock (Ditches, sharkpact@yahoo.com)

SICK/TIRED: *King of Dirt*: LP

In what very might well be the grindcore album of the year from a band that may or may not even consider themselves a grind band, Sick/Tired have solidified themselves as legitimate contenders in a genre that has been left with a large void, due to the absence of heavy

hitters and impact-makers such as Insect Warfare. It's sad to say, but I've almost become desensitized to blast beats. Often, they're meaningless and trite, showboat-y displays of lack of actual talent. But don't fucking kid yourselves, folks; not all extreme music sounds the same. A large part of it, however, does end up sounding quite redundant and stagnant that it can be easy to dismiss it as "just a bunch of idiots playing as fast as they can." Sick/Tired, however, have more than an earful in objection to that misconceived notion. Not since the aforementioned Insect Warfare have I been able to simply shut my eyes and smile to the delight of jackhammer drum wallops, earplug-melting bass cab rattling, and tree shredder jammed full of rusty buzzsaws-like guitar shredding. From *Enslavement to Obliteration*, *Anticapital*, *The Inalienable Dreamless*, *World Extermination*, and now *King of Dirt*: add another to the list of grindcore classics. —Juan Espinosa (Cowabunga)

SIR REG: *21st Century Loser*: CD

Unfortunately, when one throws around phrases like "Irish punk" or "Celtic punk," images of the Dropkick Murphys usually spring to mind. While I like the Murphys as much as anyone else, realistically, they play street punk with bagpipes. Sir Reg are what I would call true Irish punk in that they play Irish music at hardcore tempos. The mandolins and fiddles have center stage in this and it's fucking great—I sometimes forget how much I love Irish melodies, and when they're played

like the fiddlers are on amphetamines it's even better. Imagine the reckless abandon of early-era Pogues combined with the gentler poetic sensibilities of that band's later incarnations. Awesome. —The Lord Kveldulfr (Heptown)

SOKEA PISTE: *Ajatus Karkaa*: LP

First off, album covers rarely exemplify what's to be heard on the vinyl. This is sure as shit not the case with Sokea Piste. The cover is a mishmash hallucination of watercolors, sinewy lines, and strange alien mathematics whereby expanded eyeballs seem to bleed black into a black hole. Somehow, *Ajatus Karkaa* sounds exactly like that. It is abrasive, controlled noise like Drive Like Jehu if they were Finnish. It would be an oxymoron to describe any of the songs as memorable, as they are performed with terse derangement like a preteen hopped up on Adderall, but the album as a whole leaves quite the impression. The LP comes with both the original Finnish lyrics as well as an English translation, which is a major plus. —Sean Arenas (Peterwalkee, peterwalkeerecords@gmail.com)

SORRY STATE: *No Hard Feelings*: CD

I've known Sorry State's vocalist Dave since the late '80s, when our respective bands were kicking up dust at assorted Eastside backyard punk shows. Dude has a long history of involvement in the L.A. punk scene—as singer of Last Round Up, he has shared a stage with danged near every band you can think of, and would occasionally pop up in the weirdest places (like the time I turned

on the TV and caught him and bassist "Cyco" Mike Avilez (now of Bay Area punk institutions Retching Red, Strung Up and, of course, Oppressed Logic) guesting on The Wally George Show), not to mention his stint in the much-missed powerhouse band Media Blitz (not to be confused with that pack of San Fernando Valley new-Jacks using the name in recent years). By the sounds of this, his latest band, Dave remains as cantankerous as ever. He and his current cabal of sonic terrorists dish up twenty-seven tracks of no frills, pit-inducing hardcore here, keeping the songs tight, trimmed of excess fat, and appropriately aggressive as they gang-chorus through tunes about Gardena girls, life's assorted pitfalls, and being loaded during the holidays. Coming on with the velocity of a locomotive, yet smart enough not to take themselves too fuggin' seriously, these cats dish up a disc's worth of stagediving hell-raising sure to work fans of hardcore into a froth. Tip my hat to you 'n' the boys, Dave; this is some fine work. —Jimmy Alvarado (Malt Soda)

SOUTH CAREY: *Pure Vanity*: Cassette

The first thing that can be said about South Carey is that they really love their city and their scene. This is apparent both from their name (a major street in Baltimore), and from their lyrics. In addition to reflecting Baltimore pride, South Carey's lyrics tackle perennial punk themes, with a bit of self-deprecating humor thrown in the mix. To my ears there are a variety of influences colliding together to form South Carey's

HALO OF FLIES

OUT NOW:
NORTHLESS world keeps sinking DLP
JUNGBLUTH part ache LP
RORCAL vilagevege LP
AMBER lovesaken LP
LIGHTBEARER silver tongue DLP
HEARTLESS certain death 7"
MULTIPLE TRUTHS no one wins LP
MOMENTUM herbivore LP
CLOUD RAT moksha LP (repress)
PROTESTANT reclamationLP

--wisconsin makes good punk--

--rhythm chicken makes good soup--

--DISTRIBUTED BY EBULLITION, REVELATION, DEATHWISH, ROBOTIC EMPIRE, and more--

HUGE DISTRO AT THE WEBSITE.
halooffliesrecords.com

DISTROS, STORES, AND LABELS
 GET IN TOUCH FOR WHOLESALE
 AND TRADES

halooffliesrcds@hotmail.com

**SUPPORT DIY. PUT YOUR MONEY
 WHERE YOUR FUCKING MOUTH IS.**

JJIDSTUFF.BLOGSPOT.COM

**ILLUSTRATION
 DESIGN**
LOGO'S . SYMBOLS . SCRIPT
COVERS: ALBUMS, CD'S, CASS.
SHIRTS, STICKERS, PINS

WWW.JJIDSTUFF.BLOGSPOT.COM



**GET THE NEW RELEASE BY
 PROLETARIAT PUNCH
 'SIGNS OF CIVILIZATION'
 ON RECLUSE RECORDS
 (FROM MISSOURI)**
 WWW.ACTIVEDISTRIBUTION.ORG

WWW.JJIDSTUFF.BLOGSPOT.COM

J PROZAC



HERE IS MY HEART

**J Prozac - Here is My Heart
 CD & Cassette
 September 2013!**



Tapes Available Now:
 Pink Smoke - No Party
 Urine Trouble - Least
 Embarrassing Moments of

JollyRonnie
 RECORDS

www.jollyronnierecords.com

sound. Every song is catchy, with strong hooks, and a polished but still DIY sound. After repeated listens I can't help but feeling a very strong '90s vibe from this. I imagine South Carey would have fit right in on a *Punk-O-Rama*, or other '90s-era compilation, had they been around at the time. I mean this as a high form of praise, as compilations were what first introduced me to punk. *Pure Vanity* features great cover art by Matt Taylor (Old Lines vocalist) which fits the vibe perfectly. I can sum up South Carey in their own words, from the *Pure Vanity*. "Make art for art's sake." Word to that. —Paul J. Comeau (Burn Fast Burn Bright)

SPOKENEST: *We Move: 12"*

The don't-give-a-fuck attitude represented in Spokenest's lyrics is nothing if not a wonderful antithesis to the supertight, "funk as punk" crafting of their music. Daryl plays jangly riffs circa 1990s Washington D.C., and Adrian is easily my new favorite drummer, all over the fucking place with a chaos and grace reminiscent of Keith Moon. I was turned on to their previous project, God Equals Genocide, just as they were downsizing by thirty-three percent and reforming as Spokenest. I remember putting on their *Rattled Minds* LP and thinking, "Shit! I wish I could form a band and open for these kids." Sadly, I missed that window. I am just grateful that Spokenest is around, carrying it on and carrying it as well as they are. —John Mule (Self-released, spokenest.bandcamp.com)

STEVE ADAMYK BAND: *Monterrey: 7" EP*

Genres are musical stereotypes. Failure, from a band standpoint, comes from merely photocopying, sticking the "genre" face down on the platen, hitting the button, and making the mistake of being ignorant of the fact there are people with long memories looking over your shoulder, ready to call you out. (Power pop and pop punk bands are particularly egregious.) Genre failure, from a music critic standpoint, is an incipient laziness to interact with the music that's actually being played. Case in point: Steve Adamyk Band, yeah, they're poppy, they're powerful, but there's oh so much more at play than "skinny ties of the mind." Because Steve Adamyk makes songs that may sound like glass—they sound so effortless, so easy, so transparent, falsely appearing to be brittle when punched—until you (if you're a music reviewer or a deep listener) hear the wreckage from so many other bands still trying to pull this style of music off and shitting not only their pants, but into your ears. The Steve Adamyk Band plays diamond rock—it's all cut, carats, and clarity. It's the thing that does the smashing, not the smashed thing. That's a world of difference. If John Peel were still alive, he may have thought twice about putting an Undertones song title on his headstone. (If punks can't blaspheme, who can?) —Todd Taylor (Hosehead)

STRAIGHT ARROWS: *"Never Enough" b/w "Can't Stand It": 7"*

Unsurprisingly, Straight Arrows deliver another awesome 7". "Never Enough" is a little slower and heavier than most the songs found on the band's debut full-length *It's Happening*. The B side's "Can't Stand It" is a fast-tempo burner. It should go without saying that the production on this 7" is raw, so if you're looking for the clarity of Eno's *Ambient* records—and they do indeed rule—you're coming to the wrong place. Anyone interested in fucked up music—Red Krayola, Swell Maps, etc.—will benefit greatly from picking this 7" up. The cover art rules, too. Impress your friends at parties with this 45. And if the Straight Arrows ever come through your town, catch them. They're from Australia and that's a long plane ride. (Just be careful of drummer Adam. Word on the street is the dude parties harder than Keith Moon.) —Ryan Leach (HoZac)

SUCCESS:

We are the Elitist Generation: CD

I've said it before in these very pages and I will say it again: Releases like this one reaffirm my faith in the ol' punk rock. After wading through what seems like an endless parade of bland, radio-friendly pop punk, the reward at the end of the trail is a release like this. Success occupies that rare zone where earnest performance and good songwriting intersect without a trace of irony or the sense that the band wants to be the next big thing. There is maybe one clunker on the whole disc which is otherwise

filled with songs that don't try too hard—instead allowing the material to breathe and go where it will. Whereas in the hands of others, stuff like this might seem contrived or forced, Success pulls it off with aplomb. It seems like these guys are in it for the right reasons and if I haven't made it clear, this CD is well worth seeking out. —Garrett Barnwell (La Escalera, laescalerarecords.com)

SUNDIALS / TATLINS TOWER: *Split: 7"*

Sundials: Two tracks of catchy indie pop just hittin' the sweet spot—not too geeky, not too cerebral, not too polished, and not too trashy. Me likey. Tatlin's Tower: Along the same lines, but maybe a wee bit darker than Sundials. Was initially a bit put off by 'em for some reason, but as the guitars built up and began to burn 'n' churn, they won me over. —Jimmy Alvarado (Kiss Of Death)

TENEMENT: *"Freak Cast in Iron" b/w "Books on Hell and Sermons on TV": 7" EP*

I have a fear of becoming homeless. Gone are the creature comforts of predictable electricity and indoor plumbing. Tenement foregoes the pleasantries of "professional" punk and lives off the land. In the dirt. Blasted by passing exhaust. Overexposed. Cracking. There's something undeniably desperate, renegade, and wild-eyed about Tenement, even when they play slow and include what sounds like a xylophone. Rebellion without a marketing plan or a retirement fund. Part of the Cowabunga Sick Club. Recommended. —Todd Taylor (Cowabunga)

WWW.NOTHINGBUTANIGHTMARE.COM



LIMNUS
"The Forbidden"

Gothic punk from Nor Cal, old school AFI meets Christian Death



INHUMANE NATURE
"Demonstration"

Political anarcho punk from the 90s members of Resist and Exist



BENEATH THE CELLAR
"Taste for the Blade"

Dark melodic OC punk rock ala Blitzkid, on tour this summer



DIRTY DEAD
"Carnivorous Lunar Activities"

Thrash Horror Punk like the Misfits' Earth A.D. on Meth



"DARKNESS FALLS"
THE NEW EP FROM
THE RETURNERS
(RECORDED & PRODUCED BY GREG HETSON)

AVAILABLE ON CD AND 7-INCH VINYL FROM
NOTHING BUT A NIGHTMARE RECORDS

NOTHING BUT A NIGHTMARE
12862 JOY STREET, SUITE D, GARDEN GROVE, CA 92840

State of Franklin

"Optimistic Despite the Evidence"
debut CD
now available

plus releases by:
Them Martyrs
Dott
Rubber Cushions
Sivle Si Dog



www.GirthRecords.com

TIKDOFF: *Zero Trux*: LP

To be brutally honest, I was expecting a heap o' generic thrash-o-rama from this, but no, these Australian malcontents manage to make a racket that, while clearly falling within hardcore's parameters and reeking of U.S. influence, doesn't follow a rather large herd. Things are mostly kept short, dissonant, and mid-tempo, but they throw themselves fully into the fray, juggling equal parts quirk and antagonism with deft heft. Those looking for something that easily fits into their predetermined pigeonhole criteria will likely be nonplussed by this, but, to again be brutally honest, they fuckin' deserve to be. —Jimmy Alvarado (Tikdoff, tikdoffband@hotmail.com)

TIMMY VULGAR:

Center of Saturn: Cassette

Timmy Vulgar: he makes awesome Mexican food, puts out records with Human Eye, and doesn't need responsibility, man. This cassette tape is for fans only. They'll love it. Casual Timmy fans (if they exist) won't. This tape is lo-fi. The fact that halfway through listening to it I figured out that the gnarly hiss coming from the speakers was attributable to my cassette player acting up—and not due to Timmy's rudimentary recording equipment—speaks volumes for how lo-fi *Center of Saturn* is. There are some gems on here. The instrumental stuff is nothing short of amazing. There are some free-association tracks as well. If you still have a cassette player and like Timmy Vulgar (come on, people, the latter's a no-fucking-brainer), pick

this one up. —Ryan Leach (Flesh Wave, fleshwave.bandcamp.com)

TOYOTAS, THE: *Toyotas for Sale*: 10"

The pride of Wuppertal, these tune-fyet-efficient Germans carry on their proud national tradition of high-minded philanthropy by helpfully and selflessly compiling the songs from their three P.Trash singles on one extremely handy 10". The addition of three bonus covers ((*Reducers*! Fuck yes! "*Tainted Love*!" Fuck no!)) ups the ante to fourteen songs in ten inches, with nothing clocking in over 2:25. Like any efficiently-tuned four-cylinder engine, these Toyotas sound something like '90s West Coast moddists like The Gain or Odd Numbers crossed with the work of bygone pop punk countrymen like the Cheeks and un-bygone garage punk continentmen like whatever Martin Savage is up to these days. A ten-inch record with fourteen songs this good is almost like having dessert for supper, so pass the Haribo® Gold-Bears and let's get this party started! BEST SONG: "Kicks & Screams," unless you count the Reducers cover, which is excellent. BEST SONG TITLE: "Radio Off" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: "Tainted Love" was originally recorded by Gloria Jones in 1964. —Rev. Nørð (P.Trash)

TOYS THAT KILL / FUTURE VIRGINS: *Split*: 7"

The newest Toys That Kill track, "Maybe This Cult Is Way Off" is glorious. Once again, TTK give the

hypnotic surf melodies and run-in-your-head-for-days vocal hooks of the sound they created. In this song something about the band's mantra lyrics (the song title is repeated at least twenty times) joins with the buzzy jump of distorted bass and activates my blood like a drug. Listening to it makes me want to practice full-court shots, or throw a brick through the mayor's window: anything to express with my body the excellence of this track. Speaking to the other half of the EP, now is somehow my first time hearing Future Virgins. I missed their well-reviewed album *Western Problems*, but these two EP tracks "Passing Curse" and "Counting Sheep (Show Me)" are great. They've kept me re-listening for echoes of The Jam's '70s clangy guitar and throaty Hüsker Dü singing. The group has a smart rock-influenced punk sound, playing with more than the standard punk power chord and three-part song structure. Taken together, TTK and Future Virgins complement each other on this release. It's worth picking up for either band. —Jim Joyce (Drunken Sailor)

TRASHIES: *Teenage Rattlesnakes*: LP

Garage punk that feels like it has more in common with Devo than New Bomb Turks. Interesting in that I don't think I've heard a modern band ever sound quite like this. The rhythms and tempos are erratic and peculiar, a quality which I've come to appreciate. Not as dirty as the name might imply. You'd think for a band called the Trashies this would be dripping in

fuzz, but such was not meant to be. Grade: B. —Bryan Static (1234 Go!)

TURN ME ON DEADMAN:

We Are the Star People: LP

The Alternative Tentacles website presents this band as an innovative, heavy psych act. They remind me of generic '90s radio rock. They have a song called "Dreamchild." Even Paul Stanley would pull quality control on that title. They have nice guitar tones, but that's about as far as I got with it. It probably sounds better live. —Billups Allen (Alternative Tentacles)

UV RACE: "Gypsy King" b/w "Charlie Sheen": 7"

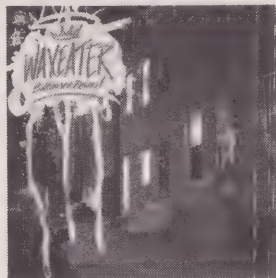
UV Race continue to take the States by storm. Australians on a mission. For the benighted, this group is hard to categorize. Sort of LiLiPut, sort of early Fall. "Gypsy King" has a Memphis horns feel to it. Slow and lazy....While it's dangerous to make generalizations, here I go: Australians love American culture. We sell more Bondo-lined Yank tanks to Australia than just about any other country. When I was in New Zealand in 2011, Kiwis told me how awesome Charlie Sheen was and that he had to be making America proud. (Australia is right above New Zealand for the geographically challenged; the two countries share a friendly rivalry and close trade relations.) Marcus (UV Race vocalist) wrote a song about Charlie Sheen. There you go. Like all UV Race albums, he included liner notes to this 7", describing his fascination with Sheen—

Out 10-1



Like Like The The The Death - Cave Jenny

Out 10-15



WAXEATER - Baltimore Record

Shake! Shake! Shake! Shake!

vacation candy waves



available now on
LP and TAPE



P.O. Box 1663
Bloomington, IN 47402
letspretendrecords.com

WORRIERS

Cruel Optimist 12" EP

coming soon on Don Giovanni Records

Sinead O'Rebellion 7"

out this November on YoYo Records

UK TOUR w/ CAVES IN NOVEMBER!

11/7 Exeter @ The Cavern

11/8 London @ The Black Heart

11/9 Leeds @ Santiagos (matinee)

11/9 Liverpool @ The Shipping Forecast

11/10 Sunderland @ Pop Recs (matinee)

11/12 Cardiff @ Gwdihw

11/13 Bristol @ The Exchange

EUROPEAN DATES TO FOLLOW

see yoyorecords.de and
worriers.bandcamp.com
for more info!

the porn stars, fast cars, and millions of dollars. It's a funny song. And thirty years from now—when America is totally impotent and exhausted, the logical conclusion to Reaganomics—I imagine it'll be a source of pride that another industrialized country produced a generation that cared enough about American pop culture to write a song about it. Should you get this record? No doubt. I bought this from the band about a month before *Razorcake* sent it to me. —Ryan Leach (HoZac)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Radio Ready - Texas: Volume One: LP

Rare Texas power pop tunes from 1978-'83, assembled lovingly by Cheap Rewards records. They put out the fine Reactions reissue a short while back and maintain a stellar blog with tunes ranging from *Killed by Death* (Cheap Rewards also put out the Legionnaires Disease re-ish) to power pop to obscure mungo. The packaging is aces (gatefold sleeve, liner notes about each band, and I got the hook up from an Austin buddy who was able to get me the neon green vinyl!). Fidelity is pretty high and the mastering is loud enough that the two songs recorded in mono keep up with the rest. I can't pick just one favorite song. Maybe Jemmy Leggs' "Fireworks" or The Fad's "Think." Or The Haskells "Pop Art." I'm sure promised future volumes will only make my choice that much harder! —Sal Lucci (Cheap Rewards, cheaprewards.net)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Twitch and Gloom: CD

The subheading for this release is "Dark sounds from the Pacific Northwest," and that's more than apt a description for what you get for your buck here. Twelve bands—Vice Device, //zoo, Baby Guns, Perpetual Ritual, Grave Babies, and others—hailing from Portland and points north bust out their synths, geetars, and other devices and lay down some infectious dark pop, gloomy new wave, morose skronk, and sundry related noise. These types of comps (as are most comps these days, come to think of it) are notoriously spotty, but this one maintains a high level of quality and consistency that will no doubt please both fans of the genre and those looking for something different from the noise to which they usually subject themselves. —Jimmy Alvarado (Flat Field, flatfieldrecords.com)

VEHEMENT SERENADE:

The Things That Tear You Apart: CD

The world needs another Karl Buechner-fronted (Earth Crisis, Path Of Resistance) hardcore band like I need a kick to the head, which is what I would've likely gotten for writing such a thing if this was the early-to-mid 1990s. Multiple listens to Vehement Serenade, however, harkens me back to E-Town Concrete, a rapcore group from New Jersey that was around in the '90s and early 2000s. Not because the two groups sound anything alike (although I would pay money to hear Buechner rap), but in the similar

response they both gave me. At first, I thought E-Town Concrete were silly, but upon repeated listens I heard grooves and some catchiness in their rap-rock stylings. But then after a while I realized, "No, this is dumb." While Vehement Serenade may not be rap-rock, they are deceptive in that same way. Is this silly? Yes. Wait, it's got some good grooves and decent riffs. No, wait, it's dumb. Why? Because there are too many bands playing this same thing. While it's nice to hear a bit of divergence (is that an attempt at singing I hear?), this just seems too similar to a million other metal-core bands I've heard before, even if Buechner is behind the mic. —Kurt Morris (Fast Break, fastbreakent.com)

VIBRATORS, THE: *On the Guest List: CD*

I don't think it would be unduly untoward for me to state that the Vibrators haven't felt like a vital, going concern to me since they left Epic Records in 1978 ("Amphetamine Blue" and a few other standout tracks from the last thirty-four years or so notwithstanding). Out of the twenty or so albums the band released since then, the only one I've actually purchased was *Fucking Punk '77* a few years ago, which was basically them playing old punk covers (including their own stuff), seemingly underscoring my point. This time, they've recorded mainly new originals (plus remakes of their own "Baby Baby," "Whips and Furs," and "Automatic Lover"—in case you didn't catch the remakes

a few years ago on *Fucking Punk '77* i reckon)), with the twist being that they've enlisted a shit-ton of guest guitar players to do solos for them—Walter Lure, Wayne Kramer, Brian James, Ross the Boss, Stan Lee, Hugh Cornwell, Chris Spedding, Ty Segall. And, while i gotta admit that it's kind of fun to see who's playing on the song, then eagerly awaiting their guest solo, sitting around waiting for guitar solos isn't really at the top of my list of things i wanna be doing when I'm listening to a punk album. I guess if you enjoyed Knox's guest appearance on Die Toten Hosen's cover of "Baby Baby" on 1991's *Learning English, Lesson One*, you'll surely thrill to the Die Toten Hosen guitarist's guest solo on "Baby Baby" here. It's worth a listen, but if you can sit all the way through it without the phrase "twenty-second album by a two-album band" periodically blinking into and out of your consciousness, you got way more Zen than i got. **BEST SONG** THAT HASN'T BEEN RECORDED FORTY-EIGHT TIMES BEFORE: "Rain to Town." **BEST SONG TITLE:** "Birdland Is Closed." **FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT:** Nigel Bennett uses PRS® guitars and Marshall™ amplification. Eddie uses Avedis Zildjian® cymbals and Eddie Ryan™ drums. Pete uses Genz Benz™ amplification and Epiphone® and Gibson™ basses. They didn't list what Knox uses. —Rev. Nørb (Cleopatra, cleopatrarrecords.com)

20 YEARS

CELEBRATING OUR 20TH ANNIVERSARY
LITTLE DEPUTY RECORDS IS PROUD TO PRESENT:

SUNNY SIDE

WELCOME TO SAN DIEGO

STILL COMING SOON...
HICKEY LIVE LP

LittleDeputy.com

Little Deputy Records

VIOLENT BULLSHIT: Age of Quarrel 2 by Amon Duul 3:7" EP

When all's said and done, Violent Bullshit is a hardcore band and all the tropes associated with that genre are in full evidence. They are, however, bright enough to temper all the throat-shredding vocals, howling angry lyrics, and the high-velocity tempos with off-the-beaten-path rhythms and odd time signatures so things don't become one big, boring blur. Not sure if or how they'd manage to pull it off over the course of an LP, but they more than handily do so here. —Jimmy Alvarado (25 Diamonds)

WARM NEEDLES / COSTANZA: Split: 7"

Two bands playing different styles of punk, pop punk, and more straight-ahead punk and both come out as winners. Warm Needles play peppy, bouncy pop punk that gets your toes tapping and Costanza get a little rougher around the edges and serve up two hard-hitting punk tracks. Both bands are catchy, play with energy, and these tunes don't come off as throwaway songs. —Rick Ecker (Tour Van)

WARM TOY MACHINE:

Not Tired to Blow: LP

Warm Toy Machine plays bizarre garage rock. A once French, now Belgian band, they are heavily influenced by gritty peers in the Euro rock underground, as well as by grubby U.S. bands like Spider Babies. Simultaneously off-putting and engaging, bands like this are a dime a dozen. Is that a bad thing, though? Familiarly sleazy, Warm Toy Machine

is aural comfort food for the perpetually uncomfortable. —Art Ettinger (P. Trash)

WE ARE HEX: Lewd Nudie Animals: 7"

Haven't heard much from 'em in a good spell, but it sounds like they're still in touch with their Birthday Party records, along with a steady diet of post-punk, death rock, goth, and tribal punk fare, which is never a bad thing. Dug their *Hail the Goer* CD some time back, and I'm definitely diggin' this as well. —Jimmy Alvarado (Latest Flame)

WE HAVE HEAVEN:

Feel the Power: LP+CD

Their label describes We Have Heaven as "psych drone thrashers." The band is composed of David Kresge and Eric de Jesus on looped guitars and effects, and Kyle Page on drums. There are guest appearances by Rachel Lambdin on violin on one track, and Renee Uzardi on tabla (an Indian hand drum similar to bongos) on another. There's not much thrashing to speak of on this. What there is, is looped guitar riffs run through a bunch of effects pedals with drums that set a beat and keep things from getting stale. If you're looking for something low key to mellow out to We Have Heaven are divine, but if you're looking for something that gets the fist pumping, or the head banging, you're best to look elsewhere. —Paul J. Comeau (Easy Subculture)

WELCH BOYS, THE:

Bring Back the Fight: CD

This new record from these Boston barnburners is lean and mean. There

are songs about drinkin', songs about hockey, and songs about gettin' in trouble. It's all delivered with a fast and furious precision that may cause you to spill your beer. There are two covers sandwiched in here as well. But all you need to know is if you like fast punk that gets your blood pumping, then you need this one on your shelf. Also, there's only one dude smiling in the band photo. The rest of the guys may have to give you a talking to if you don't get on board. —Sean Koeppenick (Sailor's Grave, info@sailorsgraverecords.com)

WHITE NIGHT:

Prophets of Templum CDXX: LP

Driving an hour or three for a show is unfortunately reality in the South. It also prevents a lazy person from catching some great performances. So I was determined to not miss Pedro kings White Night tour through Alabama. The show was a blast in Huntsville and I got to walk away with the new LP. Live, the band still pushes the scrappy punk sound of the first LP and 10", but *Prophets of Templum CDXX* veers closer to Burger '60s psyche territory, especially with the keyboard pushed as high as the guitars in the mix. Not always my cup o' magic mushroom tea, but there's still enough feistiness and fun in these tunes to warrant many a spin on sweaty summer days, dreaming about toobin' your local spot. —Matt Seward (Recess, recessrecords.com / 45 R.P.M., calimucho.net)

WHITE ORANGE: Onawa: CD

Dunno whether to classify this as a full-length or EP—three tunes, but the whole ride clocks in at a smidge over twenty-five minutes, total. What it all boils down to is modern space rock fodder, hence the limited number of tunes with loooooong run-times, that sometimes sound just as influenced by *Loveless*-era My Bloody Valentine as anything Hawkwind ever released. Tunes are hypnotic with a catchiness that manages keep the listener engaged throughout. This kinda stuff is generally hit-or-miss, but they manage to pull it off quite well. —Jimmy Alvarado (White Orange, whiteorange.bandcamp.com)

WHITE WALLS / DEEP HEAT: Split: 7"

For someone who loves food dearly, I am not able to pull from the top of my head a nice wine/food pairing (including specificities), and I feel like googling one would be disingenuous. However, I can say that these two bands pair well, whether they were curated by a sommelier of music or just came together as friends, I truly enjoyed the rich notes of heavy shoegaze, paired with the languishing, conspiratorial, surreal vocals. There was a metallic flavor of noise that left a mark on my eardrums that the hook-filled choruses were quick to amend. Falling somewhere between later Mission Of Burma and My Bloody Valentine, both bands manage to create from a rich sonic palette. White Walls (Cream reference? Definitely has some of the desperateness of that song) lean towards the noisier instrumental (though

MAMMOTH SOUND
MASTERING
FLAT RATES PPD
7"s: \$100
7" COMPILATIONS: \$125
CD/12" EPs: \$160
CD/LPs: \$220
CD/LP COMPS: \$275
PROUD TO HAVE COMPLETED PROJECTS FOR ARTISTS INCLUDING

CXS	MIDNIGHT	ANNIHILATION TIME	WASTED TIME
NOOTHGRUSH	SICK	FIX	MDX
COKE BUST	CAPITALIST	CASUALTIES	DESKONOCIDOS
VOLTAGE	cülo	CHUNK	ARCTIC FLOWERS
DIRECT CONTROL	FYFAN	THESE	SEASICK
BIG EYES	GOVERNMENT WARNING	ARTS	MAGRUDERGRIND
VITAMIN X	NEON	SEEN	TOTAL
PLUTOCRACY	PISS	RED	ABUSE
			PETERSENS ARMÉ

CALL / EMAIL FOR QUOTE
WWW.MAMMOTHSOUNDMASTERING.COM
(831) 566-5381

OUT NOW ON
NO FRONT TEETH & RAPID PULSE
STITCHES
THE GAGGERS
SPLIT 7"
A COMPLETELY EXCLUSIVE TRACK FROM EACH BAND
UP NEXT:
THE JUNK / CRAZY SQUEEZE / SMOGTOWN
WWW.NOFRONTTEETH.NET
WWW.UNDERGROUNDMEDICINE.COM

there are vocals) end of the spectrum, while Deep Heat utilize the throbbing music as a bed upon which to rest the vocals. It all worked for me. Looking forward to more! —Noah (Poison City)

WOOLEN MEN:

Tour Tape Number Two: Cassette

Five really tight, well played pop songs clearly influenced by post-punk. I was fortunate enough to pick this up while they were, as the title implies, on tour. I had never heard them before but was immediately impressed by the very tight musicianship and vibe their music creates. I can't listen to this band's music without either bobbing my head or shaking my hips, sometimes both. Highly recommended. —Rene Navarro (Woolen Men, woolenmen.bandcamp.com)

YIKES SURF CLUB, LE: **Yikes: CDEP**

Nice mix of surf sensibilities (and you thought it was just a clever name) with mid-tempo punk not out of step with early '80s beach punk and more modern garage rock, steeped in reverb and catchy hooks. —Jimmy Alvarado (Grizzly)

YOUNG LIGHT:

Great White Arc: CDEP/LP

This two-piece (guitar/vocals and drums) shoegazer indie rock band's first release is a four-song, sixteen-minute EP. It's something a bit different for the Underground Communiqué label, but it works for me. I can picture enjoying listening to this as I sit in my (imaginary) leather chair and look out upon the city at night with a nice gin and tonic in

my hand. I'd be interested in hearing a full-length from this duo. —Kurt Morris (Underground Communiqué)

YOUTH AVOIDERS: **Self-titled (East Coast Invasion 2013 edition): LP**

After a great demo, an excellent 7", and a split with Zombies Are Pissed!, one of my favorite current bands has their first LP, and wow is it a ripper! Featuring ten new songs, and a new version of "Control" from the demo, there are plenty of tracks here for longtime fans and for those new to Youth Avoiders to get stoked on. "Cold Mines" opens the album with a nice intro that quickly builds into the furious roar of the song itself. Side B has my favorite songs on the album, including the new version of the track "Control," and the tracks "Smoked Glass" and "Snake Charmer," which were my favorites of the new material. On their demo and 7"s, Youth Avoiders showed that they could shred, get a bit rock'n'roll, and write some strong hooks. On this album, the band delivers all of that in spades, turning in not only their finest performance on any recording thus far, but managing to add a bit of nuance to their already great songwriting repertoire. The closing track "Oil Slick," is a great example of this, having a slightly different vibe than the rest of the album, but still fitting right at home in the Youth Avoiders catalog. If you've missed checking out this band in the past, do yourself a favor and stop avoiding them. —Paul J. Comeau (Deranged)

YUPPICIDE: **American Oblivion: CD**

If it's the same band I'm thinkin' it is—and judging from their sound and the pics, I'm gonna guess it's not yet another batch of lazy jackasses who couldn't be bothered to do a cursory search and see if the band name had been used prior—they've been around since at least the late '80s. It's a mix of, well, meat 'n' potatoes late-'80s hardcore and English oi influences that manages to retain a level of potency bands this long-in-the-tooth usually lose years back. Can't say it totally blew my skirt up, but they do what they do well and have the good sense not to bury it in an avalanche of overproduction. —Jimmy Alvarado (Dead City, deadcityrecords.com)

ZEBRASSIERES: **I Am a Human: LP**

Another release from these punk-wavers. This time 'round is a full-length chock full of bouncy, catchy ditties that recall the tumultuous heydays of Epoxies, Eyes, Dickies and, yes, Devo. Synths, male/female call/response vocals, tight musicianship, and the pogo-meter set on high. —Jimmy Alvarado (P. Trash, ptrashrecords.com)

ZENTRALHEIZUNG OF DEATH:

Busy Ghost: 7"

Rollicking, '60s-inspired, garagey rock'n'roll. Bouncy, light-hearted tunes ideal for jovial dancing and the drinking of the beer. The cut-out stickers on the cover and A side of the record are to be seen to be believed. If

there's a process to doing this that isn't maddeningly detail-oriented, please share, because it seems downright impossible! Whether the work of a wizard or a skilled scrap booker, the end result is top notch cover art. Anyone who has ever been stoked on a previous Alien Snatch release will not be disappointed by this one. —Daryl (Alien Snatch)

ZERO BOYS: **Pro Dirt: 7"EP**

Disclaimer: The Zero Boys' debut *Vicious Circle* LP is one of the top twenty punk records ever made. That's not an opinion. That's a punk fact. Their second LP, *Make It Stop*, is a steeeeeaming pile. (I finally found the CD at my local 99 Cents Only store along with Hulk Hogan tapes in the early 2000s. The Hogan tape was superior.) You won't believe it's the Zero Boys. *Pro Dirt* sounds like the Zero Boys covering All's *Pummel*. Lighter, mid-tempo-y, poppy, lots of bass noodle. Not what I was expecting—and if you're expecting "Forced Entry" or "Amphetamine Addiction"—whoah, those expectations will be shattered—but this 7" has its own charms and kudos for Stevo of 1-2-3-4 Go! to be able to put out music by the band who inspired the name of his label. That's gotta feel rad. —Todd (1-2-3-4 Go!, zeroboys.com, 1234gorecords.com)

Read 19,687 more record reviews at razorcake.org/record-reviews



Absolutely! Sign me up for this radical experience!!!

Here is my \$\$\$!!!

Extra Charges may apply for Int'l Shipping

☐ \$60 Full Year

☐ \$30 6 Months

Name

Email

Address



JukeBox Records Singles Club

Bands of Today doing originals and covers from the 80s and earlier, specifically made for Juke Boxes and Collectors. Every B-Side is a Cover song.

\$30 for 6 Months and \$60 for a Year! Every Month you get a new 45. Subscribers receive a secret 45. That means 7 * 45's for every 6 Months and 14 * 45's per year! Ltd Edt of 300. Custom Center hole adapters and tons of other cool info & stuff. Okay to PayPal, but add \$5 for PayPal. No Charge for Dwolla. Email: orders@luckylacquers.com

Current Schedule !!!

JAN'13 Thee Chemicals (Poison 13)
FEB'13 Mac Blackout (Dee D Jackson)
MAR'13 Now In 3-D (DEVO)
APR'13 Rad Company (Madonna)
MAY'13 Banditas (Prince)
JUN'13 The Hot Toddlers (The GoGo's)

Coming Soon 2013 & 2014!!!

Bobby Jo Ebola & The Children MacNuggets
The MoonRays
The Hemingers
Toys That Kill
2 Left Shoes
No Paws

Make Checks to "Lucky Lacquers" 6907 University Ave, #224, Middleton, WI, 53562

ON THE REAL RECORDS
NEW STUFFS!

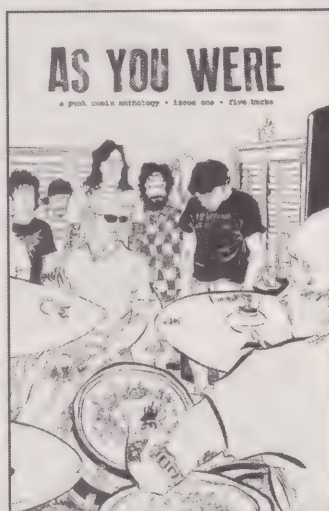
CHECK IT! WE GOT A DISTRO TOO!

ONTHEREALRECORDS.COM

THE
↑ IDLE GOSSIP ↓
EXTREME R & B

FREE DOWNLOAD OF THE HIT SINGLE "MAKE MY DAY"
WWW.THEIDLEGOSIP.COM

RECORDS! COMIX! PINEAPPLE PUNX!



As You Were #1:
House Shows



As You Were #2:
The Pit

What an amazing comic zine... Tales of victory, regret, missed connections, gripes, glory and rage. This zine is doing so many things right... A Must Have. - **Maximum RockNRoll**



Silver Sprocket www.SilverSprocket.net

Distro: Records from Revolver, Super D & Ebullition. Zines from Last Gasp

CONTACT ADDRESSES

to bands and labels that were reviewed either in this issue
or recently posted on razorcake.org.



- **1234 Go!**, 420 40th St. #5, Oakland, CA 94609
- **12XU**, 3005 S. Lamar Blvd., D1049-403, Austin, TX 78704
- **1332**, PO Box 16626, Boise, ID 83715
- **45 RPM**, PO Box 224, San Pedro, CA 90733
- **86'd**, PO Box 501, East Setauket, NY 11733-0501
- **A389**, PO Box 12058, Baltimore, MD 21281
- **Alien Snatch**, Rodenbergstraße 31, 10439 Berlin, Germany
- **Alternative Tentacles**, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141
- **Asian Man**, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030-5585
- **Bachelor**, 5421 Adnet 186, Austria
- **Baldy Longhair**, PO Box 1853, Rahway, NJ 07065
- **Beach Impediment**, PO Box 8335, Virginia Beach, VA 23450
- **Blind Spot**, PO Box 40064, Portland, OR 97240
- **Bridge Nine**, 119 Foster St., Building 4 Floor 3, Peabody, MA 01960
- **Burger**, 645 S. State College Blvd. #A, Fullerton, CA 92831
- **Burn Fast Burn Bright**, 1238 Winston Ave., Baltimore, MD 21239
- **CI**, 226 North Prince St., Lancaster, PA 17603
- **Cleopatra**, 11041 Santa Monica Blvd. #703, LA, CA 90025
- **Cowabunga**, 311 Stearn Dr., Genoa, IL 60135
- **Crusty**, PO Box 59, 1895 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, BC Canada, V5N 4A6
- **Crypt**, Julius-Leber Strasse 20, 22765 Hamburg, Germany
- **Damaged Goods**, PO Box 45854, London, E11 1JA, England
- **Dead Beat**, PO Box 361392, Cleveland, OH 44136
- **Dead Broke**, 139 Huber Ave., Holbrook, NY 11741
- **Dead Tank**, P.O. Box 61681, Jacksonville, FL 32236
- **Deathwish Inc.**, 59 Park St., 2nd Floor, Beverly, MA 01915
- **Deranged**, c/o Gordon Dufresne, 2700 Lower Rd., Roberts Creek, BC V0N 2W4, Canada
- **Dirt Cult**, 713 Stagecoach Dr., Las Cruces, NM 88011
- **Ditches**, PO Box 913, Olympia, WA 98507

- **Do Ya Hear We**, PO Box 6037, Chattanooga, TN 37401
- **Drastic Plastic**, 2451 St. Mary's Ave., Omaha, NE 68105-1631
- **Dull Tools**, 275 Halsey St., Brooklyn, NY 11216
- **Easy Subculture**, PO Box 37, Virgenville, PA 19564-0037
- **Eefin**, 707 E. Wright St., Milwaukee, WI 53212
- **Elephants**, c/o Ryan Young, 57 Silver Lake Ave. Apt. 6, Newton, MA 02458
- **Fat Possum**, PO Box 1923, Oxford, MS 38655
- **Fat Sandwich**, 4003 4th Ave. S., Birmingham, AL 35222
- **Fat**, 2196 Palou Ave., SF, CA 94124
- **FDH** c/o Eric Hansen, 522 Hoffman St., Philadelphia, PA 19148
- **Flesh Wave**, 21620 Hoffman St., St. Clair Shores, MI 48082
- **Frozen Teens**, 3025 Elliot Ave. S., MPLS, MN 55407
- **Grave Mistake**, PO Box 12482, Richmond VA, 23241
- **Hardware**, PO Box 1646, 49006, Osnabrück, Germany
- **Hozac**, 6001 Gross Point Rd., Niles, IL 60714
- **Huff Stuff Magazine**, c/o Barker, 1316 Fitzgerald St., Oakland, CA 94608
- **Impure Muzik**, c/o Jérôme Josselin, 65 rue Battant, 25000 Besançon, France
- **In The Red**, PO Box 50777, LA, CA 90050
- **Iron Lung**, PO Box 95521, Seattle WA, 98145
- **It's Alive**, 11411 Hewes St., Orange, CA 92869
- **Jade Tree**, 2310 Kennwynn Rd., Wilmington, DE 19810
- **John Wilkes Booth**, 373 S Willow St. #138, Manchester, NH 03103
- **Kiss Of Death**, PO Box 75550, Tampa, FL 33675
- **Kitschy Manitou**, 1250 E. Dayton St., Madison, WI 53704
- **Kramer**, 824 S Rochester St., Tacoma, WA 98465
- **La Escalera**, PO Box 3085, San Diego, CA 92163
- **La Société Expéditionnaire**, PO Box 343, Delaware Water Gap, PA 18327
- **Latest Flame**, 1017 E. Lyon, Milwaukee, WI 53202
- **Let's Pretend**, PO Box 1663, Bloomington, IN 47402

- **Lifes**, 4144 S 1st Pl., Milwaukee, WI 53207
- **Lost Cat**, PO Box 2121, St. Cloud, MN 56302
- **Malt Soda**, PO Box 944, Vacaville, CA 95696
- **Man In Decline**, 4140 N 27th St #110, Phoenix, AZ 85016
- **Mandible**, c/o Dominic Armao, 102 Ryerson St. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11205
- **Mauled By Tigers**, 701 Snow St., Chattanooga, TN 37405
- **National Dust**, PO Box 2454, Portland, OR 97208
- **New Flesh**, The, 705 34th St., Oakland, CA 94609
- **No Breaks**, 184 Rogers St. #301, Atlanta, GA 30317
- **No Front Teeth**, PO Box 27070, London N2 9ZP, England
- **No Red Tape**, 33 Howard St. Suite 14 Ground Fl., NY, NY 10013
- **No Stayer**, PO Box 37271 Philadelphia, PA 19148
- **P.Trash** c/o Peter Eichhorn, Augustastraße 4, 33649 Bielefeld, Germany
- **Peterwalkee**, 299 West Delavan Ave., Buffalo, NY 14213
- **Pirates Press**, 1301 17th St., SF, CA 94107
- **Plan-It-X**, PO Box 2312, Bloomington, IN 47402
- **Poison City**, PO Box 2009, Fitzroy, VIC 3065, Australia
- **Prank**, PO Box 410892, SF, CA 94141-0892
- **Profane Existence**, PO Box 18051, MPLS, MN 55418
- **Reality Is A Cult**, c/o Nathalie Haurberg, 1693 N. Broad St., Galesburg, IL 61401
- **Rebellion**, Rietveldendweg 54a, 5222 AS Den Bosch, The Netherlands
- **Recess**, PO Box 1666, San Pedro, CA 90733
- **Red Scare**, PO Box 13285, Chicago, IL 60613
- **Rerun**, PO Box 19202, St. Louis, MO 63118-9202
- **Resurrection**, 5118 NE Going St., Portland, OR 97218
- **Rise**, 421 SW 6th Ave. Ste. 1400, Portland, OR 97204
- **Roaratorio**, PO Box 300574, MPLS, MN 55403
- **Rock n Roll Disgrace**, 24 Sadler St., Lynn, MA 01905
- **Rumbletowne**, PO Box 663, Olympia, WA 98507

- **Sailor's Grave**, PO Box 515, Glen Mills, PA 19342
- **Salinas**, c/o Marco Reosti, PO Box 32257, Detroit, MI 48232
- **Saustex**, PO Box 691356, San Antonio, TX 78269
- **Sexy Baby**, 6318 N. Clark St., #201, Chicago, IL 60660
- **Shake!**, 4203 Rossiter Dr., Victoria, BC, V8N 4S8, Canada
- **Shield**, Blazoenstraat 32, 5021 DM Tilburg, The Netherlands
- **Silver Sprocket**, 1057 Valencia St., SF, CA 94110
- **Sinkhole Texas**, 1707 Austin Ave., College Station, TX 77845
- **Slovenly**, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504
- **Slow Death**, 72 rue de Charonne 75011 Paris, France
- **Snappy Little Numbers**, PO Box 370602 Denver, CO 80237
- **Space Collector**, c/o Chris Valenti, 2011 E. Park Pl. #21, Milwaukee, WI 53211
- **Spastic Fantastic**, Schillerstr. 114, 59174 Kamen, Germany
- **Speed! Nebraska**, PO Box 271027 Ralston, NE 68127
- **Suicide**, Dahlströmsgatan 24, 414 65 Gothenburg, Sweden
- **Superior Viaduct**, PO Box 193563, SF, CA 94119
- **Switchlight** c/o Thomas Olofsson, Badvägen 7A, 264 34 Klippan, Sweden
- **Tankerimes**, PO Box 3495, Oakland, CA, 94609
- **Thumper Punk**, 1041 Clubhouse Dr., Aptos, CA 95003-5436
- **Total Punk**, 1231 Virginia Dr., Orlando, FL, 32803-2644
- **Tour Van**, 69 North Paquatuck Ave., East Moriches, NY 11940
- **Toxic State**, 192 Jefferson St. Apt 1R, Brooklyn, NY 11206
- **Twistworthy**, PO Box 4491, Austin, TX 78765
- **Underground Communiqué**, c/o Justin Schwier, 2441 W. Gunnison St. #2, Chicago, IL 60625
- **Unrecords**, Rotzergasse 63/1, 1170 Wien, Austria
- **Ut**, PO Box 467, Amherst, NY 14226
- **Wess**, 2809 13th Ave S. E-2, Birmingham, AL 35205
- **Whoa Oh**, 211 Thompson St., Suite 2N, NY, NY 10012

ZINE REVIEWS

Send all zines for review to:
Razorcake,
PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042
Please include a postal
address (that's how we trade),
the number of pages, the price,
and whether or not you accept trades.



“It gets weird
and that’s its
strength.”

—Todd Taylor
RUDOLPH

45: RADON, \$4, 4 1/2" x 6 1/2",
offset, bound, 43 pgs.

Two of my favorite zine writers writing about one of my favorite albums by one of my favorite bands—Radon’s #28 (or *Aww Geez!*). Wow! It’s a great idea, though, because both of them have a long relationship with the band’s music and they’ve both analyzed and speculated and critiqued Radon’s songs for over a decade. But Fristoe is from Radon’s Florida and understands all of the toxic weirdness of it, the psychogeography that made Radon who they are, while Cometbus can only make guesses based on what’s heard or what little experience he’s had there. This difference in vicinity to the band is what makes it interesting. Cometbus has been a fan since their demo (which eventually became #28). Fristoe moved to Gainesville for college and would attend every show Radon played there. They were elder statesmen of punk to him and he interacted with them often. “They were *always* nice to me,” he says. He is now much older, still in Gainesville, and his criticism is based on a long-term knowledge of the band in relation to the surreal Florida geography that made them the paranoid kooks that they were. After rocking their music for years, actually meeting the members of Radon was always an awkward experience for Cometbus. Illusions were shattered but a further understanding and appreciation of their music came about as a result. But both Fristoe and Cometbus have similar interpretations of the band’s message. Cometbus says, “drop the record into any groove on any Radon record and it’s obvious that the band members are the most freaked-out guys on the planet. They’re up to here with neurosis. They’re half-crazed with worry. They can’t stop thinking about Russians, elemental minerals, and food. Sex and power run like a fault line down the middle of every number, yet those twin engines are never named. Violence is around every corner. Even the *shadows* are self-loathing.” Cometbus’s interactions with members of Radon were always weird, because in real life they struck him as being so *normal*.

They weren’t the half-unwound kooks that he heard on the album. They weren’t even very punk. Fristoe always had interactions with the band when he was younger, looked up to them, talked to them about books, stuff like that. They both understand the inner turmoil on the record, but Fristoe just knows more. Fristoe can tell us, “the cover of the album is another significant inside joke. Pablo is recoiling from the microphone that Jeff is thrusting. Pablo is not singing along there, he’s protecting his uninsured front teeth.” But they both seem to *get* the record in very similar ways. And this is where their zine hits a larger truth. I agree with Cometbus when he says, “they capture perfectly the feeling we’ve all struggled with, of wanting to cast off our chains but worried that those ties are the only things keeping us sane.” #28 is still an essential album for me. The songs ease my anxiety to this day like a forty-ounce of malt liquor would in my younger years. When I’m worried about rotting teeth, lack of health care, rent, or feeling a surge of existential dread, I can rock out to Radon and experience some relief, if only because it makes me feel less alone. But this zine is written in a way where you don’t have to be into or even to have heard of Radon to appreciate it. It speaks of the stuff of art and life itself. Any reader who’s not dead can get into it and relate it to something important to them. —Craven Rock (Libros Retroactive / Salad Master, Bt Belignon 17, Madrid 3775, Spain)

ANARCHISM & ECOLOGY: THE HISTORICAL RELATIONSHIP

\$2.50, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2", copied, 30 pgs.
This is a relatively extensive five-part zine on the relationship between anarchism and ecology. It starts out explaining what many agree anarchism is, then its general relationship to ecology. It then opens up into broader detail and covers three major anarchists and writers throughout history. It shows similarities, differences, and unrealistic ideas for all three, therefore letting the reader critically analyze the nature of anarchism and deciding

for themselves what aspects are to be valued. This zine has a lot of excerpts from each anarchist’s work and well-documented footnotes, so the reader can decide the validity of the writer’s interpretation. There is a huge emphasis on environmentalism, preservation, and self sustainability, so I personally enjoyed and agreed with most of what was written. This is a great introduction to environmental anarchism and I would highly advise anyone to give it a read. —James Meier (Jura Books, 110 Crystal St., Petersham, NSW 2111, Australia)

APPLESAUCE, \$?, 7" x 8 1/2",
color copied.

Do you like seeing naked women tied up in nylon rope? What about erotica? Or drawings of penises? Well, if that’s the case, then you’ve come to the right place. I could go on about my thoughts on this, but it is what it is. That being said (and I’m not sure what it says about me), I kinda liked it. —Kurt Morris (applesauce.zine@gmail.com)

AS YOU WERE: A PUNK COMIX

ANTHOLOGY: #1, \$5, 5 1/2" x 7 1/2",
offset with cardstock cover, 74 pgs.
Compiled and by Mitch Clem, it’s the first in a themed series that couples punk (sorry, “punx”—what would be the singular of punx?) illustrators to house and basement shows. The results are stellar. It reminds me of classic punk music comps... with pictures. (Dare I say *Give ‘Em the Boot II?* I kid. It’s like a *Bloodstains Across...* comp.) It’s a veritable Who’s Who of contemporary punk illustrators and comic book artists celebrating, questioning (“What’s the opposite of posi?”), and participating in an intimate form of music sharing. It runs the gamut of a small dog accidentally being killed, to issues of self-esteem and self-doubt about not knowing anyone else at the show, to monsters and ghosts populating and playing basements. Some of my favorite artists, in comic book form. Totally worth seeking out and sharing. —Todd Taylor (Silver Sprocket Bicycle Club, 1057 Valencia St., SF, CA 94110, silversprocket.net)

CABILDO QUARTERLY #2-#3, \$1,
11" x 17", copied, 2 pgs.

This is a short, two-sided, literary newsletter that publishes poetry, fiction, book excerpts, and stuff of that sort. Nothing really moved me in these issues, but that’s how it goes with stuff like this. The next issue might be right up my alley. You might just as easily appreciate a lot of it, especially if you like your literature literary. I’d make the effort to pick it up from “discriminating purveyors in/around Belchertown, MA and/or Bangor, ME” if I were ever around those parts. —Craven Rock (Cabildo Quarterly Muster Roll, PO Box 784, Belchertown, MA 01007)

FINALE 95 #1, \$?, 4 1/4" x 5 1/2",
copied, 36 pgs.

I’m not trying to be patronizing, and this isn’t much of a feat, but I have been doing zines since this author’s age (seventeen) and mine totally sucked then while this totally rules! Absolutely hilarious zine with seemingly no specific focus besides Alanna’s sharp wit and killer execution. There’s straightforward, funny stuff (“The Story of How My Parents Told Us They Were Getting a Divorce”), goofy interviews with relatives (mom, brother’s boyfriend) that betray a skilled, insightful interviewer regardless, and plenty of other random stuff. What I especially appreciated was that Alanna is very engaged and excited about the present age of punk—not solely reverent of its past—even though she loves and appreciates it. Highly recommended. —Dave Brainwreck (pukeyparty.tumblr.com, puker.nation@live.com)

GENEVA13 #19, \$?, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2",
copied, 59 pgs.

This is a quality slice of printerberry pie. This issue is about hauntings. Both in the sense of the past imposing itself on the present and the Scooby-Doo variety. Punks have always had a fascination with the past and with the evolution of their towns. It’s a combination of love for history and an appreciation for preservation, documentation, and exhibition of local

culture. *Geneva13* combines all these things in a well-presented and diverse format. This issue features old-timey photos of Geneva superimposed on the modern town. It has essays, poetry, comics, and illustrations. And a long, hilarious, and engaging interview with a group of local paranormal investigators who operate out of an old ambulance. The ambulance is probably my favorite part. They've somehow managed to put in an electric fireplace and a toaster oven. Overall, this zine shows the importance of learning about the past and being mindful of the hard work

dead is coincidental," in the preamble is evidence of that celebrity and the lawyers that surround it. Why give celebrities anymore page-space than they already have? I get the joke, but making fun of celebrities is still an engagement with them. I'd rather put my energy into people who don't have agents, TV shows, and parody shirts. It is a visually pleasing zine with great art and funny jokes. Microcosm always makes good stuff. If you're less touchy about celebrity, I'm sure you'd get a real kick out of this. But I'm going to go get a six pack and

NEITHER THEIR WAR NOR THEIR PEACE: AGAINST MILITARISM, WAR, AND THE STATE MONOPOLY ON VIOLENCE, \$2, 8½" x 5½", copied, 34pgs.

I love reading up on anarchism and the different views people apply to it. This zine exhibits a strict anti-pacifistic, anti-militarist take on anarchism and explains pretty far into detail why this is so. It starts out with two essays, translated from Italian, written during the bombing of Yugoslavia in 1999, and then has eleven more essays written by the author, mostly encircling the war

Sean Stewart's for awhile. He published *Thoughtworm* for years. *Rain Crow* acts as a poetic breach from his previous work. It's more opaque in the fact that it grows in strength with careful and repeat reads. Smiths references are slyly couched next to Beckett-like vignettes next to Rachel Carson-esque still lifes. Sean also invokes Kafka—as much the man's work as his life—several times. Sean's an outsider but an acute and deep observer. He's as much an introvert of the heart as of the mind, and in those spaces, he stitches big ideas and everyday observations together. He's

"When I'm worried about rotting teeth, lack of health care, rent, or feeling a surge of existential dread, I can rock out to Radon and experience some relief."

—Craven Rock | [@CRACKDOWN](#)

of those who came before you which enabled you to learn about it. It makes you want to look at the buildings that surround you and find out what stories haunt their walls. It also made me want to make toast and cruise around town looking for ghosts. A job well done. —Matthew Hart (*Geneva13* Press, PO Box 13, Geneva, NY 14456, mail@geneva13.com)

GOOD LUCK #1, \$?, 5½" x 7½", copied, 36 pgs.

This is a charming, good-natured, punk-pun populated comic book centered around the band Good Luck. It gets weird and that's its strength. After playing a house show and being offered a room in the attic, the trio gets sucked into a parallel universe to the time of gladiators and the coliseum. Latin is spoken (translations on the last page) and Bruce Springsteen, Tony Danza, and a guitar tuner all provide assistance for our heroes' journeys. Fun, quick, and definitely coming from a perspective of infectious fandom. —Todd Taylor (Joe DeGeorge, joe.degeorge@gmail.com)

HENRY & GLENN FOREVER & EVER #2, \$5, 5½" x 7", offset, 36 pgs. Two things before we begin: 1.) I don't want to live in a world without irony. 2.) I love and appreciate stupidity more than most people. Given both of those facts I should love this zine. However, I have a few concerns. I'm skeptical of anything that perpetuates "punk" celebrity. The careful avoidance of mentioning Rollins and Danzig by their full names and the need to stick, "This is a work of fiction and parody. Any resemblance to characters living or

feed the flies that I know. —Matthew Hart (I Will Destroy You Comics, [iwilldestroyyou.com](#) / Microcosm, [microcosmpublishing.com](#))

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL #362, \$4, 8¼" x 10¾", newsprint, 128 pgs.

The continued existence of *MRR*, inarguably the most influential zine in history, makes me very happy. Still the premiere way of finding out what's going on in the subculture, *MRR* remains filled to the gills with useful information and witty columns. This issue's high point is the second part of a thorough piece on *We Got Power*, the legendary zine that spawned *We Got Power* Films. It's also loaded with reviews, columns, and interviews with bands including Homicide, Born Wrong, and Shaved Women. You really can't go wrong with *MRR*. Dirtying my fingers since I first picked it up in 1990, *MRR* persists to satisfy. —Art Ettinger (*MRR*, PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146, [maximumrocknroll.com](#))

MEDIA JUNKY, \$1/stamps or nice letter, 5½" x 8½", copied, 15 pgs.

Back again to cover that weird part of the papernet is Jason Rodgers with *Media Junky*. *Media Junky* is a review zine that mostly reviews zines but also bizarre cassettes of noise and stuff like that. If you think zines suck because all you've seen is the cutesy, reality-challenged infantilism that's been yapping loudest for the past ten years, get this and order a few things. If you still think zines suck, you'll at least know what you're talking about. —Craven Rock (Jason Rodgers, PO Box 62, Lawrence, MA 01842)

on terrorism. I know we've all heard a lot about the war on terrorism and the Bush administration, but it's always nice to see more views on it. The zine highlights how the term "terrorism" was never truly defined, because if it was, then the American military would be responsible for many terrorist acts. It also goes into depth how the lower class gets exploited into wanting to be a part of the system that is exploiting them. Altogether, a nice collection of essays giving a better look into contemporary anarchism. —James Meier (Venomous Butterfly Publications, 818 SW 3rd Ave., PMB 1237, Portland, OR 97217)

ORGAN GRINDER #1, \$5.

Five dollars! Is that all? What a steal for a book that should replace *Highlights* at the doctor's office. Although this magazine is not a comic book, it does have strips in its pages. Fun games also litter the pages of this fantastic magazine. My favorite is "King James That Tune," where a contemporary song is converted to the King's English and the reader has to figure it out. For example, "Which person released the canines which which which which which person released the canines." Think about it because it was the easiest. The puzzles range from fun to downright impossible. Reading comics and playing games, what better way to pass the time at the doctor's office? —Gary Homberger ([kungfujimmy@organgrindermagazine.com](#))

RAIN CROW RAIN CROW SING US A SHOWER, \$?, 5½" x 7½", copied with silk-screened cover, 36 pgs.

In these pages is quiet evidence of some of the best literary writing in contemporary zines. I've been a fan of

using the telescope and the microscope correctly. Here's one quick example. There's no shortage of "Bikes! Rad!" in zine writing, but I can read sentences like these for a long, long time: "And I forgot about all the fool drivers I'd not so gladly suffered on my ride. Maybe there is an antidote for each poison shoved down our throats. Maybe it takes a lifetime to find them all." Highly recommended. —Todd Taylor (Sean Stewart, [lostgander.wordpress.com](#))

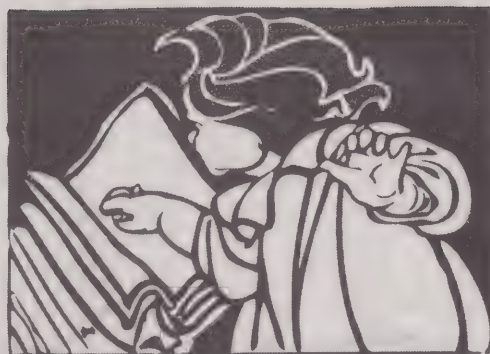
RISE #1(?), \$?, 5½" x 7½", copied, 16 pgs.

If you asked me to explain what I just read, the only logical answer I could give you would be a confused look. Poetry about locked doors, prose about a young person's memory of the Waco massacre on their birthday, and odd drawings of people with inanimate objects for heads. Whatever this zine is, much of it is clouded in mystery. It made me think about a lot of things. It posed philosophical questions and shook my preconceived notions on what a confusing photocopied zine could be. Here is the nature of my thoughts, distilled to a single word: "Art?" Grade: B. —Bryan Static (No address listed)

ROOTS: BLACK GHETTO ECOLOGY, free, 8½" x 5½", copied, 17 pgs.

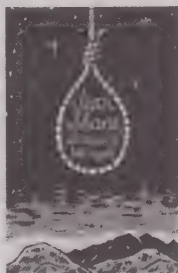
This is a great socio-economic commentary written in 1986 by Wilmette Brown. This zine has a lot of footnote references and clearly outlines the difference between poor versus poverty and while most people considered "poor" are white, the majority of those living in "poverty" are black, and that cancer rates and health issues tend to be more concentrated in areas labeled as

Read FINE Titles from Pioneers Press!



COMING SOON! DEAR SHANE: I TRIED TO KILL MYSELF

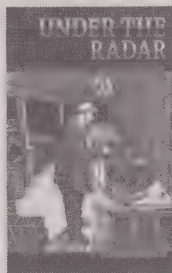
by Jazz McGinnis



In what began as a letter to the eponymous friend, *Dear Shane: I Tried to Kill Myself* offers an absorbing account of the author's suicide attempts and subsequent hospitalization, providing pragmatic hope and a much-needed resource for mental health from the margins.

UNDER THE RADAR: NOTES FROM THE WILD MUSHROOM TRADE

by Olivier Matthon

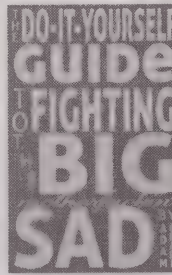


Under the nose of authorities, migrant pickers supply wild edibles for some of the fanciest restaurants in the country. Matthon gives a firsthand account of living and working in these northern Californian seasonal communities.

~\$5.00~

THE DO-IT-YOUR- SELF GUIDE TO FIGHT- ING THE BIG MOTHER- FUCKIN' SAD

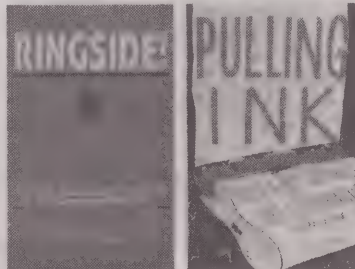
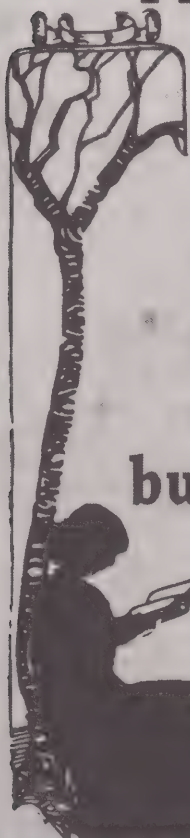
by Adam Gnade



Pioneers Press best-seller is described by the author as an "anti-depression guide / guide to a freer, more lawless life." In lists and short essays, Gnade explores moving beyond your demons toward a better, smarter, happier life.

~\$5.50 (print)~ ~\$4.00 (digital)~

**PLUS hun-
dreds of
zines,
books,
patches,
t-shirts,
stickers,
buttons, &
more!**



NEW PIONEERS PRESS EBOOKS!

- RINGSIDE!: A COMPANION PIECE TO THE DIY GUIDE TO FIGHTING THE BIG MOTHERFUCKIN' SAD
- PULLING INK: BUILD A ONE-COLOR PRESS & START SCREENPRINTING

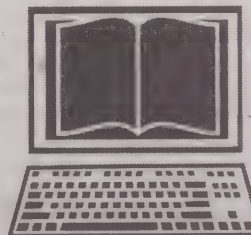


CUSTOM BUTTONS & PATCHES!



DIRECT YOUR BROWSER TO:
pioneerspress.com

OR WRITE AT:
PIONEERS PRESS
816 N Main #200
Lansing KS 66043



black ghettos. While the poor getting screwed out of healthcare treatment is unfortunately nothing new, this goes into detail about how bad it really is. Most people who don't live in poverty can't truly understand how difficult it really is. While I don't agree with some of what the author has to say altogether, this is a great dive into the relation of race (and even gender) to economic status and the worth placed on one's life. —James Meier (Housewives In Dialogue, PO Box 11795, Philadelphia, PA 19101)

SHARDS OF GLASS IN YOUR EYE #9, \$3, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", copied, 24 pgs.

This is a breezy humor zine out of Beverly Hills, California, of all places. Kari applies a sharp sense of humor to the eternal weirdness of her location as well as pop/celebrity culture at large and herself (e.g. "Dear Diary: I just got done watching a PBS documentary. There's nothing like a rock-climbing congenital amputee to make you feel like shit about yourself.") There are two longer (read: more than half a page) essays about body stuff—one about the embarrassment and difficulty around finding a bra good for running when you have big boobs, another about being really short. All in all, a very enjoyable, quick read. —Dave Brainwreck (Kari Tervo, PO Box 7831, Beverly Hills, CA 90212, shardsofglassinyoureye@gmail.com)

SOCIALISM & STATE, \$2.50, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2", copied, 16 pgs.

Socialism & State offers a brief history of socialism throughout modern world history. For being only sixteen pages, it brings up a lot of bigger names in socialism and explains the differences in their views and ideals. It's a great introduction to modern socialism to anyone who's trying to get a better understanding on the subject. If you don't really know what socialism is, this is a pretty good place to start. —James Meier (Monty Miller Press, PO Box 92 Broadway, Sydney 2007, Australia)

SUNDRIFT, \$?, 5 1/2" x 6", copied, 20 pgs.

There's almost no identifying information with/on this zine, so I'm only half-sure that it's even called *Sundrift*... anyway, what I can identify is that this zine is entirely not for me. It's not objectively bad, but what it contains is literal diary entries from someone about their meditation and acupuncture sessions and stuff. It's deeply spiritual and reminds me of the loose, hyperbolic (to me) zen buddhist writings of the beat generation that always drove me up a wall. At one point he does inject a syringe full of his blood onto some rocks and a mountain stream. That was kind of cool. —Dave Brainwreck (ULUpublications@gmail.com)

TWOSKUNKSFORVALENTINE'S DAY: A TRIP TO AWESOME FEST 6, \$?, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2", copied, 24 pgs.

This is a short story by the incredible Mike Faloon about going to Awesome Fest 6 with little detail about Awesome Fest 6. The first part of the story depicts Mike completely unimpressed by the miracle of modern travel. This is completely relatable. At no point does he pause to reflect on how amazing it is that he's capable of flying across the country in a few short hours to see a punk show just for the weekend. Instead we find Mike anxious about the flight and self medicating with an mp3 player. While there isn't a lot of Awesome Fest play-by-play, there is something more important: enthusiasm. Mike's enthusiasm for music and his ability to express it are what make this worth reading. It's about the uncomfortable, anxiety-riddled journey to see live music that you love on no sleep. It's about how necessary those journeys seem when you get back home and are no longer surrounded by a group of people who share your enthusiasm. It's about an anxious man who just wants to sing the Bananas and get home on time. Now that's a brand of domesticity I can get behind. —Matthew Hart (Mike Faloon, PO Box 469, Patterson, NY 12563, gogometric@yahoo.com)

UNUSUAL DEATH OF GREGORY BIGGS: A TRUE STORY, THE, \$?, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", copied, 12 pgs.

Emi Gennis's illustrations are impeccable. Gennis's art is akin to Gilbert Hernandez and the story features all of the corrosive nihilism found in David Lapham's *Stray Bullets*. The murder of Gregory Biggs is a story adapted from Wikipedia's list of unusual deaths, a story that makes you question human judgment. Biggs was a homeless man struck and imbedded in the windshield of Chante Mallard's car. Mallard proceeded to drive home, park in her garage, and sleep with her boyfriend while Biggs was dying on the hood. Gennis carefully crosshatches Biggs's tragic demise without a hint of exploitation. Eventually, Mallard, assisted by her ex-boyfriend and friend, attempted to cover up the crime by dumping Biggs's body in a public park. You can't make this shit up. Gennis set out to create a narrative based on the accounts made public while crafting eerily understated dialogue. She goes as far as to list a series of notes and clarifications inside the back cover. The only major ding against this comic zine is its brevity. Thankfully, the art garners a second or third look. —Sean Arenas (emigennis.com)



1,948 more zine reviews can be found at razorcake.org

TURN ME ON DEAD MAN
WE ARE THE STAR PEOPLE
COSMIC SPACE ROCK BLISS!

DEATH HYMN NUMBER 9
3RD DEGREE MOON BURNS
LUNATIC ZOMBIES PLAY GARAGE!

COMING IN OCTOBER

ULTRA BIDE
DNA VS DNA-C
JAPANESE NOISEROCK!

DOT WIGGIN BAND
READY! GET! GO!
SHAGGS SINGER RETURNS!

JUCIFER
за волной для нас земли нет
2xLP LTD ED!

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES RECORDS
PO Box 419092 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94141 USA
WWW.ALTERNATIVETENTACLES.COM
WRITE US FOR A FREE MAILORDER CATALOG!

Spokenest

We Move 12"

NOW AVAILABLE

\$12 ppd. or \$15 ppd
for the 12" + 2 7"!

Spokenest.bandcamp.com

mention razorcake and get a 3rd 7" for free



OUT NOW ON

NO FRONT TEETH & RAPID PULSE

STITCHES

THE GAGGERS

SPLIT 7"

A COMPLETELY EXCLUSIVE TRACK FROM EACH BAND

UP NEXT:

THE JUNK / CRAZY SQUEEZE / SMOCTOWN

WWW.NOFRONTTEETH.NET

WWW.UNDERGROUNDMEDICINE.COM

New Album!!!!
New Merch!!!!

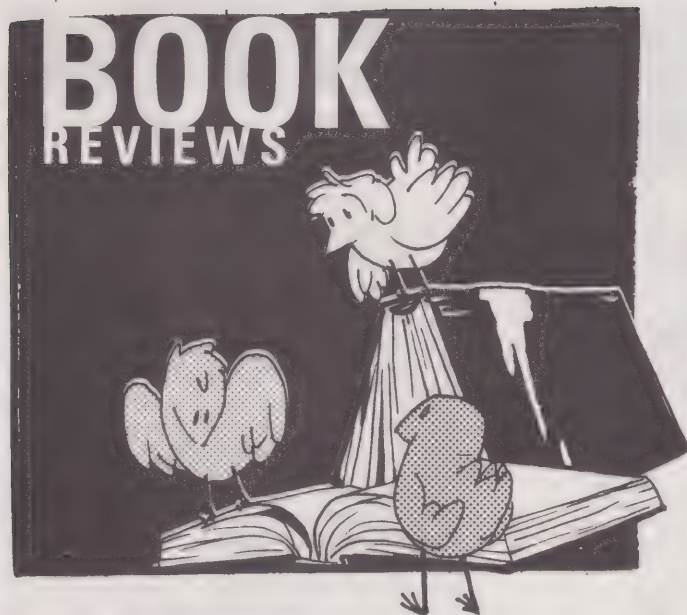
the Minx Delilah

Houston Punk Rock Local

www.theminxdelilah.com







Dezterter: Miscarried Generation?

By Krzysztof Grabowski, 300 pgs.

Polish punk rock is something about which I have probably never given a moment of my time. And I have spent time (mainly thanks to other books I've reviewed for *Razorcake*) thinking about random nations and music styles—Maltese heavy metal, for example. Reading this biography of the band Dezterter, however, really showed me how hard some punks can have it for the sake of wanting to share their music.

“I do keep track of the Red Sox, but only to know when they’re playing at home so as to avoid the subway lines the fans take to the game.”

—Kurt Morris, *Fan Interference: A Collection of Baseball Rants and Reflections*

Dezterter is a punk band that formed in the early 1980s while living in communist Poland. At that time Poland wasn't as harsh in their persecution of rock music as, say, the Soviet Union was, but that's not saying much. It was still hard for Dezterter to get going, with a lack of instruments, or ways to go about purchasing them, as well as finding practice spaces and places to play. If you think punk rock in your country is political, Dezterter shows that it can get much more dicey. How do you write in your lyrics about your distaste for an oppressive government when the same government reviews your lyrics before giving you the okay to release that record? This is just one such problem faced by Dezterter.

As one might imagine, it's hard to separate the politics of Poland (both communist and post-communist) from the story of Dezterter. So, the author of the book, the drummer, Krzysztof Grabowski, intermixes the two. In most cases, in the years before the end of communism in Poland, the politics of the nation affected the band. This portion of the book is the most fascinating. This time period from approximately 1981 to 1989 was incredibly difficult for the band and it wasn't until the latter half of the '80s that the band got solidified as a three-piece (with Grabowski on drums and as the main lyricist).

The portion of the book that deals with the band after 1989 isn't nearly as interesting. It generally follows the typical pattern of most any band: a member change here or there, record an album, tour, etc. There are still comments about politics, but the band was much more free to do their own thing starting in the 1990s, so it was hard to make that portion of the material as fascinating. Of course, there are family dynamics, relationships, and the like, but the band has remained fairly stable for the past few decades.

While the book was captivating in many regards, it's hard not to notice the translation and copy editing issues. From what I gather, Grabowski's first language isn't English, and the book was originally written in Polish and then translated to English. Unfortunately, it wasn't translated well, and while the overall sentiment and emotion may come through, I can't understand why the people who commissioned the English translation didn't do a better job and work on the editing. The Polish version of the book came out in 2010, so it's not as though there's a huge rush at this point. For such a unique book, it seems as though it would be better to take time and do it well.

There were other translation issues, as well. Pasted throughout the book are a number of articles about the band and reviews of their albums, but unfortunately, the vast majority are in Polish. While it does prove the point that the band was popular (especially in Polish press), it would've been great to know what some of them said. A large portion of the book (approximately one-third of it) is comprised of the band's lyrics. Reading through them, I was amazed at how bad most were. Once again, perhaps it was a translation issue, but they seemed rather juvenile, including the more recent ones. I can't help but think (and really hope) that something was lost in the translation, but if that's the case, it also means that one-third of the book was kind of pointless.

Despite these glaring errors, the book serves a purpose in exploring a time and place in punk that has had little written about it. For that it's important, but I'd really love to see a re-translated and edited edition be the final say. —Kurt Morris (activedistribution.org)

Fan Interference: A Collection of Baseball Rants and Reflections

Edited by Mike Faloon and Steve Reynolds, 226 pgs.

In theory, I'm probably one of worst people to review this book. It's all about baseball and boy, do I hate baseball. I used to enjoy the sport when I was a kid. I played Little League, collected baseball cards (let's hear it for the 1987 Topps series—the most overproduced set ever!), and went to games, both professional and minor league. Something happened in high school when I stopped giving a shit about sports and especially baseball. I think it was punk rock, but it may have also been existentialism, teenage angst, depression, or anxiety. I'm not sure.

And then I moved to Boston, where traditional religion is dead and sports have filled the void. The most important of all those faiths is that of Red Sox Nation, whose fans are fanatical beyond any degree I had previously known possible. (I moved here from Seattle and when their basketball team, the Sonics, asked for a new arena, the city told them not to let the door hit them in the ass on their way out of town.) I do keep track of the Red Sox, but only to know when they're playing at home so as to avoid the subway lines the fans take to the game.

Thus, when I saw *Zisk* in my review materials, I groaned. “This will not be pretty,” I thought to myself. And I felt especially bad because the book is edited by *Razorcake* contributor Mike Faloon and includes contributions from other *Razorcake* folks as well. But first the formalities: the book is a series of pieces taken from past issues of *Zisk*, a zine all about baseball. It's been running since 1999 and has put out over twenty issues. The pieces included are essays, interviews, and columns, with each author giving his or her particular take on a baseball-related event. These pieces are grouped together by subject areas, including “Brushes with Fame,” “Fury Has Many Faces,” “Fiction and Humor,” “Musicians Talk Baseball,” “Ballpark Visits,” “Interviews with Players,” “Oddities of the Game,” and more.

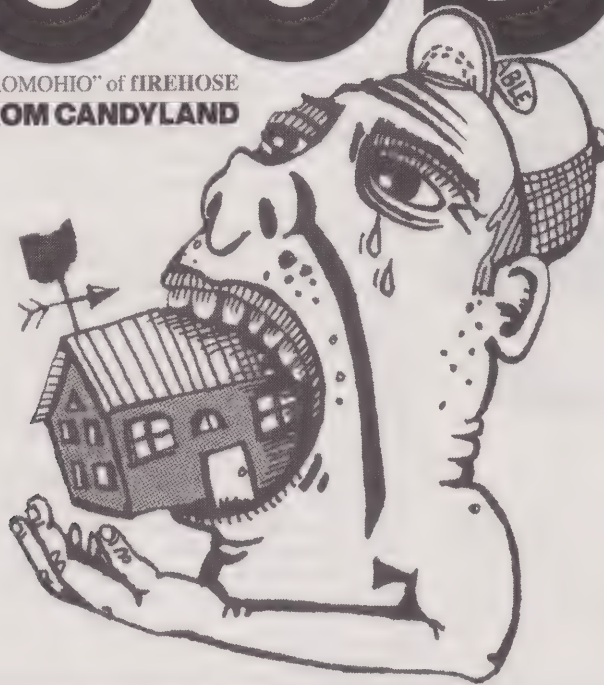
But as you might guess from this lengthy introduction where I've clearly stated my potential to be disappointed, I was instead pleasantly surprised by *Fan Interference*. Not everything in it was up my alley, but there was so much packed in the book's 226 pages that even though I didn't like a number of things, there was still plenty in here for me to enjoy. See, despite my current distaste for baseball, I do have fond memories of it growing up as a child, especially learning the history of the game and about the greats from before my time (pre-1980s). Much like me, many of the writers in *Fan Interference* are older and have recollections that also correspond with mine (or go before mine).

Some favorites include: Kip Yates's tour diary of his old-timey baseball team (circa 1876) that went on a barnstorming tour, Todd Taylor's telling of the ill-fated White Sox promotion known as “Disco Demolition Night,” and Sean Carswell's essay on attending one of the last games of the Atlanta Braves at Fulton County Stadium. Certainly there were others that were interesting, but those stick out the most. What I appreciated about these stories was in some cases their entertainment value but in other cases they connected with my interest in baseball history. The baseball nerd in me got a kick out of reading someone mention Vida Blue, Keith Hernandez, or Kirby Puckett.

It was more than just bringing back some fun memories, though. The writing here is quality, enjoyable, and told from the perspective of people who are just like you and me: fans of something. And whether that is being a fan of music, zines, or sports, there's something about good writing and passion for a

FOOD

Debut EP featuring Ed "FROMOHIO" of FIREHOSE
FOUR PIECES FROM CANDYLAND
 12"/CD/MP3



PHRATRYRECORDS.COM

PETERWALKEE RECORDS

OUT NOW !
 REGULAR AND PACKAGE DEALS AVAILABLE!
MALLWALKERS
 SHAKE THE RUST OFF LP
 THE BEST THING YOU'LL HEAR THIS YEAR
HERO DISHONEST - ALLE LUJAA LP
 BRAND NEW RECORD FROM LONG RUNNING FINNISH PUNKS
SOKEA PISTE - AJATUS KARKAA 12" LP
 DEBUT US PRESSING OF THIS FANTASTIC FINNISH PUNK LP

STILL FRESH! CHRON TURBINE
 SKULL NECKLACE FOR YOU LP
 DISTORTED HEAVINESS FROM NYC EX RYE COALITION
THE FIGGS
 THE DAY GRAVITY STOPPED
 BRAND NEW 20 SONG DOUBLE 12" LP

SOKEA PISTE - OIRE 7"
 MEMBERS OF KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUOLTO & MANIFESTO Jukebox
LIEUTENANT - S/T LP HOLY SHIT!
 LAST 20 COPIES COME WITH TSHIRT!

DON'T FORGET! **SPREAD EM' PIZZA CRISIS 7"**
THE FIGGS - CASINO HAYES 7"
KITTY LITTLE/SCIENTIFIC MAPS SPLIT 7"
DEAD UNICORN - YELLOWSTONE SUPERVOLCANO CD

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON UPCOMING RELEASES
 PRICING, MAIL ORDER AND SHIPPING
 CHECK OUT:
WWW.PETERWALKEERECORDS.COM

MAN IN DECLINE RECORDS

FULL DISTRO. HUNDREDS OF NEW AND USED RECORDS



RAW NERVES "FUTILE EFFORTS" LP

Raw Nerves is back with a new vocalist and their most refined set of songs to date. The result is a driving, aggressive record full of hooks and substantive lyrics. Tune in and turn on your brain!



COMING NEXT

BURNING KITCHEN "DISCOGRAPHY" 2XLP
 LOST LANDS "BODY OF HABIT" 7"
 THE NUKES 7"
 OBLIVIONATION 7"
 VANNA INCET 2ND LP
 BURNING KITCHEN NEW LP

RECENTLY RELEASED:

SARABANTE "UNDER THE SHADOWS" 7"
 NO MORE ART / BROOM TOWN SPLIT 7"
 CONCRETE CROSS "S/T" LP
 ARCTIC FLOWERS / SPECTRES SPLIT 7"

subject that I can appreciate. And for anyone who has ever had even a nominal interest in America's pastime, I think that's more than enough to enjoy *Fan Interference*. —Kurt Morris (Blue Cubicle Press, bluecubiclepress.com)

Madhouse Fog

By Sean Carswell, 287 pgs.

There are things they never tell you about the experience of losing your mind. It doesn't feel like losing keys, pencils, or a button. It doesn't feel like you've lost anything at all. In fact, it feels like you've gained an extra sense or finally received the divine transmission. The operatives on Alpha Centauri finally break through your tinfoil hat and you can feel your reptilian brain get invited to the Bohemian Grove. Without hesitation you start walking towards that indefinable goal. And they say it's good to have goals.

Madhouse Fog is a novel of location. The bulk of the story takes place in a psychiatric hospital that was once a college campus (the inverse of professor Carswell's university that used to be a psych hospital) on the southern coast of California. Two institutions of the mind. It's interesting how easily one can slip into the other, how both are similar in structure, and how they're both staffed with well-intentioned professionals trying to dismantle your "mind-forg'd manacles." You can easily get lost on both sides of the fence. The irony is not lost.

It's also a love story with little romance. Sentimentality is generally inexcusable in a novel unless it's about an animal. And from my point of view the leading lady—or, to be more specific, the ingénue—is a puppy named after a soccer player. You're really rooting for the little guy. Throughout the novel animals provide a mental stability that the characters can't grasp themselves—I viewed them as reminders of how the characters inhabit a strange headspace. The main character's favorite work pastime is watching a wind-up toy bird flip across his desk. After the first scene in which you realize that this book is going to be a lot weirder than it seems, the main character stares out the window at a bluebird. Perhaps the most hilarious chapter in the book is one describing two men quixotically trying to catch squirrels for an experiment on telepathy. This is as sentimental as *Caddyshack*, but you get the point.

If you're familiar with Carswell's writing, you'll immediately recognize this novel as a departure from his everyman-punk-tales. It's Carswell being Carswell. And apparently Carswell is pretty strange. It's a book that shows an author comfortable building his ship while out at sea. This makes it both a more personal novel and demonstration of craft. It's intensely smart, dark, and equally hilarious. (Especially the self-referential jokes/nods or Pynchon puns/references.) To review it like a record, I'd say it's as if Sherwood Anderson wrote *Cannery Row* and grew up listening to Mission Of Burma. Or if John Cusack was the main character in a Raymond Chandler film adaptation directed by George Saunders. Carswell would probably hate both of those examples, but it's a fun game to play.

Highly recommended. —Matthew Hart (Manic D Press, manicdpress.com)

Spy Rock Memories

By Larry Livermore, 238 pgs.

Before founding Lookout Records and hugely facilitating one of the more dynamic and seminal punk scenes this country has seen, Larry Livermore drove from San Francisco up to Spy Rock Road in remote

Mendocino County, California, to try at a quiet, rustic lifestyle. He possessed more romanticized notions than preparation or experience. At this point, he considered most of his life's more formative experiences safely behind him. Spy Rock was to be a sanctuary, and many times at that stage in someone's life (mid-thirties), the same sort of situation becomes someone's last station in life. Thankfully for us—I'm assuming almost everyone reading this is appreciative of at least one thing Livermore has had a hand in since then—Livermore did not settle down, although he did hunker down almost solely on Spy Rock for approximately a decade. In this time he demonstrated his outstanding drive and predilection for stamping things as his own: his band, record label, and newsletter/magazine were all incredibly prolific and possessed near-identical names that insinuated a web-like, tied-in DIY media empire (The Lookouts, Lookout Records, and *Lookout* magazine).

A healthy (or unhealthy) amount of ego and drive often bring people to such heights of productivity, and just as both resulted in Livermore's many accomplishments, it seems they have also now brought him to the domain of self-indulgent memoir. I don't mean that as a totally disparaging label: this book is not for ego-stroking or navel-gazing. I only mean that there is nothing crucial about it. We live in a memoir culture. The fact that Larry did a number of significant things that continue to resonate with people automatically creates an audience and "demand" for his recollections. As a lifelong writer and someone who—to his credit—has audited his personal achievements fairly accurately, Livermore gives interested parties plenty of contextual gristle to chew on in *Spy Rock Memories*, as well as insight into an alternative way of living (off the grid with a grow operation in the woods behind the house), the flavor of which seems fairly particular to the rural pot-infested counties north of the Bay.

Breezing through his years up the mountain, Livermore takes us through the inception and execution of his multiple projects and introduces many of the supporting characters candidly and impressionistically: Judi Bari, Green Day, Tim Yohannon, Bruce Anderson (of the legendary *Anderson Valley Advertiser*), David Hayes, Anne (his girlfriend and roommate for the first few years), his many pets, and more. Ben Weasel makes a cameo at a local fair. Mostly, Larry is concerned with his own involvement and efforts, although he gives credit where credit is due. Other small parts are played by the issues, both social and political, of the time and place: '90s environmental activism, DIY punk, homeschooling (a common practice in Mendocino county), and the ethical considerations of shooting a bear are all subject to Larry's muscled and well-tempered opinions. No topic addressed by Larry in the book could accuse him of not giving it a fair shake, although one gets the impression that this is only because Larry has a lot of practice at having a lot of opinions and has learned how to properly forge them. Probably he learned this through trial and error—as he's seemingly learned most things in his life—and this book serves as his account of what that learning process looks like. To that end, this book is instructive and informative to a point—the point at which we learn the real lesson: that we should all be setting out and taking our own risks, to undergo a similar process, to know not to be scared of the trial by fire. —Dave Brainwreck (dongiovannirecords.com)



Read 442 independent book reviews at
razorcake.org/punk-book-reviews



Brick and Mortar and Love: DVD

Brick and Mortar and Love follows the decline of Louisville record store ear X-tacy. In an early scene, hip-hop group Nappy Roots (perhaps the only people of color in the whole movie) performs to a small in-store crowd. They are playing a song about the healing power of music, from an album about plugging away when fame has left you behind. It sets the documentary's tone, as the struggling record store makes heartfelt pleas to their community, moves to a smaller location, has a benefit concert, and ultimately closes.

After a middle that shows far too much of the move, ear X-tacy is still in peril. Some detractors emerge. They seem like villains at first, but they are raising necessary questions: Is the store's business model outdated? What are competitors doing that they are not?

If *Brick and Mortar and Love* had taken the time to address these questions, it would have felt less like a Christopher Guest satire, complete with characters suffering from a myopia that charms, but rarely succeeds. You don't have to be slick, cool, and rich to be respected in the indie world, but you do have to be original and sharp. This documentary isn't able to cast ear X-tacy in that light.

At seventy minutes, *Brick and Mortar and Love* simultaneously feels anemic and overlong. Too much is repeated and not enough context is provided. Where are the testimonials from members of Louisville's storied indie rock scene? Couldn't they have asked the interviewees some in-depth questions? Why are they blaming big box stores without discussing downloading?

It's sad to see an independent business go, especially a beloved record store, but *Brick and Mortar and Love* doesn't inspire sympathy. I was exhausted by the end, ready to hit "stop," and move on. —Chris Terry (brickandmortarandlove.com)

Filmage: *The Story of Descendents/All: Theatrical*

A slick and thorough documentary about a very important band and its underappreciated brother (poor All!), *Filmage* does a great job in covering every musical endeavour of Bill Stevenson in all their different permutations (including his stint in Black Flag).

Descendents formed in 1977 with Frank Navetta on guitar, Tony Lombardo on bass, and Stevenson on drums. After recruiting Milo Aukerman as vocalist a couple of years later, the band became a fixture in the Los Angeles scene with their pop punk sound which inspired many generations of musicians. Stevenson formed All during Aukerman's absences at college, a band basically the same as the Descendents but with a different singer. Both bands continue to perform and record sporadically to this day.

With such a long history and numerous line-up changes (family tree graphics were used to keep the audience up to speed as the story progressed) plenty of interesting facts emerged. Did you know that Keith (Circle Jerks) Morris's dad owned a fishing tackle store that Stevenson frequented as a boy? I certainly didn't and being on the other side of the world (pre-internet) I was also unaware of the hostility towards All. Even an obsessive fan is likely to learn something new.

Each new member to the fold was given a separate introduction like a new chapter in a book and allowed to describe their induction into this world. Being the constant figure in the entire tale, Stevenson had an

extended segment devoted to him towards the end that exposed what it is that makes this powerhouse tick. A revelation about the relationship he had with his father gave a plausible reason behind his obsessive and perfectionist behavior towards music.

It seemed as though every punk musician and their dog were featured in the interview segments which compiled the wisdom of over fifty subjects. Contemporaries such as Chuck Dukowski (Black Flag) and Brett Gurewitz (Bad Religion) told tales from the early days while younger performers expressed their admiration and talked of All blowing them off the stage. The inclusion of vox pops with fans at recent shows gave a nice contrast to the words of praise from those in the music biz. It allowed the exploration of the way the bands spoke to their teenage fans, with all their angst of fitting in, as separate from the musical influence mentioned by everyone else.

Plenty of live footage was used between talking heads, so much so that it gave the illusion that the early days of the Descendents was extensively documented on camera. Footage from the same few shows was reused liberally, so they certainly couldn't match the chronology of the film, but the songs themselves were perfect punctuation marks. Some clips displayed the song lyrics to emphasise points in the story as well as give some kind of background to these words. This was evident in scathing lyrics to songs such as "I'm Not a Loser" and "Parents," contributed by Navetta and fuelled by an unhappy family home.

Fast editing featured throughout most sections of the film which stopped short of being overwhelming. It suited these highly caffeinated and energetic subjects. Save for a few sombre moments such as Bill's illness where gentle music provided an appropriate background, the soundtrack pumped with the extensive back catalogues of both bands.

Fans will have already booked tickets to a nearby screening / impatiently begun the wait for the inevitable DVD, but even those with a passing interest in the band will get a lot from this film. —Colin Flaherty (Matt Riggle & Deedle LaCour, filmagemovie.com)



Read 225 independent video reviews at razorcake.org/punk-video-reviews



Wuxtry Records is known around the globe and the oldest record store in the state of Georgia. We are currently seeking out record collections.

So if you are looking to make some room at your home, radio station, or record store that might be going out of business please get in touch.

email: athensmusicmuseum@yahoo.com and send us a list or idea of what you have. We pay for the good stuff. Looking: punk, new wave, c86, hardcore, blues, classic r&b, classic rock, jazz, krautrock, & avant-garde.

HHBTM
Records

This dog is thinking..

1. my favorite frisbees
2. make them into bowls
3. i'm more punk than you
4. you still buy records
5. you still read magazines
6. you can't be reading the ads
7. you must be on the toilet
8. i turned 13 and got into hardcore
9. you're just gonna steal it online
10. i'm sure you don't even know

these two bands or anything but maybe you should cause y'know i know you like really good music and you are always going on how you are so on top of new bands and well tunabunny are kinda riot grrrl meets post punk meets your favorite band and muuy bien mixes hardcore with ambient music and both bands are from athens, georgia and have great live shows and super solid records but at the end of the day i'm just a dog so what do i know? i know if you don't buy these records you might be a chump.

www.hhbtm.com

TUNABUNNY



muuy bien



BAD SPORTS

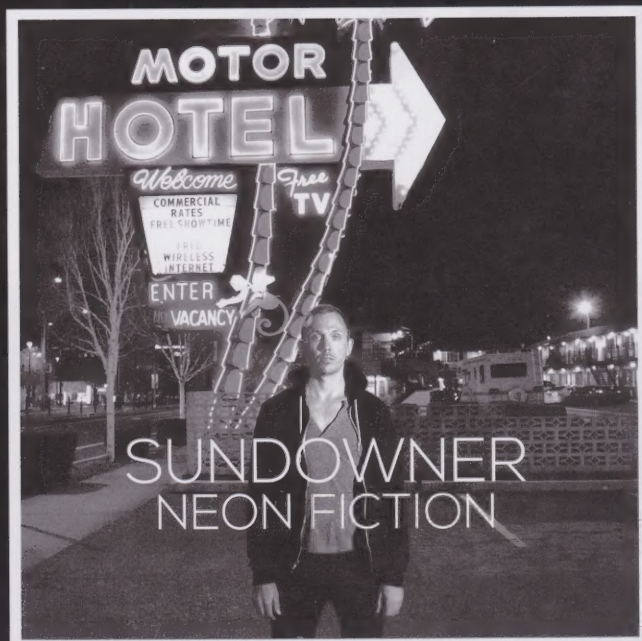


"BRAS" LP
OUT NOW ON
DIRTNAP RECORDS





NEW FROM FAT!



www.facebook.com/SUNDOWNERMUSIC // www.FATWRECK.com

SUNDOWNER NEON FICTION

Debut album for Fat
from Chris McCaughan
of THE LAWRENCE AMRS
Out now!

THE FLATLINERS

Dead Language
brand new album
from Toronto's
THE FLATLINERS
Out Now!



www.THEFLATLINERS.com // www.FATWRECK.com